and traditions of the neighborhood He recollected Rip at once and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner He assured the company that it was a fact handed down from his ancestor the historian that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings That it was affirmed that the great Hendrik Hudson the first discoverer of the river and country kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the Half moon being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine pins in a hollow of the mountain and that he himself had heard one summer afternoon the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder

To make a long story short the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the election Rip s daughter took him home to live with her she had a snug well furnished house and a stout cheery farmer for a husband whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back As to Rip s son and heir who was the ditto of himself seen leaning against the tree he was employed to work on the farm but evinced a hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits he soon found many of his former cronies though

all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation with whom he soon grew into great favor

Having nothing to do at home and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village and a chronicle of the old times before the war It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor How that there been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that instead of being a subject of his majesty George the Third he was now a free citizen of the United States Rip, in fact was no politician, the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned and that was—petticoat government Happily that was at en end he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle Whenever her name was mentioned however he shook his head shrugged his shoulders and cast up his eyes which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate or joy at his deliverance

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr Doolittle s hotel He was ob served at first to vary on some points every time he told it which was doubtless owing to his hav ing so recently awaked It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related and not a man woman or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it and insisted that Rip had been out of his head and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty The old Dutch in habitants however almost universally gave it full credit Even to this day they never hear a thun derstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaats kill but they say Hendrik Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine pins and it is a com mon wish of all henpecked husbands in the neigh borhood when life hangs heavy on their hands that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle s flagon

THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

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"What song the Syrens s ng or what nam Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, although puzzling que ti ns are not b yond *all* conjectur —*S r Thomas Browne*

THE mental features discoursed of as the analytical are in themselves but little susceptible of analysis We appreciate them only in their effects We know of them among other things that they are always to their possessor when inordinately possessed a source of the liveliest enjoyment As the strong man exults in his physical ability delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action so glories the analyst in that moral activity which disen tangles He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talent into play He is fond of enigmas of conundrums hiero glyphics exhibiting in his solutions of each a de gree of acumen which appears to the ordinary ap prehension preternatural His results brought about by the very soul and essence of method have in truth the whole air of intuition

The faculty of resolution is possibly much in vigorated by mathematical study and especially by that highest branch of it which unjustly and

merely on account of its retrograde operations, has been called, as if par excellence, analysis Yet to calculate is not in itself to analyze A chess player for example does the one, without effort at the other It follows that the game of chess in its effects upon mental character, is greatly misunderstood I am not now writing a treatise but simply prefacing a somewhat peculiar narrative by observations very much at random I will, therefore take occasion to assert that the higher powers of the reflective intellect are more decidedly and more usefully tasked by the unostentatious game of draughts than by all the elaborate frivolity of chess In this latter, where the pieces have different and bizarre motions with various and variable values what is only complex is mistaken (a not unusual error) for what is profound The attention is here called powerfully into play If it flag for an instant an oversight is committed resulting in injury or defeat The possible moves being not only manifold but involute the chances of such oversights are multiplied and in nine cases out of ten, it is the more concentrative rather than the more acute player who conquers In draughts on the contrary where the moves are unique and have but little variation the probabilities of inadvertence are diminished and the mere attention being left comparatively unemployed, what advantages are obtained by either party are obtained by superior acumen To be

less abstract let us suppose a game of draughts where the pieces are reduced to four kings and where of course no oversight is to be expected It is obvious that here the victory can be decided (the players being at all equal) only by some recherche movement the result of some strong exertion of the intellect Deprived of ordinary resources the analyst throws himself into the spirit of his opponent identifies himself there with and not infrequently sees thus at a glance the sole methods (sometimes indeed absurdly sim ple ones) by which he may seduce into error or hurry into miscalculation

Whist has long been known for its influence upon what is termed the calculating power and men of the highest order of intellect have been known to take an apparently unaccountable de light in it while eschewing chess as frivolous Be yond doubt there is nothing of a similar nature so greatly tasking the faculty of analysis The best chess player in Christendom may be little more than the best player of chess but pro ficiency in whist implies capacity for success in all those more important undertakings where mind struggles with mind When I say pro ficiency I mean that perfection in the game which includes a comprehension of all the sources whence legitimate advantage may be derived These are not only manifold but multiform and lie frequently among recesses of thought alto gether inaccessible to the ordinary understand

ing To observe attentively is to remember distinctly and so far the concentrative chess-player will do very well at whist while the rules of Hoyle (themselves based upon the mere mechanism of the game) are sufficiently and generally comprehensible Thus to have a retentive memory and proceed by ' the book are points commonly regarded as the sum total of good playing But it is in matters beyond the limits of mere rule that the skill of the analyst is evinced He makes in silence a host of observations and inferences So perhaps do his companions and the difference in the extent of the information obtained lies not so much in the validity of the inference as in the quality of the observation The necessary knowledge is that of what to observe Our player confines himself not at all nor because the game is the object does he reject deductions from things external to the game He examines the countenance of his partner comparing it carefully with that of each of his opponents He considers the mode of assorting the cards in each hand, often counting trump by trump and honor by honor through the glances bestowed by their holders upon each He notes every variation of face as the play progresses gathering a fund of thought from the differences in the expression of certainty of surprise of triumph or chagrin From the manner of gathering up a trick he judges whether the person taking it can make another in the suit He recog

nizes what is played through feint by the manner with which it is thrown upon the table A casual or inadvertent word the accidental dropping or turning of a card with the accompanying anxiety or carelessness in regard to its concealment the counting of the tricks with the order of their arrangement embarrassment hesitation eagerness or trepidation—all afford to his apparently intuitive perception indications of the true state of affairs The first two or three rounds having been played he is in full possession of the contents of each hand and thenceforward puts down his cards with as absolute a precision of purpose as if the rest of the party had turned outward the faces of their own

The analytical power should not be confounded with simple ingenuity for while the analyst is necessarily ingenious the ingenious man is often remarkably incapable of analysis The constructive or combining power by which ingenuity is usually manifested and to which the phrenologists (I believe erroneously) have assigned a separate organ supposing it a primitive faculty has been so frequently seen in those whose intellect bordered otherwise upon idiocy as to have attracted general observation among writers on morals Between ingenuity and the analytic ability there exists a difference far greater indeed than that between the fancy and the imagination but of a character very strictly analogous It will be found in fact that the ingenious are always

fanciful and the truly imaginative never other wise than analytic

The narrative which follows will appear to the reader somewhat in the light of a commentary upon the propositions just advanced

Residing in Paris during the spring and part of the summer of 18— I there became acquainted with a Monsieur C Auguste Dupin This young gentleman was of an excellent indeed of an illus trious family but by a variety of untoward events had been reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character succumbed beneath it and he ceased to bestir himself in the world or to care for the retrieval of his fortunes By courtesy of his creditors there still remained in his possession a small remnant of his patrimony and upon the income arising from this he managed by means of a rigorous economy to procure the necessaries of life without troubling himself about its super-fluities Books indeed were his sole luxuries

Our first meeting was at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre where the accident of our both being in search of the same very rare and very remarkable volume brought us into closer communion We saw each other again and again I was deeply interested in the little family history which he detailed to me with all the candor which a Frenchman indulges whenever mere self is the theme I was astonished too at the vast extent of his reading and above all I felt my soul en kindled within me by the wild fervor and the

vivid freshness of his imagination Seeking in Paris the objects I then sought I felt that the society of such a man would be to me a treasure beyond price and this feeling I frankly confided to him It was at length arranged that we should live together during my stay in the city, and as my worldly circumstances were somewhat less embarrassed than his own I was permitted to be at the expense of renting and furnishing in a style which suited the rather fantastic gloom of our common temper a time eaten and grotesque mansion long deserted through superstitions into which we did not inquire and tottering to its fall in a retired and desolate portion of the Faubourg St Germain

Had the routine of our life at this place been known to the world we should have been regarded as madmen—although perhaps as madmen of a harmless nature Our seclusion was perfect We admitted no visitors Indeed the locality of our retirement had been carefully kept a secret from my own former associates and it had been many years since Dupin had ceased to know or be known in Paris We existed within ourselves alone

It was a freak of fancy in my friend (for what else shall I call it?) to be enamored of the night for her own sake and into this bizarrerie as into all his others I quietly fell giving myself up to his wild whims with a perfect abandon The sable divinity would not herself dwell with us

always but we could counterfeit her presence. At the first dawn of the morning we closed all the massy shutters of our old building lighted a couple of tapers which strongly perfumed threw out only the ghastliest and feeblest of rays By the aid of these we then busied our souls in dreams—reading writing or conversing until warned by the clock of the advent of the true Darkness Then we sallied forth into the streets arm in arm continuing the topics of the day or roaming far and wide until a late hour seeking amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation can afford

At such times I could not help remarking and admiring (although from his rich ideality I had been prepared to expect it) a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin He seemed too to take an eager delight in its exercise—if not exactly in its display—and did not hesitate to confess the pleasure thus derived He boasted to me with a low, chuckling laugh that most men in respect to himself wore windows in their bosoms and was wont to follow up such assertions by direct and very startling proofs of his intimate knowledge of my own His manner at these moments was frigid and abstract his eyes were vacant in expression while his voice usually a rich tenor rose into a treble which would have sounded petulant but for the deliberateness and entire distinctness of the enunciation Observing him in these

moods I often dwelt meditatively upon the old philosophy of the Bi Part Soul and amused myself with the fancy of a double Dupin—the creative and the resolvent

Let it not be supposed from what I have just said that I am detailing any mystery or penning any romance What I have described in the Frenchman was merely the result of an excited, or perhaps of a diseased intelligence But of the character of his remarks at the periods in question an example will best convey the idea

We were strolling one night down a long dirty street in the vicinity of the Palais Royal Being both apparently occupied with thought neither of us had spoken a syllable for fifteen minutes at least All at once Dupin broke forth with these words

He is a very little fellow that s true and would do better for the Theatre des Varietes

There can be no doubt of that I replied unwittingly and not at first observing (so much had I been absorbed in reflection) the extraordinary manner in which the speaker had chimed in with my meditations In an instant afterward I recollected myself and my astonishment was profound

Dupin said I gravely this is beyond my comprehension I do not hesitate to say that I am amazed and can scarcely credit my senses How was it possible you should know I was thinking of—? Here I paused to ascertain be

yond a doubt whether he really knew of whom I thought

—— of Chantilly,' said he "why do you pause? You were remarking to yourself that his diminutive figure unfitted him for tragedy '

That was precisely what had formed the subject of my reflections Chantilly was a quondam cobbler of the Rue St Denis who becoming stage mad had attempted the role of Xerxes in Crebillon s tragedy so called and been notoriously pasquinaded for his pains

Tell me for Heaven s sake I exclaimed the method—if method there is—by which you have been enabled to fathom my soul in this matter In fact I was even more startled than I would have been willing to express

It was the fruiterer replied my friend ' who brought you to the conclusion that the mender of soles was not of sufficient height for Xerxes *et id genus omne*

The fruiterer!—you astonish me—I know no fruiterer whomsoever

The man who ran up against you as we entered the street—it may have been fifteen minutes ago

I now remembered that in fact a fruiterer carrying upon his head a large basket of apples had nearly thrown me down, by accident as we passed from the Rue C—— into the thoroughfare where we stood but what this had to do with Chantilly I could not possibly understand

There was not a particle of charlatanerie about Dupin I will explain he said and that you may comprehend all clearly we will first retrace the course of your meditations from the moment in which I spoke to you until that of the ren contre with the fruiterer in question The larger links of the chain run thus—Chantilly Orion Dr Nichols Epicurus Stereotomy the street stones the fruiterer

There are few persons who have not at some period of their lives amused themselves in retrac ing the steps by which particular conclusions of their own minds have been attained The occu pation is often full of interest and he who at tempts it for the first time is astonished by the apparently illimitable distance and incoherence between the starting point and the goal What then must have been my amazement when I heard *the Frenchman speak what he had just* spoken and when I could not help acknowledg ing that he had spoken the truth He continued

We had been talking of horses if I remember aright just before leaving the Rue C—— This was the last subject we discussed As we crossed into this street a fruiterer with a large basket upon his head brushing quickly past us thrust you upon a pile of paving stones collected at a spot where the causeway is undergoing repair You stepped upon one of the loose fragments slipped slightly strained your ankle appeared vexed or sulky muttered a few words turned to

look at the pile and then proceeded in silence I was not particularly attentive to what you did, but observation has become with me, of late a species of necessity

You kept your eyes upon the ground—glancing with a petulant expression at the holes and ruts in the pavement (so that I saw you were still thinking of the stones), until we reached the little alley called Lamartine which has been paved by way of experiment with the overlapping and riveted blocks Here your countenance brightened up and, perceiving your lips move I could not doubt that you murmured the word stereotomy a term very affectedly applied to this species of pavement I knew that you could not say to yourself stereotomy' without being brought to think of atomies and thus of the theories of Epicurus and since when we discussed this subject not very long ago I mentioned to you how singularly yet with how little notice the vague guesses of that noble Greek had met with confirmation in the late nebular cosmogony I felt that you could not avoid casting your eyes upward to the great nebula in Orion and I certainly expected that you would do so You did look up and I was now assured that I had correctly followed your steps But in that bitter tirade upon Chantilly which appeared in yesterday s Musee the satirist making some disgraceful allusions to the cobbler s change of name upon assuming the buskin quoted a Latin

lıne about whıch we have often conversed. I mean the lıne

Perdıdit antiquum litera prima sonum.

I had told you that thıs was ın reference to Orıon formerly wrıtten Urıon and from certaın pun gencıes connected wıth thıs explanatıon I was aware that you could not have forgotten ıt It was clear therefore that you would not faıl to combıne the two ıdeas of Orıon and Chantılly That you dıd combıne them I saw by the charac ter of the smıle which passed over your lıps You thought of the poor cobbler s ımmolatıon So far you had been stoopıng ın your gaıt but now I saw you draw yourself up to your full heıght I was then sure that you reflected upon the dı mınutıve figure of Chantılly At thıs poınt I ın terrupted your medıtatıons to remark that as ın fact he was a very lıttle fellow—that Chantılly—he would do better at the Theatre des Varıetes

Not long after thıs we were lookıng over an evenıng edıtıon of the Gazette des Trıbunaux when the following paragraphs arrested our at tentıon

Extraordınary M u r d e r s —Thıs mornıng about three o clock the ınhabıtants of the Quartıer St Roch were roused from sleep by a succes sıon of terrıfic shrıeks ıssuıng apparently from the fourth story of a house ın the Rue Morgue known to be ın the sole occupancy of one Madame L Espanaye and her daughter Mademoıselle

Camille L Espanaye After some delay occasioned by a fruitless attempt to procure admission in the usual manner the gateway was broken in with a crowbar and eight or ten of the neighbors entered accompanied by two gendarmes By this time the cries had ceased but as the party rushed up the first flight of stairs two or more rough voices in angry contention were distinguished and seemed to proceed from the upper part of the house As the second landing was reached these sounds also, had ceased and everything remained perfectly quiet The party spread themselves and hurried from room to room Upon arriving at a large back chamber in the fourth story (the door of which being found locked with the key inside was forced open) a spectacle presented itself which struck every one present not less with horror than with astonishment

The apartment was in the wildest disorder—the furniture broken and thrown about in all directions There was only one bedstead and from this the bed had been removed and thrown into the middle of the floor On a chair lay a razor, besmeared with blood On the hearth were two or three long and thick tresses of gray human hair also dabbled with blood and seeming to have been pulled out by the roots Upon the floor were found four Napoleons an earring of topaz three large silver spoons three smaller of metal d Alger and two bags containing nearly

four thousand francs in gold The drawers of a bureau which stood in one corner were open and had been apparently rifled although many articles still remained in them A small iron safe was discovered under the bed (not under the bedstead) It was open with the key still in the door It had no contents beyond a few old letters and other papers of little consequence

Of Madame L Espanaye no traces were here seen but an unusual quantity of soot being observed in the fireplace a search was made in the chimney and (horrible to relate!) the corpse of the daughter head downward was dragged therefrom it having been thus forced up the narrow aperture for a considerable distance The body was quite warm Upon examining it many excoriations were perceived no doubt occasioned by the violence with which it had been thrust up and disengaged Upon the face were many severe scratches and upon the throat dark bruises and deep indentations of finger nails as if the deceased had been throttled to death

After a thorough investigation of every portion of the house without further discovery the party made its way into a small paved yard in the rear of the building where lay the corpse of the old lady with her throat so entirely cut that upon an attempt to raise her the head fell off The body as well as the head was fearfully mutilated —the former so much so as scarcely to retain any semblance of humanity

To this horrible mystery there is not as yet, we believe the slightest clew '

The next day s paper had these additional particulars

The Tragedy in the Rue Morgue —Many individuals have been examined in relation to this most extraordinary and frightful affair [the word affaire has not yet in France that levity of import which it conveys with us] but nothing whatever has transpired to throw light upon it We give below all the material testimony elicited

Pauline Dubourg laundress deposes that she has known both the deceased for three years having worked for them during that period The old lady and her daughter seemed on good terms—very affectionate toward each other They were excellent pay Could not speak in regard to their mode or means of living Believed that Madame L told fortunes for a living Was reputed to have money put by Never met any person in the house when she called for the clothes or took them home Was sure that they had no servant in employ There appeared to be no furniture in any part of the building except in the fourth story

Pierre Moreau tobacconist deposes that he has been in the habit of selling small quantities of tobacco and snuff to Madame L Espanaye for nearly four years Was born in the neighborhood and has always resided there The de-

ceased and her daughter had occupied the house in which the corpses were found for more than six years It was formerly occupied by a jew eler who under let the upper rooms to various persons The house was the property of Madame L She became dissatisfied with the abuse of the premises by her tenant and moved into them herself refusing to let any portion The old lady was childish Witness had seen the daugh ter some five or six times during the six years The two lived an exceedingly retired life—were reputed to have money Had heard it said among the neighbors that Madame L told for tunes—did not believe it Had never seen any person enter the door except the old lady and her daughter a porter once or twice and a phy sician some eight or ten times

Many other persons neighbors gave evi dence to the same effect No one was spoken of as frequenting the house It was not known whether there were any living connections of Madame L and her daughter The shutters of the front windows were seldom opened Those in the rear were always closed with the excep tion of the large back room fourth story The house was a good house—not very old

Isidore Muset gendarme deposes that he was called to the house about three o clock in the morning and found some twenty or thirty per sons at the gateway endeavoring to gain ad mittance Forced it open at length with a

bayonet—not with a crow bar Had but little difficulty in getting it open on account of its being a double or folding gate and bolted neither at bottom nor top The shrieks were continued until the gate was forced—and then suddenly ceased They seemed to be screams of some person (or persons) in great agony—were loud and drawn out not short and quick Witness led the way upstairs Upon reaching the first landing heard two voices in loud and angry contention—the one a gruff voice the other much shriller—a very strange voice Could distinguish some words of the former which was that of a Frenchman Was positive that it was not a woman s voice Could distinguish the words *sacré* and *diable* The shrill voice was that of a foreigner Could not be sure whether it was the voice of a man or of a woman Could not make out what was said but believed the language to be Spanish The state of the room and of the bodies was described by this witness as we described them yesterday

Henri Duval a neighbor and by trade a silversmith deposes that he was one of the party who first entered the house Corroborates the testimony of Muset in general As soon as they forced an entrance they reclosed the door to keep out the crowd which collected very fast notwithstanding the lateness of the hour The shrill voice this witness thinks was that of an Italian Was certain it was not French Could

not be sure that it was a man s voice It might have been a woman s Was not acquainted with the Italian language Could not distinguish the words but was convinced by the intonation that the speaker was an Italian Knew Madame L and her daughter Had conversed with both frequently Was sure that the shrill voice was not that of either of the deceased

—— *Odenheimer restaurateur* — This witness volunteered his testimony Not speaking French was examined through an interpreter Is a native of Amsterdam Was passing the house at the time of the shrieks They lasted for several minutes—probably ten They were long and loud—very awful and distressing Was one of those who entered the building Corroborated the previous evidence in every respect but one Was sure that the shrill voice was that of a man —of a Frenchman Could not distinguish the words uttered They were loud and quick—unequal—spoken apparently in fear as well as in anger The voice was harsh—not so much shrill as harsh Could not call it a shrill voice The gruff voice said repeatedly *sacre diable* and once *mon Dieu*

Jules Mignaud banker of the firm of Mignaud et Fils Rue Deloraine Is the elder Mignaud Madame L Espanaye had some property Had opened an account with his banking house in the spring of the year (eight years previously) Made frequent deposits in small

sums Had checked for nothing until the third day before her death, when she took out in person the sum of 4 000 francs This sum was paid in gold and a clerk sent home with the money

Adolphe Le Bon clerk to Mignaud et Fils deposes that on the day in question about noon he accompanied Madame L Espanaye to her residence with the 4 000 francs put up in two bags Upon the door being opened Mademoi selle L appeared and took from his hands one of the bags while the old lady relieved him of the other He then bowed and departed Did not see any person in the street at the time It is a by street—very lonely

William Bird tailor deposes that he was one of the party who entered the house Is an Eng lishman Has lived in Paris two years Was one of the first to ascend the stairs Heard the voices in contention The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman Could make out several words but can not now remember all Heard distinctly *sacre* and *mon Dieu* There was a sound at the moment as if of several persons struggling —a scraping and scuffling sound The shrill voice was very loud—louder than the gruff one Is sure that it was not the voice of an English man Appeared to be that of a German Might have been a woman s voice Does not understand German

Four of the above named witnesses being re called deposed that the door of the chamber in

which was found the body of Mademoiselle L. was locked on the inside when the party reached it Everything was perfectly silent—no groans or noises of any kind Upon forcing the door no person was seen The windows both of the back and front room were down and firmly fastened from within A door between the two rooms was closed but not locked The door leading from the front room into the passage was locked with the key on the inside A small room in the front of the house on the fourth story at the head of the passage was open the door being ajar This room was crowded with old beds boxes and so forth These were carefully removed and searched There was not an inch of any portion of the house which was not carefully searched Sweeps were sent up and down the chimneys The house was a four story one with garrets (*mansardes*) A trap door on the roof was nailed down very securely—did not appear to have been opened for years The time elapsing between the hearing of the voices in contention and the breaking open of the room door was variously stated by the witnesses Some made it as short as three minutes—some as long as five The door was opened with difficulty

Alfonzo Garco undertaker deposes that he resides in the Rue Morgue Is a native of Spain Was one of the party who entered the house Did not proceed upstairs Is nervous and was apprehensive of the consequences of agitation.

Heard the voices in contention The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman Could not distinguish what was said The shrill voice was that of an Englishman—is sure of this Does not understand the English language but judges by the intonation

Alfonzo Garcio undertaker deposes that he was among the first to ascend the stairs Heard the voices in question The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman Distinguished several words The speaker appeared to be expostulating Could not make out the words of the shrill voice Spoke quick and unevenly Thinks it the voice of a Russian Corroborates the general testimony Is an Italian Never conversed with a native of Russia

Several witnesses recalled here testified that the chimneys of all the rooms on the fourth story were too narrow to admit the passage of a human being By sweeps were meant cylindrical sweeping brushes such as are employed by those who clean chimneys These brushes were passed up and down every flue in the house There is no back passage by which any one could have descended while the party proceeded up tairs The body of Mademoiselle L Espanaye was so firmly wedged in the chimney that it could not be got down until four or five of the party united their strength

Paul Dumas physician deposes that he was called to view the bodies about daybreak They

were both then lying on the sacking of the bedstead in the chamber where Mademoiselle L was found The corpse of the young lady was much bruised and excoriated The fact that it had been thrust up the chimney would sufficiently account for these appearances The throat was greatly chafed There were several deep scratches just below the chin together with a series of livid spots which were evidently the impression of fingers The face was fearfully discolored and the eyeballs protruded The tongue had been partially bitten through A large bruise was discovered upon the pit of the stomach produced apparently by the pressure of a knee In the opinion of M Dumas Mademoiselle L Espanaye had been throttled to death by some person or persons unknown The corpse of the mother was horribly mutilated All the bones of the right leg and arm were more or less shattered The left tibia much splintered as well as all the ribs of the left side Whole body dreadfully bruised and discolored It was not possible to say how the injuries had been inflicted A heavy club of wood or a broad bar of iron—a chair—any large heavy and obtuse weapon—would have produced such results if wielded by the hands of a very powerful man No woman could have inflicted the blows with any weapon The head of the deceased when seen by witness was entirely separated from the body and was also greatly shattered The

throat had evidently been cut with some very sharp instrument—probably with a razor

Alexander Etienne surgeon was called with M Dumas to view the bodies Corroborated the testimony and the opinions of M Dumas

Nothing further of importance was elicited although several other persons were examined A murder so mysterious and so perplexing in all its particulars was never before committed in Paris—if indeed a murder has been committed at all The police are entirely at fault—an unusual occurrence in affairs of this nature There is not however the shadow of a clew apparent

The evening edition of the paper stated that the greatest excitement still continued in the Quartier St Roch—that the premises in question had been carefully researched and fresh examinations of witnesses instituted but all to no purpose A postscript however mentioned that Adolphe Le Bon had been arrested and imprisoned — although nothing appeared to criminate him beyond the facts already detailed

Dupin seemed singularly interested in the progress of this affair—at least so I judged from his manner for he made no comments It was only after the announcement that Le Bon had been imprisoned that he asked me my opinion respecting the murders

I could merely agree with all Paris in considering them an insoluble mystery

'We must not judge of the means, said Du

pin by this shell of an examination The Parisian police so much extolled for acumen are cunning but no more There is no method in their proceedings beyond the method of the moment They make a vast parade of measures, but not unfrequently these are so ill adapted to the objects proposed as to put us in mind of Monsieur Jourdain s calling for his robe de chambre—*pour mieux entendre la musique* The results attained by them are not unfrequently surprising but for the most part are brought about by simple diligence and activity When these qualities are unavailing their schemes fail Vidocq for example was a good guesser and a persevering man But without educated thought he erred continually by the very intensity of his investigations He impaired his vision by holding the object too close He might see perhaps one or two points with unusual clearness but in so doing he necessarily lost sight of the matter as a whole Thus there is such a thing as being too profound Truth is not always in a well In fact as regards the more important knowledge I do believe that she is invariably superficial The depth lies in the valleys where we seek her and not upon the mountain tops where she is found The modes and sources of this kind of error are well typified in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies To look at a star by glances—to view it in a sidelong way by turning toward it the exterior portions of the

retina (more susceptible of feeble impressions of light than the interior) is to behold the star distinctly—is to have the best appreciation of its lustre—a lustre which grows dim just in proportion as we turn our vision fully upon it A greater number of rays actually fall upon the eye in the latter case, but in the former there is the more refined capacity for comprehension By undue profundity we perplex and enfeeble thought and it is possible to make even Venus herself vanish from the firmament by a scrutiny too sustained too concentrated or too direct

As for these murders let us enter into some examinations for ourselves before we make up an opinion respecting them An inquiry will afford us amusement [I thought this an odd term, so applied but said nothing] 'and besides Le Bon once rendered me a service for which I am not ungrateful We will go and see the premises with our own eyes I know G——, the Prefect of Police, and shall have no difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission

The permission was obtained and we proceeded at once to the Rue Morgue This is one of those miserable thoroughfares which intervene between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue St Roch It was late in the afternoon when we reached it as this quarter is at a great distance from that in which we resided The house was readily found for there were still many persons gazing up at the closed shutters with an ob

jectless curiosity from the opposite side of the way It was an ordinary Parisian house with a gateway on one side of which was a glazed watch box with a sliding panel in the window indicating a *loge de concierge* Before going in we walked up the street turned down an alley and then again turning passed in the rear of the building — Dupin meanwhile examining the whole neighborhood as well as the house with a minuteness of attention for which I could see no possible object

Retracing our steps we came again to the front of the dwelling rang and having shown our credentials were admitted by the agents in charge We went upstairs—into the chamber where the body of Mademoiselle L Espanaye had been found and where both the deceased still lay The disorders of the room had as usual been suffered to exist I saw nothing be yond what had been stated in the Gazette des Tribunaux Dupin scrutinized everything—not excepting the bodies of the victims We then went into the other rooms and into the yard a gendarme accompanying us throughout The examination occupied us until dark when we took our departure On our way home my com panion stepped in for a moment at the office of one of the daily papers

I have said that the whims of my friend were manifold and that *Je les menageais* —for this phrase there is no English equivalent It was

his humor now to decline all conversation on the subject of the murder, until about noon the next day He then asked me suddenly if I had ob served anything peculiar at the scene of the atrocity

There was something in his manner of emphasizing the word peculiar which caused me to shudder without knowing why

No nothing peculiar I said nothing more, at least than we both saw stated in the paper'

The Gazette, he replied has not entered, I fear into the unusual horror of the thing But dismiss the idle opinions of this print It appears to me that this mystery is considered in soluble for the very reason which should cause it to be regarded as easy of solution—I mean for the *outre* character of its features The po lice are confounded by the seeming absence of motive—not for the murder itself—but for the atrocity of the murder They are puzzled too by the seeming impossibility of reconciling the voices heard in contention with the facts that no one was discovered upstairs but the assassi nated Mademoiselle L Espanaye and that there were no means of egress without the notice of the party ascending The wild disorder of the room the corpse thrust with the head downward up the chimney the frightful mutilation of the body of the old lady these considerations with those just mentioned and others which I need not mention have sufficed to paralyze the powers

by putting completely at fault the boasted acu men of the government agents They have fallen into the gross but common error of confound ing the unusual with the abstruse But it is by these deviations from the plane of the ordinary that reason feels its way if at all in its search for the true In investigations such as we are now pursuing it should not be so much asked what has occurred? as what has occurred that has never occurred before? In fact the facility with which I shall arrive or have arrived at the solution of this mystery is in the direct ratio of its apparent insolubility in the eyes of the police

I stared at the speaker in mute astonishment.

I am now awaiting continued he looking toward the door of our apartment— I am now awaiting a person who although perhaps not the perpetrator of these butcheries must have been in some measure implicated in their perpetra tion Of the worst portion of the crimes com mitted it is probable that he is innocent I hope that I am right in this supposition for upon it I build my expectation of reading the entire riddle I look for the man here—in this room—every moment It is true that he may not arrive but the probability is that he will Should he come it will be necessary to detain him Here are pistols and we both know how to use them

I took the pistols scarcely knowing what I did or believing what I heard while Dupin went on very much as if in a soliloquy I have al

ready spoken of his abstract manner at such times His discourse was addressed to myself but his voice although by no means loud had that intonation which is commonly employed in speaking to some one at a great distance His eyes vacant in expression regarded only the wall

That the voices heard in contention he said by the party upon the stairs were not the voices of the women themselves was fully proved by the evidence This relieves us of all doubt upon the question whether the old lady could have first destroyed the daughter and afterward have committed suicide I speak of this point chiefly for the sake of method for the strength of Madame L Espanaye would have been utterly unequal to the task of thrusting her daughter s corpse up the chimney as it was found and the nature of the wounds upon her own person entirely precludes the idea of self destruction Murder then has been committed by some third party and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention Let me now advert—not to the whole testimony respecting these voices—but to what was peculiar in that testimony Did you observe anything peculiar about it?

I remarked that while all the witnesses agreed in supposing the gruff voice to be that of a Frenchman there was much disagreement in regard to the shrill or as one individual termed it, the harsh voice

That was the evidence itself said Dupin, "but it was not the peculiarity of the evidence You have observed nothing distinctive Yet there was something to be observed The witnesses as you remark agreed about the gruff voice they were here unanimous But in regard to the shrill voice the peculiarity is—not that they disagreed—but that while an Italian an Englishman a Spaniard a Hollander and a Frenchman attempted to describe it each one spoke of it as that of a foreigner Each is sure that it was not the voice of one of his own countrymen Each likens it—not to the voice of an individual of any nation with whose language he is conversant—but the converse The Frenchman supposes it the voice of a Spaniard and might have distinguished some words had he been acquainted with the Spanish The Dutchman maintains it to have been that of a Frenchman but we find it stated that not understanding French this witness was examined through an interpreter The Englishman thinks it the voice of a German and does not understand German The Spaniard is sure that it was that of an Englishman but judges by the intonation altogether as he has no knowledge of the English The Italian believes it the voice of a Russian but has never conversed with a native of Russia A second Frenchman differs moreover with the first and is positive that the voice was that of an Italian but not being cognizant

of that tongue is like the Spaniard convinced by the intonation Now how strangely unusual must that voice have really been about which such testimony as this could have been elicited!—in whose tones even denizens of the five great divisions of Europe could recognize nothing familiar! You will say that it might have been the voice of an Asiatic—of an African Neither Asiatics nor Africans abound in Paris but without denying the inference I will now merely call your attention to three points The voice is termed by one witness harsh rather than shrill It is represented by two others to have been quick and unequal No words—no sounds resembling words—were by any witness mentioned as distinguishable

I know not continued Dupin what impression I may have made so far upon your own understanding but I do not hesitate to say that legitimate deductions even from this portion of the testimony—the portion respecting the gruff and shrill voices—are in themselves sufficient to engender a suspicion which should give direction to all further progress in the investigation of the mystery I said legitimate deductions but my meaning is not thus fully expressed I designed to imply that the deductions are the sole proper ones and that the suspicion arises inevitably from them as the single result What the suspicion is, however I will not say just yet I merely wish you to bear in mind that with my

self it was sufficiently forcible to give a definite form—to my inquiries in the chamber

Let us now transport ourselves in fancy to this chamber What shall we first seek here? The means of egress employed by the murderers It is not too much to say that neither of us believes in preternatural events Madame and Mademoiselle L Espanaye were not destroyed by spirits The doers of the deed were material and escaped materially Then how? Fortunately there is but one mode of reasoning upon the point and that mode must lead us to a definite decision Let us examine each by each the possible means of egress It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Mademoiselle L Espanaye was found or at least in the room adjoining when the party ascended the stairs It is then only from these two apartments that we have to seek issues The police have laid bare the floors the ceiling and the masonry of the walls in every direction No secret issues could have escaped their vigilance But not trusting to their eyes I examined with my own There were then no secret issues Both doors leading from the rooms into the passage were securely locked with the keys inside Let us turn to the chimneys These although of ordinary width for some eight or ten feet above the hearths will not admit throughout their extent the body of a large cat The impossibility of egress by means already stated being thus absolute we

are reduced to the windows Through those of the front room no one could have escaped with out notice from the crowd in the street The murderers must have passed then through those of the back room Now, brought to this conclusion in so unequivocal a manner as we are, it is not our part as reasoners to reject it on account of apparent impossibilities It is only left for us to prove that these apparent impossibilities are in reality not such

There are two windows in the chamber One of them is unobstructed by furniture and is wholly visible The lower portion of the other is hidden from view by the head of the unwieldy bedstead which is thrust close up against it The former was found securely fastened from within It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavored to raise it A large gimlet hole had been pierced in its frame to the left and a very stout nail was found fitted therein nearly to the head

Upon examining the other window a similar nail was seen similarly fitted in it and a vigorous attempt to raise this sash failed also The police were now entirely satisfied that egress had not been in these directions And therefore it was thought a matter of supererogation to withdraw the nails and open the windows

My own examination was somewhat more particular and was so for the reason I have just given—because here it was I knew that all ap

parent impossibilities must be proved to be not such in reality

I proceeded to think thus—*a posteriori* The murderers did escape from one of these windows This being so they could not have refastened the sashes from the inside as they were found fastened the consideration which put a stop through its obviousness to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter Yet the sashes were fastened They must then have the power of fastening themselves There was no escape from this conclusion I stepped to the unobstructed casement withdrew the nail with some difficulty and attempted to raise the sash It resisted all my efforts as I had anticipated A concealed spring must I now knew exist and this corroboration of my idea convinced me that my premises at least were correct however mysterious still appeared the circumstances attending the nails A careful search soon brought to light the hidden spring I pressed it and satisfied with the discovery forbore to upraise the sash

I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively A person passing out through this window might have reclosed it and the spring would have caught—but the nail could not have been replaced The conclusion was plain and again narrowed in the field of my investigations The assassins must have escaped through the other window Supposing then the springs upon each sash to be the same as was probable, there

must be found a difference between the nails or at least between the modes of their fixture Getting upon the sacking of the bedstead, I looked over the head board minutely at the second casement Passing my hand down behind the board I readily discovered and pressed the spring which was, as I had supposed identical in character with its neighbor I now looked at the nail It was as stout as the other and apparently fitted in the same manner—driven in nearly up to the head

You will say that I was puzzled but if you think so you must have misunderstood the nature of the inductions To use a sporting phrase I had not been once 'at fault The scent had never for an instant been lost There was no flaw in any link of the chain I had traced the secret to its ultimate result—and that result was the nail It had I say in every respect the appearance of its fellow in the other window but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with the consideration that here at this point terminated the clew There must be something wrong I said, about the nail I touched it and the head with about a quarter of an inch of the shank, came off in my fingers The rest of the shank was in the gimlet hole where it had been broken off The fracture was an old one (for its edges were incrusted with rust) and had apparently been accomplished by the blow of a hammer which had

partially imbedded in the top of the bottom sash the head portion of the nail I now carefully replaced this head portion in the indentation whence I had taken it and the resemblance to a perfect nail was complete—the fissure was invisible Pressing the spring I gently raised the sash for a few inches the head went up with it remaining firm in its bed I closed the window and the semblance of the whole nail was again perfect

This riddle so far was now unriddled The assassin had escaped through the window which looked upon the bed Dropping of its own accord upon his exit (or perhaps purposely closed) it had become fastened by the spring and it was the retention of this spring which had been mistaken by the police for that of the nail—further inquiry being thus considered unnecessary

The next question is that of the mode of descent Upon this point I had been satisfied in my walk with you around the building About five feet and a half from the casement in question there runs a lightning rod From this rod it would have been impossible for any one to reach the window itself to say nothing of entering it I observed however that the shutters of the fourth story were of the peculiar kind called by Parisian carpenters *ferrades*—a kind rarely employed at the present day but frequently seen upon very old mansions at Lyons and Bordeaux They are in the form of an ordinary door (a

single not a folding door) except that the lower half is latticed or worked in open trellis—thus affording an excellent hold for the hands In the present instance these shutters are fully three feet and a half broad When we saw them from the rear of the house they were both about half open—that is to say they stood off at right angles from the wall It is probable that the police as well as myself examined the back of the tenement, but if so in looking at these *ferrades in the line of their breadth* (as they must have done) they did not perceive this great breadth itself or, at all events failed to take it into due consideration In fact having once satisfied themselves that no egress could have been made in this quarter they would naturally bestow here a very cursory examination It was clear to me however, that the shutter belonging to the window at the head of the bed would if swung fully back to the wall reach to within two feet of the lightning rod It was also evident that by exertion of a very unusual degree of activity and courage an entrance into the window from the rod might have been thus effected By reaching to the distance of two feet and a half (we now suppose the shutter open to its whole extent) a robber might have taken a firm grasp upon the rod placing his feet securely against upon the trellis work Letting go then, his hold the wall and springing boldly from it he might have swung the shutter so as to close it, and, if

we imagine the window open at the time might even have swung himself into the room

'I wish you to bear especially in mind that I have spoken of a very unusual degree of activity as requisite to success in so hazardous and so difficult a feat It is my design to show you first, that the thing might possibly have been accom plished but secondly and chiefly, I wish to im press upon your understanding the very extraor dinary the almost preternatural character of that agility which could have accomplished it

You will say no doubt using the language of the law that to make out my case I should rather undervalue than insist upon a full esti mation of the activity required in this matter This may be the practice in law but it is not the usage of reason My ultimate object is only the truth My immediate purpose is to lead you to place in juxtaposition that very unusual activity of which I have just spoken with that very pe culiar shrill (or harsh) and unequal voice about whose nationality no two persons could be found to agree and in whose utterance no syllabifica tion could be detected

At these words a vague and half formed con ception of the meaning of Dupin flitted over my mind I seemed to be upon the verge of com prehension without power to comprehend—as men at times find themselves upon the brink of remembrance without being able in the end to remember My friend went on with his discourse

You will see' he said that I have shifted the question from the mode of egress to that of ingress It was my design to convey the idea that both were effected in the same manner at the same point Let us now revert to the interior of the room Let us survey the appearances here The drawers of the bureau it is said have been rifled although many articles of apparel still remained within them The conclusion here is absurd It is a mere guess—a very silly one—and no more How are we to know that the articles found in the drawers were not all that these drawers had originally contained? Madame L Espanaye and her daughter lived an exceedingly retired life—saw no company—seldom went out—had little use for numerous changes of habiliment Those found were at least of as good quality as any likely to be possessed by these ladies If a thief had taken any why did he not take the best—why did he not take all? In a word why did he abandon four thousand francs in gold to incumber himself with a bundle of linen? The gold was abandoned Nearly the whole sum mentioned by Monsieur Mignaud the banker was discovered in bags upon the floor I wish you therefore, to discard from your thoughts the blundering idea of motive engendered in the brains of the police by that portion of the evidence which speaks of money delivered at the door of the house Coincidences ten times as remarkable as this (the delivery of

the money, and murder committed within three days upon the party receiving it), happen to all of us every hour of our lives without attracting even momentary notice Coincidences in general are great stumbling blocks in the way of that class of thinkers who have been educated to know nothing of the theory of probabilities—that theory to which the most glorious objects of human research are indebted for the most glorious of illustrations In the present instance had the gold been gone the fact of its delivery three days before would have formed something more than a coincidence It would have been corroborative of this idea of motive But under the real circumstances of the case if we are to suppose gold the motive of this outrage we must also imagine the perpetrator so vacillating an idiot as to have abandoned his gold and his motive together

Keeping now steadily in mind the points to which I have drawn your attention—that peculiar voice that unusual agility and that startling absence of motive in a murder so singularly atrocious as this—let us glance at the butchery itself Here is a woman strangled to death by manual strength and thrust up a chimney head downward Ordinary assassins employ no such mode of murder as this Least of all do they thus dispose of the murdered In the manner of thrusting the corpse up the chimney you will admit that there was something excessively *outre*

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—something altogether irreconcilable with our common notions of human action even when we suppose the actors the most depraved of men Think too how great must have been that strength which could have thrust the body up such an aperture so forcibly that the united vigor of several persons was found barely sufficient to drag it down!

Turn now to other indications of the employment of a vigor most marvelous On the hearth were thick tresses—very thick tresses—of gray human hair These had been torn out by the roots You are aware of the great force necessary in tearing thus from the head even twenty or thirty hairs together You saw the locks in question as well as myself Their roots (a hideous sight) were clotted with fragments of the flesh of the scalp—sure token of the prodigious power which had been exerted in uprooting perhaps half a million of hairs at a time The throat of the old lady was not merely cut but the head absolutely severed from the body the instrument was a mere razor I wish you also to look at the brutal ferocity of these deeds Of the bruises upon the body of Madame L Espanaye I do not speak Monsieur Dumas and his worthy coadjutor Monsieur Etienne have pronounced that they were inflicted by some obtuse instrument and so far these gentlemen are very correct The obtuse instrument was clearly the stone pavement in the yard upon which the vic

tim had fallen from the window which looked in upon the bed This idea however simple it may now seem escaped the police for the same reason that *the breadth of the shutters escaped them*—because by the affair of the nails their perceptions had been hermetically sealed against the possibility of the windows having ever been opened at all

If now in addition to all these things you have properly reflected upon the odd disorder of the chamber we have gone so far as to combine the ideas of an agility astounding a strength superhuman a ferocity brutal a butchery without motive a grotesquerie in horror absolutely alien from humanity and a voice foreign in tone *to the ears of men of many nations* and devoid *of all* distinct or intelligible *syllabification* What result then has ensued? What impression have I made upon your fancy?

I felt a creeping of the flesh as Dupin asked me the question A madman I said has done this deed—some raving maniac escaped from a neighboring *Maison de Sante*

In some respects he replied your idea is not irrelevant *But the voices of madmen even* in their wildest paroxysms are never found to tally with that peculiar voice heard upon the stairs *Madmen are of some nation* and *their* language however incoherent in its words has always the coherence of syllabification Besides the hair of a madman is not such as I now hold in

my hand I disentangled this little tuft from the rigidly clutched fingers of Madame L Espanaye. Tell me what you can make of it

Dupin! I said completely unnerved this hair is most unusual—this is no human hair

I have not asserted that it is said he but before we decide this point I wish you to glance at the little sketch I have here traced upon this paper It is a fac simile drawing of what has been described in one portion of the testimony as dark bruises and deep indentations of finger nails upon the throat of Mademoiselle L Espanaye and in another (by Messrs Dumas and Etienne) as a series of livid spots evidently the impression of fingers

You will perceive continued my friend spreading out the paper upon the table before us that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold There is no *slipping* apparent Each finger has retained—possibly until t death of the victim—the fearful grasp by w it originally imbedded itself Attempt no place all your fingers at the same time i respective impressions as you see t

I made the attempt in vain

We are possibly not giving thi r a trial he said The paper is spr up plane surface but the human th lin cal Here is a billet of wood th re of which is about that of the thr p drawing around it and try the exp ai

I did so but the difficulty was even more ob vious than before This I said is the mark of no human hand'

Read now replied Dupin this passage from Cuvier

It was a minute anatomical and generally de scriptive account of the large fulvous Orang Outang of the East Indian Islands The gigantic stature the prodigious strength and activity the wild ferocity and the imitative propensities of these mammalia are sufficiently well known to all I understood the full horrors of the murder at once

The description of the digits said I as I made an end of the reading is in exact accord ance with this drawing I see that no animal but an Orang Outang of the species here mentioned could have impressed the indentations as you have traced them This tuft of tawny hair too is identical in character with that of the beast of Cuvier But I can not possibly comprehend the particulars of this frightful mystery Besides there were two voices heard in contention and one of them was unquestionably the voice of a Frenchman

True and you will remember an expression attributed almost unanimously by the evidence to this voice—the expression mon Dieu! This under the circumstances has been justly char acterized by one of the witnesses (Montani the confectioner) as an expression of remonstrance

or expostulation Upon these two words there fore I have mainly built my hopes of a full solution of the riddle A Frenchman was cognizant of the murder It is possible—indeed it is far more than probable—that he was innocent of all participation in the bloody transactions which took place The Orang Outang may have escaped from him He may have traced it to the chamber but under the agitating circumstances which ensued he could never have recaptured it It is still at large I will not pursue these guesses—for I have no right to call them more—since the shades of reflection upon which they are based are scarcely of sufficient depth to be appreciable by my own intellect and since I could not pretend to make them intelligible to the understanding of another We will call them guesses then and speak of them as such If the Frenchman in question is indeed as I suppose innocent of this atrocity this advertisement which I left last night upon our return home at the office of Le Monde (a paper devoted to the shipping interest and much sought by sailors) will bring him to our residence

He handed me a paper and I read thus

CAUGHT—*In the Bois de Boulogne early in the morning of the — inst* (morning of the murder) *a very large tawny Orang Outang of the Bornese species The owner (who is ascertained to be a sailor belonging to a Maltese vessel) may*

have the animal again upon identifying it satis factorily and paying a few charges arising from its capture and keeping Call at No — Rue —— Faubourg St Germain—au troisième

How was it possible I asked that you should know the man to be a sailor and belong ing to a Maltese vessel?

I do not know it said Dupin I am not sure of it Here however is a small piece of ribbon which from its form and from its greasy appearance has evidently been used in tying the hair in one of those long queues of which sailors are so fond Moreover this knot is one which few besides sailors can tie and it is peculiar to the Maltese I picked the ribbon up at the foot of the lightning rod It could not have belonged to either of the deceased Now if after all I am wrong in my induction from this ribbon that the Frenchman was a sailor belonging to a Mal tese vessel still I can have done no harm in say ing what I did in the advertisement If I am in error he will merely suppose that I have been misled by some circumstance into which he will not take the trouble to inquire But if I am right a great point is gained Cognizant al though innocent of the murder the Frenchman will naturally hesitate about replying to the ad vertisement — about demanding the Orang Outang He will reason thus — I am innocent I am poor my Orang Outang is of great value—

to one in my circumstances a fortune of itself—why should I lose it through idle apprehensions of danger? Here it is within my grasp It was found in the Bois de Boulogne—at a vast distance from the scene of that butchery How can it ever be suspected that a brute beast should have done the deed? The police are at fault—they have failed to procure the slightest clew Should they even trace the animal it would be impossible to prove me cognizant of the murder or to implicate me in guilt on account of that cognizance Above all I am known The advertiser designates me as the possessor of the beast I am not sure to what limit his knowledge may extend Should I avoid claiming a property of so great value which it is known that I possess I will render the animal at least liable to suspicion It is not my policy to attract attention either to myself or to the beast I will answer the advertisement get the Orang Outang and keep it close until this matter has blown over''

At this moment we heard a step upon the stairs

Be ready said Dupin, with your pistols, but neither use them nor show them until at a signal from myself

The front door of the house had been left open and the visitor had entered without ringing and advanced several steps upon the staircase Now however he seemed to hesitate Presently we

heard him descending Dupin was moving quickly to the door when we again heard him coming up He did not turn back a second time but stepped up with decision and rapped at the door

Come in said Dupin in a cheerful and hearty tone

A man entered He was a sailor evidently—a tall stout and muscular looking person with a certain dare-devil expression of countenance not altogether unprepossessing His face greatly sunburned was more than half hidden by whisker and mustachio He had with him a huge oaken cudgel but appeared to be otherwise unarmed He bowed awkwardly and bade us good evening in French accents which although somewhat Neufchatelish were still sufficiently indicative of a Parisian origin

Sit down my friend said Dupin I suppose you have called about the Orang Outang Upon my word I almost envy you the possession of him a remarkably fine and no doubt a very valuable animal How old do you suppose him to be?

The sailor drew a long breath with the air of a man relieved of some intolerable burden and then replied in an assured tone

I have no way of telling—but he can t be more than four or five years old Have you got him here?

Oh no we had no conveniences for keeping him here He is at a livery stable in the Rue

Dubourg just by You can get him in the morning Of course you are prepared to iden tify the property?

To be sure I am sir

I shall be sorry to part with him, said Dupin

I don t mean that you should be at all this trouble for nothing sir' said the man Couldn't expect it Am very willing to pay a reward for the finding of the animal—that is to say, anything in reason

Well replied my friend 'that is all very fair to be sure Let me think!—what should I have? Oh! I will tell you My reward shall be this You shall give me all the information in your power about these murders in the Rue Morgue

Dupin said the last words in a very low tone and very quietly Just as quietly too he walked toward the door locked it and put the key in his pocket He then drew a pistol from his bosom and placed it upon the table

The sailor s face flushed up as if he were strug gling with suffocation He started to his feet and grasped his cudgel but the next moment he fell back into his seat trembling violently and with the countenance of death itself He spoke not a word I pitied him

My friend said Dupin in a kind tone you are alarming yourself unnecessarily—you are in deed We mean you no harm whatever I

pledge you the honor of a gentleman and of a Frenchman that we intend you no injury I perfectly well know that you are innocent of the atrocities in the Rue Morgue It will not do however to deny that you are in some measure implicated in them From what I have already said you must know that I have had means of information about this matter—means of which you could never have dreamed Now the thing stands thus You have done nothing which you could have avoided—nothing certainly which renders you culpable You were not even guilty of robbery when you might have robbed with impunity You have nothing to conceal You have no reason for concealment On the other hand you are bound by every principle of honor to confess all you know An innocent man is now imprisoned charged with that crime of which you can point out the perpetrator

The sailor had recovered his presence of mind in a great measure while Dupin uttered these words but his boldness of bearing was all gone

So help me God! said he after a brief pause I *will* tell you all I know about this affair —but I do not expect you to believe one half I say —I would be a fool indeed if I did Still I *am* innocent and I will make a clean breast if I die for it

What he stated was in substance this He had lately made a voyage to the Indian Archipelago A party of which he formed one landed

at Borneo and passed into the interior on an excursion of pleasure Himself and a companion had captured the Orang Outang This companion dying the animal fell into his own exclusive possession After great trouble occasioned by the intractable ferocity of his captive during the home voyage he at length succeeded in lodging it safely at his own residence in Paris where not to attract toward himself the unpleasant curiosity of his neighbors he kept it carefully secluded until such time as it should recover from a wound in the foot received from a splinter on board ship

Returning home from some sailor s frolic on the night or rather in the morning of the murder he found the beast occupying his own bedroom into which it had broken from a closet adjoining where it had been as was thought securely confined Razor in hand and fully lathered it was sitting before a looking glass attempting the operation of shaving in which it had no doubt previously watched its master through the keyhole of the closet Terrified at the sight of so dangerous a weapon in the possession of an animal so ferocious and so well able to use it the man for some moments was at a loss what to do He had been accustomed however to quiet the creature even in its fiercest moods by the use of a whip and to this he now resorted Upon sight of it the Orang Outang sprang at once through the door of the chamber

down the stairs and thence through a window, unfortunately open into the street.

The Frenchman followed in despair the ape, razor still in hand occasionally stopping to look back and gesticulate at his pursuer until the latter had nearly come up with it It then again made off In this manner the chase continued for a long time The streets were profoundly quiet as it was nearly three o clock in the morning In passing down an alley in the rear of the Rue Morgue the fugitive s attention was arrested by a light gleaming from the open window of Madame L Espanaye s chamber in the fourth story of her house Rushing to the building it perceived the lightning rod clambered up with inconceivable agility grasped the shutter which was thrown fully back against the wall and by its means swung itself directly upon the head board of the bed The whole feat did not occupy a minute The shutter was kicked open again by the Orang Outang as it entered the room

The sailor in the meantime was both rejoiced and perplexed He had strong hopes of now recapturing the brute as it could scarcely escape from the trap into which it had ventured except by the rod where it might be intercepted as it came down On the other hand there was much cause for anxiety as to what it might do in the house This latter reflection urged the man still to follow the fugitive A lightning rod is ascended without difficulty especially by a sailor

but when he had arrived as high as the window, which lay far to his left his career was stopped the most that he could accomplish was to reach over so as to obtain a glimpse of the interior of the room At this glimpse he nearly fell from his hold through excess of horror Now it was that those hideous shrieks arose upon the night which had startled from slumber the inmates of the Rue Morgue Madame L Espanaye and her daughter habited in their night clothes, had ap parently been occupied in arranging some papers in the iron chest already mentioned which had been wheeled into the middle of the room It was open and its contents lay beside it on the floor The victims must have been sitting with their backs toward the window and from the time elapsing between the ingress of the beast and the screams it seems probable that it was not imme diately perceived

As the sailor looked in the gigantic animal had seized Madame L Espanaye by the hair (which was loose, as she had been combing it) and was flourishing the razor about her face in imitation of the motions of a barber The daughter lay prostrate and motionless she had swooned The screams and struggles of the old lady (during which the hair was torn from her head) had the effect of changing the probably pacific purposes of the Orang Outang into those of wrath With one determined sweep of its muscular arm it nearly severed her head from her body The

sight of blood inflamed its anger into frenzy Gnashing its teeth and flashing fire from its eyes it flew upon the body of the girl and imbedded its fearful talons in her throat, retaining its grasp until she expired Its wandering and wild glances fell at this moment upon the head of the bed over which the face of its master rigid with horror was just discernible The fury of the beast who no doubt bore still in mind the dreaded whip was instantly converted into fear Conscious of having deserved punishment it seemed desirous of concealing its bloody deeds and skipped about the chamber in an agony of nervous agitation throwing down and breaking the furniture as it moved and dragging the bed from the bedstead In conclusion it seized first the corpse of the daughter and thrust it up the chimney as it was found then that of the old lady which it hurled through the window headlong

As the ape approached the casement with its mutilated burden the sailor shrank aghast to the rod and rather gliding than clambering down it hurried at once home—dreading the consequences of the butchery and gladly abandoning in his terror all solicitude about the fate of the Orang Outang The words heard by the party upon the staircase were the Frenchman s exclamations of horror and affright commingled with the fiendish jabberings of the brute

I have scarcely anything to add The Orang Outang must have escaped from the chamber by

the rod just before the breaking of the door It must have closed the window as it passed through it It was subsequently caught by the owner himself who obtained for it a very large sum at the Jardin des Plantes Le Bon was instantly released upon our narration of the circumstances (with some comments from Dupin) at the bureau of the Prefect of Police This functionary however well disposed to my friend could not altogether conceal his chagrin at the turn which affairs had taken and was fain to indulge in a sarcasm or two about the propriety of every person minding his own business

Let him talk said Dupin who had not thought it necessary to reply Let him discourse it will ease his conscience I am satisfied with having defeated him in his own castle Nevertheless that he failed in the solution of this mystery is by no means that matter for wonder which he supposes it for in truth our friend the Prefect is somewhat too cunning to be profound In his wisdom is no *stamen* It is all head and no body, like the pictures of the Goddess Laverna—or at best all head and shoulders like a codfish But he is a good creature after all I like him especially for one masterstroke of cant by which he has attained his reputation for ingenuity I mean the way he has *de nier ce qui est et d expliquer ce qui n est pas* *

Rousseau— Nouvelle Heloïse

THE GREAT STONE FACE

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

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ONE afternoon when the sun was going down a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage talking about the Great Stone Face They had but to lift their eyes and there it was plainly to be seen though miles away with the sunshine brightening all its features

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed among a family of lofty moun tains there was a valley so spacious that it con tained many thousand inhabitants Some of these good people dwelt in log huts with the black forests all around them on the steep and difficult hillsides Others had their homes in com fortable farmhouses and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the val ley Others again were congregated into popu lous villages where some wild highland rivulet tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region had been caught and tamed by human cunning and compelled to turn the ma chinery of cotton factories The inhabitants of this valley in short were numerous and of many

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modes of life But all of them grown people and children had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors

The Great Stone Face then was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks which had been thrown together in such a position as when viewed at a proper distance precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance It seemed as if an enormous giant or a Titan had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice There was the broad arch of the forehead a hundred feet in height the nose with its long bridge and the vast lips, which if they could have spoken would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other True it is that if the spectator approached too near he lost the outline of the gigantic visage and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks piled in chaotic ruin one upon another Retracing his steps however the wondrous features would again be seen and the further he withdrew from them the more like a human face with all its original divinity intact did they appear until as it grew dim in the distance with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes for all the features were noble and the expression was at once grand and sweet as if it were the glow of a vast warm heart that embraced all mankind in its affections and had room for more It was an education only to look at it According to the belief of many peo ple the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door gazing at the Great Stone Face and talking about it The child s name was Ernest

Mother said he while the Titanic visage smiled on him I wish that it could speak for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant If I were to see a man with such a face I should love him dearly

If an old prophecy should come to pass an swered his mother we may see a man some time or other with exactly such a face as that

What prophecy do you mean dear mother eagerly inquired Ernest Pray tell me all about it!

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her when she herself was younger than little Ernest a story not of things that were past but of what was yet to come a story nevertheless so very old that even the In

dians who formerly inhabited this valley had heard it from their forefathers to whom as they affirmed it had been murmured by the mountain streams and whispered by the wind among the tree tops The purport was that at some future day a child should be born hereabouts who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time and whose countenance in manhood should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face Not a few old fashioned people and young ones likewise in the ardor of their hopes still cherished in enduring faith in this old prophecy But others who had seen more of the world had watched and waited till they were weary and had beheld no man with such a face nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale At all events the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared

Oh mother dear mother! cried Ernest clapping his hands above his head I do hope that I shall live to see him!

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy So she only said to him Perhaps you may

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him It was always in his mind whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born and was dutiful to his mother, and

helpful to her in many things assisting her much with his little hands and more with his loving heart In this manner from a happy yet often pensive child he grew up to be a mild quiet unobtrusive boy and sun browned with labor in the fields but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools Yet Ernest had had no teacher save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him When the toil of the day was over he would gaze at it for hours until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement responsive to his own look of veneration We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides But the secret was that the boy s tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see and thus the love meant for all became his peculiar portion

About this time there went a rumor throughout the valley that the great man foretold from ages long ago who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face had appeared at last It seems that many years before a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport where after getting together a little money he had set up as a shopkeeper His name —but I could never learn whether it was his real one or a nickname that had grown out of his

habits and success in life—was Gathergold Being shrewd and active and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck he became an exceedingly rich merchant and owner of a whole fleet of bulky bottomed ships All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man s wealth The cold regions of the north almost within the gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle sent him their tribute in the shape of furs hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests the East came bringing him the rich shawls and spices and teas and the effulgence of diamonds and the gleaming purity of large pearls The ocean not to be behindhand with the earth yielded up her mighty whales that Mr Gathergold might sell their oil and make a profit on it Be the original commodity what it might it was gold within his grasp It might be said of him as of Midas in the fable that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened and grew yellow and was changed at once into sterling metal or which suited him still better into piles of coin And when Mr Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither

and end his days where he was born With this purpose in view he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in

As I have said above it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose as if by enchantment on the site of his father s old weather beaten farmhouse The exterior was of marble so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine like those humbler ones which Mr Gathergold in his young playdays before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation had been accustomed to build of snow It had a richly ornamental portico supported by tall pillars beneath which was a lofty door studded with silver knobs and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea The windows from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment were composed respectively of but one enormous pane of glass so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace but it was reported and with good

semblance of truth to be far more gorgeous than the outside insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this and Mr Gathergold s bedchamber especially made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there

In due time the mansion was finished next came the upholsterers with magnificent furniture then a whole troop of black and white servants the harbingers of Mr Gathergold who in his own majestic person was expected to arrive at sunset Our friend Ernest meanwhile had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man the noble man the man of prophecy after so many ages of delay was at length to be made manifest to his native valley He knew boy as he was that there were a thousand ways in which Mr Gathergold with his vast wealth might transform himself into an angel of beneficence and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face Full of faith and hope Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain side While the boy was still gazing up the valley and fancying as he always did that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him the rumbling of wheels was heard approaching swiftly along the winding road

Here he comes! cried a group of people who

were assembled to witness the arrival Here comes the great Mr Gathergold!

A carriage drawn by four horses dashed round the turn of the road Within it thrust partly out of the window appeared the physiognomy of the old man with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas hand had transmuted it He had a low forehead small sharp eyes puckered about with innumer able wrinkles and very thin lips which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together

The very image of the Great Stone Face! shouted the people Sure enough the old prophecy is true and here we have the great man come at last!

And what greatly perplexed Ernest they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar woman and two little beggar children stragglers from some far off region who as the carriage rolled onward held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices most piteously beseeching charity A yellow claw—the very same that had clawed together so much wealth—poked itself out of the coach win dow and dropped some copper coins upon the ground so that though the great man s name seems to have been Gathergold he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper Still nevertheless with an earnest shout the people bellowed He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage and gazed up the valley, where amid a gathering mist gilded by the last sunbeams he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul Their aspect cheered him What did the benign lips seem to say?

He will come! Fear not, Ernest the man will come!'

The years went on and Ernest ceased to be a boy He had grown to be a young man now He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life save that when the labor of the day was over he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face According to their idea of the matter it was a folly indeed but pardonable inasmuch as Ernest was industrious kind and neighborly and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man s heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books and a better life than could be molded on the defaced example of other human lives Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally in the fields and at the fireside and

wherever he communed with himself were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him A simple soul—simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy—he beheld the marvelous features beaming adown the valley and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance

By this time poor Mr Gathergold was dead and buried and the oddest part of the matter was that his wealth which was the body and spirit of his existence had disappeared before his death leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton covered over with a wrinkled yellow skin Since the melting away of his gold it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance after all betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain side So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease Once in a while it is true his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers multitudes of whom came every summer to visit that famous natural curiosity the Great Stone Face Thus Mr Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade the man of prophecy was yet to come

It so happened that a native born son of the

valley many years before had enlisted as a soldier and after a great deal of hard fighting had now become an illustrious commander What ever he may be called in history he was known in camps and on the battlefield under the nickname of Old Blood and Thunder This war worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds and weary of the turmoil of a military life and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet that had so long been ringing in his ears had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it The inhabitants his old neighbors and their grown up children were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner and all the more enthusiastically it being affirmed that now at last the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared An aid de camp of Old Blood and Thunder traveling through the valley was said to have been struck with the resemblance Moreover the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify on oath that to the best of their recollection the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period Great therefore was the excitement throughout the valley and many people who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time

in gazing at it for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood and Thunder looked

On the day of the great festival Ernest with all the other people of the valley left their work and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared As he approached the loud voice of the Rev Dr Battleblast was heard beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods shut in by the surrounding trees except where a vista opened eastward and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face Over the general s chair which was a relic from the home of Washington there was an arch of verdant boughs with the laurel profusely intermixed and surmounted by his country s banner beneath which he had won his victories Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply and a volunteer company doing duty as a guard pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng So Ernest being of an unobtrusive character was thrust quite into the background where he could see no more of Old Blood and Thunder s physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the

battlefield To console himself, he turned toward the Great Stone Face which like a faithful and long remembered friend looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest Mean time however he could overhear the remarks of various individuals who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain side

Tis the same face to a hair!' cried one man

Wonderfully like that s a fact! responded another

Like! why I call it Old Blood and Thunder himself in a monstrous looking glass! cried a third And why not? He s the greatest man of this or any other age beyond a doubt'

And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout which communicated electricity to the crowd and called forth a roar from a thousand voices that went reverberating for miles among the mountains until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder breath into the cry All these comments and this vast enthusiasm served the more to interest our friend nor did he think of questioning that now at length the mountain visage had found its human counterpart It is true Ernest had imagined that this long looked for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace uttering wisdom and doing good and making people happy But taking an habitual breadth of view with all his simplicity he contended that

Providence should choose its own method of bless ing mankind and could conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so

The general! the general! was now the cry Hush! silence! Old Blood and Thunder s going to make a speech

Even so for the cloth being removed the *general s health had been drunk amid shouts* of applause and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company Ernest saw him There he was over the shoulders of the crowd from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there too visible in the same glance through the vista of the forest appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there indeed such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war worn and weather beaten countenance full of energy and expressive of an iron will but the gentle wisdom the deep broad tender sympathies were alto gether wanting in Old Blood and Thunder s vis age and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command the milder traits would still have tempered it

This is not the man of prophecy sighed Ernest to himself as he made his way out of the throng And must the world wait longer yet?

The mists had congregated about the distant mountain side and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face awful but benignant as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud vesture of gold and purple As he looked Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage with a radiance still brightening although without motion of the lips It was probably the effect of the western sunshine melting through the thinly diffused vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at But—as it always did—the aspect of his marvelous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain

Fear not Ernest, said his heart even as if the Great Face were whispering to him— fear not Ernest he will come

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away Ernest still dwelt in his native valley and was now a man of middle age By imperceptible degrees he had become known among the people Now as heretofore, he labored for his bread and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been But he had thought and felt so much he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares It was visible in the calm and well considered beneficence of his daily life,

the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man humble as he was had lived He never stepped aside from his own path yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor Almost involuntarily too he had become a preacher The pure and high simplicity of his thought which as one of its manifestations took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand flowed also forth in speech He uttered truths that wrought upon and molded the lives of those who heard him His auditors it may be never suspected that Ernest their own neighbor and familiar friend was more than an ordinary man least of all did Ernest himself suspect it but inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken

When the people s minds had had a little time to cool they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood and Thunder s truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain side But now again there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman He like Mr Gathergold and Old Blood and Thunder was a native of the valley but had left it in his early days and taken

up the trades of law and politics Instead of the rich man s wealth and the warrior s sword he had but a tongue and it was mightier than both to gether So wonderfully eloquent was he that whatever he might choose to say his auditors had no choice but to believe him wrong looked like right and right like wrong for when it pleased him he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath and ob scure the natural daylight with it His tongue indeed was a magic instrument sometimes it rumbled like the thunder sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music It was the blast of war—the song of peace and it seemed to have a heart in it when there was no such mat ter In good truth he was a wondrous man and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success—when it had been heard in halls of state and in the courts of princes and potentates—after it had made him known all over the world even as a voice crying from shore to shore—it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the Presidency Before this time —indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated —his admirers had found out the resemblance be tween him and the Great Stone Face and so much were they struck by it that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz The phrase was considered as giving a highly favorable aspect to his political prospects for as is likewise the case

with the Popedom nobody ever becomes President without taking a name other than his own

While his friends were doing their best to make him President Old Stony Phiz as he was called set out on a visit to the valley where he was born Of course he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow citizens and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the State and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass Among these was Ernest Though more than once disappointed as we have seen he had such a hopeful and confiding nature that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good He kept his heart continually open and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high when it should come So now again as buoyantly as ever he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face

The cavalcade came prancing along the road with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain side was completely hidden from Ernest s eyes All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback militia officers in uniform the member of Congress the sheriff of the county the editors

of newspapers and many a farmer too had mounted his patient steed with his Sunday coat upon his back It really was a very brilliant spectacle especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face smiling familiarly at one another like two brothers If the pictures were to be trusted the mutual resemblance it must be confessed was marvelous We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains so that airy and soul thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice to welcome the distinguished guest But the grandest effect was when the far off mountain precipice flung back the music for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus in acknowledgment that at length the man of prophecy was come

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up and he likewise threw up his hat and shouted as loudly as the loudest Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz! But as yet he had not seen him

Here he is now! cried those who stood near Ernest. There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz

and then at the Old Man of the Mountaın and see ıf they are not as lıke as two twın brothers!

In the mıdst of all thıs gallant array came an open barouche drawn by four whıte horses and ın the barouche wıth hıs massıve head uncovered sat the ıllustrıous statesman Old Stony Phız hımself

Confess ıt saıd one of Ernest s neıghbors to hım *the Great Stone Face has met ıts match at* last!

Now ıt must be owned that at hıs first glımpse of the countenance whıch was bowıng and smıl ıng from the barouche Ernest dıd fancy that there was a resemblance between ıt and the old famılıar face upon the mountaın sıde The brow wıth ıts massıve depth and loftıness and all the other features ındeed were boldly and strongly hewn as ıf ın emulatıon of a more than heroıc of a Tıtanıc model But the sublımıty and statelı ness the grand expressıon of a dıvıne sympathy that ıllumınated the mountaın vısage and ethe realızed ıts ponderous granıte substance ınto spırıt mıght here be sought ın vaın Somethıng had been orıgınally left out or had departed And therefore the marvelously gıfted statesman had always a weary gloom ın the deep caverns of hıs eyes as of a chıld that has outgrown ıts play thıngs or a man of mıghty facultıes and lıttle aıms whose lıfe wıth all ıts hıgh performances was vague and empty because no hıgh purpose had endowed ıt wıth realıty

Still Ernest s neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side and pressing him for an answer

Confess! confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?

No! said Ernest bluntly I see little or no likeness

Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face! answered his neighbor

But Ernest turned away melancholy, and al most despondent for this was the saddest of his disappointments to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy and had not willed to do so Meantime the cavalcade the banners the music and the barouches swept past him with the vociferous crowd in the rear leaving the dust to settle down and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again

Lo here I am Ernest! the benign lips seemed to say I have waited longer than thou and am not yet weary Fear not the man will come

The years hurried onward treading in their haste on one another s heels And now they be gan to bring white hairs and scatter them over the head of Ernest they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead and furrows in his cheeks He was an aged man But not in vain had he grown old more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom

that had been tested by the tenor of a life And Ernest had ceased to be obscure Unsought for undesired had come the fame which so many seek and made him known in the great world beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly College professors and even the active men of cities came from far to see and converse with Ernest for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men not gained from books but of a higher tone—a tranquil and familiar majesty as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends Whether it were sage statesman or philanthropist Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost or lay deepest in his heart or their own While they talked together his face would kindle unawares and shine upon them as with a mild evening light Pensive with the fulness of such discourse his guests took leave and went their way and passing up the valley paused to look at the Great Stone Face imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance but could not remember where

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth He likewise was a native of the valley but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and

din of cities Often however did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten for the poet had celebrated it in an ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips This man of genius we may say had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast or soaring to its summit than had before been seen there If his theme were a lovely lake a celestial smile had now been thrown over it to gleam forever on its surface If it were the vast old sea even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher as if moved by the emotions of the song Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes The Creator had bestowed him, as the last best touch to his own handiwork Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret and so complete it

The effect was no less high and beautiful when his human brethren were the subject of his verse The man or woman sordid with the common dust of life who crossed his daily path and the little child who played in it were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred he brought out the

hidden traits of a celestial birth that made them worthy of such kin Some indeed there were who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and dignity of the natural world existed only in the poet s fancy Let such men speak for themselves who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff after all the swine were made As respects all things else the poet s ideal was the truest truth

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest He read them after his customary toil seated on the bench before his cottage door where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought by gazing at the Great Stone Face And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly

Oh majestic friend he murmured addressing the Great Stone Face is not this man worthy to resemble thee?

The Face seemed to smile but answered not a word

Now it happened that the poet though he dwelt so far away had not only heard of Ernest but had meditated much upon his character until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life One summer morning therefore he took passage by

the railroad and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage The great hotel which had formerly been the palace of Mr Gathergold was close at hand but the poet with his carpetbag on his arm inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest

Approaching the door he there found the good old man holding a volume in his hand which alternately he read and then with a finger between the leaves looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face

Good evening said the poet 'Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?

Willingly answered Ernest and then he added smiling, Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest but never before with a man like Ernest whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them Angels, as had been so often said seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside and dwelling with angels as friend with friends he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words So thought the poet And Ernest on

the other hand was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind and which peopled all the air about the cottage door with shapes of beauty both gay and pensive The sympathies of these two men instructed them with a profounder sense than either could have attained alone Their minds accorded into one strain and made delightful music which neither of them could have claimed as all his own nor distinguished his own share from the other s They led one another as it were into a high pavilion of their thoughts so remote and hitherto so dim that they had never entered it before and so beautiful that they desired to be there always

As Ernest listened to the poet he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too He gazed earnestly into the poet s *glowing eyes*

Who are you my strangely gifted guest? he said

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading

You have read these poems said he You know me then—for I wrote them

Again and still more earnestly than before Ernest examined the poet s features then turned toward the Great Stone Face then back with an uncertain aspect to his guest But his countenance fell he shook his head and sighed

Wherefore are you sad? inquired the poet

Because replied Ernest, all through life I

have awaited the fulfilment of a prophecy and, when I read these poems I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you

You hoped answered the poet faintly smiling to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face And you are disappointed as formerly with Mr Gathergold and Old Blood and Thunder and Old Stony Phiz Yes Ernest it is my doom You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes For—in shame and sadness do I speak it Ernest —I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image

And why? asked Ernest He pointed to the volume Are not those thoughts divine?

They have a strain of the Divinity ' replied the poet You can hear in them the far off echo of a heavenly song But my life dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought I have had grand dreams but they have been only dreams because I have lived—and that too by my own choice—among poor and mean realities Sometimes even—shall I dare to say it?—I lack *faith in the grandeur* the beauty and the *good*ness which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life Why, then, pure seeker of the good shouldst thou hope to find me in yonder image of the divine?

The poet spoke sadly and his eyes were dim with tears So likewise, were those of Ernest

At the hour of sunset as had long been his fre-

quent custom Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air He and the poet arm in arm still talking together as they went along proceeded to the spot It was a small nook among the hills with a gray precipice behind the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants that made a tapestry for the naked rock by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles At a small elevation above the ground set in a rich framework of verdure there appeared a niche spacious enough to admit a human figure with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience They stood or sat or reclined upon the grass as seemed good to each with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face with the same cheer combined with the same solemnity in its benignant aspect

Ernest began to speak giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind His words had power because they accorded with his thoughts and his thoughts had reality and depth because they harmonized with the life which he had al

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THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?

BY FRANK R STOCKTON

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IN THE very olden time there lived a semi barbaric king whose ideas though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors were still large florid and untrammelled as became the half of him which was barbaric He was a man of exuberant fancy and withal of an authority so irresistible that at his will he turned his varied fancies into facts He was greatly given to self communing, and when he and himself agreed upon anything the thing was done When every member of his domestic and political systems moved smoothly in its appointed course his nature was bland and genial but whenever there was a little hitch and some of his orbs got out of their orbits he was blander and more genial still for nothing pleased him so much as to make the crooked straight and crush down uneven places

Among the borrowed notions by which his bar barism had become semified was that of the pub lic arena in which by exhibitions of manly and beastly valor the minds of his subjects were refined and cultured

But even here the exuberant and barbaric fancy asserted itself The arena of the king was built not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the rhapsodies of dying gladiators nor to enable them to view the inevitable conclusion of a conflict between religious opinions and hungry jaws but for purposes far better adapted to widen and develop the mental energies of the people This vast amphitheatre with its encircling galleries its mysterious vaults and its unseen passages was an agent of poetic justice, in which crime was punished or virtue rewarded, by the decrees of an impartial and incorruptible chance

When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the king public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the king's arena—a structure which well deserved its name for although its form and plan were borrowed from afar its purpose emanated solely from the brain of this man, who every barleycorn a king, knew no tradition to which he owed more allegiance than pleased his fancy, and who ingrafted on every adopted form of human thought and action the rich growth of his barbaric idealism

When all the people had assembled in the galleries and the king surrounded by his court, sat high up on his throne of royal state on one side of the arena he gave a signal a door beneath him opened and the accused subject stepped out

into the amphitheatre Directly opposite him on the other side of the enclosed space were two doors exactly alike and side by side It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial to walk directly to these doors and open one of them He could open either door he pleased he was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the aforementioned impartial and incor ruptible chance If he opened the one there came out of it a hungry tiger the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured which immediately sprang upon him and tore him to pieces, as a punishment for his guilt The moment that the case of the criminal was thus decided doleful iron bells were clanged, great wails went up from the hired mourners posted on the outer rim of the arena and the vast audience with bowed heads and downcast hearts wended slowly their homeward way mourning greatly that one so young and fair or so old and respected should have merited so dire a fate

But if the accused person opened the other door there came forth from it a lady the most suitable to his years and station that his majesty could select among his fair subjects and to this lady he was immediately married as a reward of his innocence It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection the king allowed no such subor dinate arrangements to interfere with his great

scheme of retribution and reward The exercises, as in the other instance took place immediately, and in the arena Another door opened beneath the king and a priest followed by a band of choristers and dancing maidens blowing joyous airs on golden horns and treading an epithalamic measure advanced to where the pair stood side by side and the wedding was promptly and cheerily solemnized Then the gay brass bells rang forth their merry peals the people shouted glad hurrahs and the innocent man preceded by children strewing flowers on his path led his bride to his home

This was the king s semi barbaric method of administering justice Its perfect fairness is obvious The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady he opened either he pleased without having the slightest idea whether in the next instant he was to be devoured or married On some occasions the tiger came out of one door and on some out of the other The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair they were positively determinate the accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty and if innocent he was rewarded on the spot whether he liked it or not There was no escape from the judgments of the king's arena

The institution was a very popular one When the people gathered together on one of the great trial days they never knew whether they were

to witness a bloody slaughter or a hilarious wedding This element of uncertainty lent an interest to the occasion which it could not otherwise have attained Thus the masses were entertained and pleased and the thinking part of the community could bring no charge of unfairness against this plan for did not the accused person have the whole matter in his own hands?

This semi barbaric king had a daughter as blooming as his most florid fancies and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own As is usual in such cases she was the apple of his eye and was loved by him above all humanity Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood and lowness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover for he was handsome and brave to a degree unsurpassed in all this kingdom and she loved him with an ardor that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong This love affair moved on happily for many months until one day the king happened to discover its existence He did not hesitate nor waver in regard to his duty in the premises The youth was immediately cast into prison and a day was appointed for his trial in the king's arena This of course was an especially important occasion and his majesty as well as all the people was greatly interested in the workings and development of this trial.

Never before had such a case occurred never before had a subject dared to love the daughter of a king In after years such things became commonplace enough but then they were in no slight degree novel and startling

The tiger cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and relentless beasts from which the fiercest monster might be selected for the arena and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges in order that the young man might have a fitting bride in case fate did not determine for him a different destiny Of course everybody knew that the deed with which the accused was charged had been done He had loved the princess and neither he she nor any one else thought of denying the fact, but the king would not think of allowing any fact of this kind to interfere with the workings of the tribunal in which he took such great delight and satisfaction No matter how the affair turned out the youth would be disposed of and the king would take an aesthetic pleasure in watching the course of events which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the princess

The appointed day arrived From far and near the people gathered and thronged the great galleries of the arena and crowds unable to gain admittance massed themselves against its outside walls The king and his court were in their

places opposite the twin doors—those fateful portals so terrible in their similarity

All was ready The signal was given A door beneath the royal party opened and the lover of the princess walked into the arena Tall beautiful fair his appearance was greeted with a low hum of admiration and anxiety Half the audience had not known so grand a youth had lived among them No wonder the princess loved him! *What a terrible thing for him to be there!*

As the youth advanced into the arena he turned as the custom was to bow to the king but he did not think at all of that royal personage his eyes were fixed upon the princess who sat to the right of her father Had it not been for the moiety of barbarism in her nature it is probable that lady would not have been there; but her intense and fervid soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so terribly interested From the moment that the decree had gone forth that her lover should decide his fate in the king s arena she had thought of nothing night or day but this great event and the various subjects connected with it Possessed of more power influence and force of character than any one who had ever before been interested in such a case she had done what no other person had done—she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors She knew in which of the two rooms that lay behind those doors stood the cage of the tiger with its open front and

in which waited the lady Through these thick doors heavily curtained with skins on the inside it was impossible that any noise or suggestion should come from within to the person who should approach to raise the latch of one of them, but gold and the power of a woman s will had brought the secret to the princess

And not only did she know in which room stood the lady ready to emerge all blushing and radiant should her door be opened but she knew who the lady was It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth should he be proved innocent of the crime of aspiring to one so far above him and the princess hated her Often had she seen or imagined that she had seen this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived and even returned Now and then she had seen them talking together it was but for a moment or two but much can be said in a brief space it may have been on most unimportant topics but how could she know that? The girl was lovely but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the princess and with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of wholly barbaric ancestors she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door

When her lover turned and looked at her and

his eye met hers as she sat there paler and whiter than any one in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her he saw by that power of quick perception which is given to those whose souls are one that she knew behind which door crouched the tiger and behind which stood the lady He had expected her to know it He understood her nature and his soul was assured that she would never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing hidden to all other lookers on even to the king The only hope for the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the princess in discovering this mystery and the moment he looked upon her he saw she had succeeded as in his soul he knew she would succeed

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question Which? It was as plain to her as if he shouted it from where he stood There was not an instant to be lost The question was asked in a flash it must be answered in another

Her right arm lay on the cushioned parapet before her She raised her hand and made a slight quick movement toward the right No one but her lover saw her Every eye but his was fixed on the man in the arena He turned and with a firm and rapid step he walked across the empty space Every heart stopped beating every breath was held every eye was fixed immovably upon that man Without the slightest

hesitation he went to the door on the right and opened it

Now the point of the story is this Did the tiger come out of that door, or did the lady? The more we reflect upon this question the harder it is to answer It involves a study of the human heart which leads us through devious mazes of passion out of which it is difficult to find our way Think of it fair reader not as if the decision of the question depended upon your self but upon that hot blooded semi barbaric princess her soul at a white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy She had lost him but who should have him?

How often in her waking hours and in her dreams had she started in wild horror and cov ered her face with her hands as she thought of her lover opening the door on the other side of which waited the cruel fangs of the tiger!

But how much oftener had she seen him at the other door! How in her grievous reveries had she gnashed her teeth and torn her hair when she saw his start of rapturous delight as he opened the door of the lady? How her soul had burned in agony when she had seen him rush to meet that woman with her flushing cheek and sparkling eye of triumph when she had seen him lead her forth his whole frame kindled with the joy of recovered life when she had heard the glad shouts from the multitude and the wild ringing of the happy bells when she had seen

the priest with his joyous followers advance to the couple and make them man and wife before her very eyes and when she had seen them walk away together upon their path of flowers fol lowed by the tremendous shouts of the hilarious multitude in which her one despairing shriek was lost and drowned!

Would it not be better for him to die at once and go to wait for her in the blessed regions of semi barbaric futurity?

And yet that awful tiger those shrieks that blood!

Her decision had been indicated in an instant but it had been made after days and nights of anguished deliberation She had known she would be asked she had decided what she would answer and without the slightest hesitation she had moved her hand to the right

The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered and it is not for me to presume to set myself up as the one person able to answer it And so I leave it with all of you Which came out of the opened door—the lady or the tiger?

THE DIAMOND LENS

BY FITZ JAMES O BRIEN

THE DIAMOND LENS

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I

FROM a very early period of my life the entire bent of my inclinations had been toward microscopic investigations When I was not more than ten years old a distant relative of our family hoping to astonish my inexperience constructed a simple microscope for me by drilling in a disk of copper a small hole in which a drop of pure water was sustained by capillary attraction This very primitive apparatus magnifying some fifty diameters presented it is true only indistinct and imperfect forms but still sufficiently wonderful to work up my imagination to a preternatural state of excitement

Seeing me so interested in this rude instrument my cousin explained to me all that he knew about the principles of the miscroscope related to me a few of the wonders which had been accomplished through its agency and ended by promising to send me one regularly constructed immediately on his return to the city I counted the days the hours the minutes that intervened between that promise and his departure

Meantime I was not idle Every transparent substance that bore the remotest resemblance to a lens I eagerly seized upon and employed in vain attempts to realize that instrument the theory of whose construction I as yet only vaguely comprehended All panes of glass containing those oblate spheroidal knots familiarly known as bull s eyes were ruthlessly destroyed in the hope of obtaining lenses of marvelous power I even went so far as to extract the crystalline humor from the eyes of fishes and animals and endeavored to press it into the microscopic service I plead guilty to having stolen the glasses from my Aunt Agatha s spectacles with a dim idea of grinding them into lenses of wondrous magnifying properties—in which attempt it is scarcely necessary to say that I totally failed

At last the promised instrument came It was of that order known as Field s simple microscope and had cost perhaps about fifteen dollars As far as educational purposes went a better apparatus could not have been selected Accompanying it was a small treatise on the microscope—its history uses and discoveries I comprehended then for the first time the 'Arabian Nights Entertainments The dull veil of ordinary existence that hung across the world seemed suddenly to roll away and to lay bare a land of enchantments I felt toward my companions as the seer might feel toward the ordi

nary masses of men I held conversations with nature in a tongue which they could not understand I was in daily communication with living wonders such as they never imagined in their wildest visions I penetrated beyond the external portal of things and roamed through the sanctuaries Where they beheld only a drop of rain slowly rolling down the window glass I saw a universe of beings animated with all the passions common to physical life and convulsing their minute sphere with struggles as fierce and protracted as those of men In the common spots of mould which my mother good housekeeper that she was fiercely scooped away from her jam pots there abode for me under the name of mildew enchanted gardens filled with dells and avenues of the densest foliage and most astonishing verdure while from the fantastic boughs of these microscopic forests hung strange fruits glittering with green and silver and gold

It was no scientific thirst that at this time filled my mind It was the pure enjoyment of a poet to whom a world of wonders has been disclosed I talked of my solitary pleasures to none Alone with my microscope I dimmed my sight day after day and night after night poring over the marvels which it unfolded to me I was like one who having discovered the ancient Eden still existing in all its primitive glory should resolve to enjoy it in solitude and never betray to mortal the secret of its locality The rod of my life

was bent at this moment I destined myself to be a microscopist

Of course like every novice I fancied myself a discoverer I was ignorant at the time of the thousands of acute intellects engaged in the same pursuit as myself and with the advantage of instruments a thousand times more powerful than mine The names of Leeuwenhoek Williamson Spencer Ehrenberg Schultz Dujardin Schact and Schleiden were then entirely unknown to me or if known I was ignorant of their patient and wonderful researches In every fresh specimen of cryptogamia which I placed beneath my instrument I believed that I discovered wonders of which the world was as yet ignorant I remember well the thrill of delight and admiration that shot through me the first time that I discovered the common wheel animalcule (*Rotifera vulgaris*) expanding and contracting its flexible spokes and seemingly rotating through the water Alas! as I grew older and obtained some works treating of my favorite study I found that I was only on the threshold of a science to the investigation of which some of the greatest men of the age were devoting their lives and intellects

As I grew up my parents who saw but little likelihood of anything practical resulting from the examination of bits of moss and drops of water through a brass tube and a piece of glass were anxious that I should choose a profession

It was their desire that I should enter the counting house of my uncle Ethan Blake a prosperous merchant who carried on business in New York This suggestion I decisively combated I had no taste for trade I should only make a failure in short I refused to become a merchant

But it was necessary for me to select some pursuit My parents were staid New England people who insisted on the necessity of labor and therefore although thanks to the bequest of my poor Aunt Agatha I should on coming of age inherit a small fortune sufficient to place me above want it was decided that instead of waiting for this I should act the nobler part and employ the intervening years in rendering myself independent

After much cogitation I complied with the wishes of my family and selected a profession I determined to study medicine at the New York Academy This disposition of my future suited me A removal from my relatives would enable me to dispose of my time as I pleased without fear of detection As long as I paid my Academy fees I might shirk attending the lectures if I chose and as I never had the remotest intention of standing an examination there was no danger of my being plucked Besides a metropolis was the place for me There I could obtain excellent instruments the newest publications intimacy with men of pursuits kindred with my own—in short all things necessary to

ensure a profitable devotion of my life to my beloved science I had an abundance of money few desires that were not bounded by my illuminating mirror on one side and my object glass on the other what therefore was to prevent my becoming an illustrious investigator of the veiled worlds? It was with the most buoyant hope that I left my New England home and established myself in New York

II

My first step of course was to find suitable apartments These I obtained after a couple of days search in Fourth Avenue a very pretty second floor unfurnished containing sitting room bedroom and a smaller apartment which I intended to fit up as a laboratory I furnished my lodgings simply but rather elegantly and then devoted all my energies to the adornment of the temple of my worship I visited Pike the celebrated optician and passed in review his splendid collection of microscopes—Field s Compound Hingham s Spencer s Nachet s Binocular (that founded on the principles of the stereoscope) and at length fixed upon that form known as Spencer s Trunnion Microscope as combining the greatest number of improvements with an almost perfect freedom from tremor Along with this I purchased every possible accessory—draw tubes micrometers a *camera lucida*

lever stage achromatic condensers white cloud illuminators prisms parabolic condensers polarizing apparatus forceps aquatic boxes fishing tubes with a host of other articles all of which would have been useful in the hands of an experienced microscopist but as I afterward discovered were not of the slightest present value to me It takes years of practice to know how to use a complicated microscope The optician looked suspiciously at me as I made these valuable purchases He evidently was uncertain whether to set me down as some scientific celebrity or a madman I think he was inclined to the latter belief I suppose I was mad Every great genius is mad upon the subject in which he is greatest The unsuccessful madman is disgraced and called a lunatic

Mad or not I set myself to work with a zeal which few scientific students have ever equaled I had everything to learn relative to the delicate study upon which I had embarked—a study involving the most earnest patience the most rigid analytic powers the steadiest hand the most untiring eye the most refined and subtle manipulation

For a long time half my apparatus lay inactively on the shelves of my laboratory which was now most amply furnished with every possible contrivance for facilitating my investigations The fact was that I did not know how to use some of my scientific implements — never

having been taught microscopics — and those whose use I understood theoretically were of little avail until by practice I could attain the necessary delicacy of handling Still such was the fury of my ambition such the untiring perseverance of my experiments that difficult of credit as it may be in the course of one year I became theoretically and practically an accomplished microscopist

During this period of my labors, in which I submitted specimens of every substance that came under my observation to the action of my lenses I became a discoverer—in a small way it is true for I was very young but still a discoverer It was I who destroyed Ehrenberg s theory that the *Volvox globator* was an animal and proved that his monads with stomachs and eyes were merely phases of the formation of a vegetable cell, and were when they reached their mature state incapable of the act of conjugation or any true generative act without which no organism rising to any stage of life higher than vegetable can be said to be complete It was I who resolved the singular problem of rotation in the cells and hairs of plants into ciliary attraction in spite of the assertions of Wenham and others that my explanation was the result of an optical illusion

But notwithstanding these discoveries laboriously and painfully made as they were I felt horribly dissatisfied At every step I found my

self stopped by the imperfections of my instruments Like all active microscopists I gave my imagination full play Indeed it is a common complaint against many such that they supply the defects of their instruments with the creations of their brains I imagined depths beyond depths in nature which the limited power of my lenses prohibited me from exploring I lay awake at night constructing imaginary microscopes of immeasurable power with which I seemed to pierce through all the envelopes of matter down to its original atom How I cursed those imperfect mediums which necessity through ignorance compelled me to use! How I longed to discover the secret of some perfect lens whose magnifying power should be limited only by the resolvability of the object and which at the same time should be free from spherical and chromatic aberrations—in short from all the obstacles over which the poor microscopist finds himself continually stumbling! I felt convinced that the simple microscope composed of a single lens of such vast yet perfect power was possible of construction To attempt to bring the compound microscope up to such a pitch would have been commencing at the wrong end this latter being simply a partially successful endeavor to remedy those very defects of the simplest instrument which if conquered would leave nothing to be desired

It was in this mood of mind that I became a

constructive microscopist After another year passed in this new pursuit experimenting on every imaginable substance—glass gems flints crystals artificial crystals formed of the alloy of various vitreous materials—in short having constructed as many varieties of lenses as Argus had eyes—I found myself precisely where I started with nothing gained save an extensive knowledge of glass making I was almost dead with despair My parents were surprised at my apparent want of progress in my medical studies (I had not attended one lecture since my arrival in the city) and the expenses of my mad pursuit had been so great as to embarrass me very seriously

I was in this frame of mind one day experimenting in my laboratory on a small diamond—that stone from its great refracting power having always occupied my attention more than any other—when a young Frenchman who lived on the floor above me and who was in the habit of occasionally visiting me entered the room

I think that Jules Simon was a Jew He had many traits of the Hebrew character a love of jewelry of dress and of good living There was something mysterious about him He always had something to sell and yet went into excellent society When I say sell I should perhaps have said peddle for his operations were generally confined to the disposal of single articles—a pic

ture foi instance or a rare carving in ivory or a pair of duelling pistols or the dress of a Mexi can *caballero* When I was first furnishing my rooms he paid me a visit which ended in my purchasing an antique silver lamp which he as sured me was a Cellini—it was handsome enough even for that—and some other knick knacks for my sitting room Why Simon should pursue this petty trade I never could imagine He ap parently had plenty of money and had the *entrée* of the best houses in the city—taking care however I suppose to drive no bargains within the enchanted circle of the Upper Ten I came at length to the conclusion that this peddling was but a mask to cover some greater object and even went so far as to believe my young acquaint ance to be implicated in the slave trade That however was none of my affair

On the present occasion Simon entered my room in a state of considerable excitement

Ah! mon ami! he cried before I could even offer him the ordinary salutation it has oc curred to me to be the witness of the most aston ishing things in the world I promenade myself to the house of Madame—— How does the little animal—*le renard*—name himself in the Latin?

Vulpes I answered

Ah! yes—Vulpes I promenade myself to the house of Madame Vulpes

The spirit medium?

'Yes the great medium Great heavens! what a woman! I write on a slip of paper many of questions concerning affairs of the most secret—affairs that conceal themselves in the abysses of my heart the most profound and behold by example what occurs? This devil of a woman makes me replies the most truthful to all of them She talks to me of things that I do not love to talk of to myself What am I to think? I am fixed to the earth!

Am I to understand you M Simon that this Mrs Vulpes replied to questions secretly written by you which questions related to events known only to yourself?

Ah! more than that more than that he answered with an air of some alarm She related to me things— But he added after a pause, and suddenly changing his manner why occupy ourselves with these follies? It was all the biology without doubt It goes without saying that it has not my credence But why are we here *mon ami?* It has occurred to me to discover the most beautiful thing as you can imagine—a vase with green lizards on it composed by the great Bernard Palissy It is in my apartment let us mount I go to show it to you

I followed Simon mechanically but my thoughts were far from Palissy and his enameled ware although I like him was seeking in the dark a great discovery This casual mention of the spiritualist Madame Vulpes set me on a

new track What if through communication with more subtle organisms than my own I could reach at a single bound the goal which perhaps a life of agonizing mental toil would never enable me to attain?

While purchasing the Palissy vase from my friend Simon I was mentally arranging a visit to Madame Vulpes

III

Two evenings after this thanks to an arrangement by letter and the promise of an ample fee I found Madame Vulpes awaiting me at her residence alone She was a coarse featured woman with keen and rather cruel dark eyes and an exceedingly sensual expression about her mouth and under jaw She received me in perfect silence in an apartment on the ground floor very sparsely furnished In the centre of the room close to where Mrs Vulpes sat there was a common round mahogany table If I had come for the purpose of sweeping her chimney the woman could not have looked more indifferent to my appearance There was no attempt to inspire the visitor with awe Everything bore a simple and practical aspect This intercourse with the spiritual world was evidently as familiar an occupation with Mrs Vulpes as eating her dinner or riding in an omnibus

You come for a communication Mr Lin

ley? said the medium in a dry businesslike tone of voice

By appointment—yes

What sort of communication do you want—a written one?

Yes I wish for a written one

From any particular spirit?

Yes

Have you ever known this spirit on this earth?

Never He died long before I was born I wish merely to obtain from him some information which he ought to be able to give better than any other

Will you seat yourself at the table Mr Linley said the medium and place your hands upon it?

I obeyed Mrs Vulpes being seated opposite to me with her hands also on the table We remained thus for about a minute and a half when a violent succession of raps came on the table on the back of my chair on the floor immediately under my feet and even on the window panes Mrs Vulpes smiled composedly

They are very strong to night she remarked You are fortunate She then continued Will the spirits communicate with this gentleman?

Vigorous affirmative

Will the particular spirit he desires to speak with communicate?

A very confused rapping followed this question

I know what they mean said Mrs Vulpes addressing herself to me they wish you to write down the name of the particular spirit that you desire to converse with Is that so? she added speaking to her invisible guests

That it was so was evident from the numerous affirmatory responses While this was going on I tore a slip from my pocket book and scribbled a name under the table

Will this spirit communicate in writing with this gentleman? asked the medium once more

After a moment s pause her hand seemed to be seized with a violent tremor shaking so forcibly that the table vibrated She said that a spirit had seized her hand and would write I handed her some sheets of paper that were on the table and a pencil The latter she held loosely in her hand which presently began to move over the paper with a singular and seemingly involuntary motion After a few moments had elapsed she handed me the paper on which I found written in a large uncultivated hand the words He is not here but has been sent for A pause of a minute or so ensued during which Mrs Vulpes remained perfectly silent but the raps continued at regular intervals When the short period I mention had elapsed the hand of the medium was again seized with its convulsive tremor, and she wrote under this

strange influence a few words on the paper, which she handed to me They were as follows

I am here Question me
LEEUWENHOEK'

I was astounded The name was identical with that I had written beneath the table and carefully kept concealed Neither was it at all probable that an uncultivated woman like Mrs Vulpes should know even the name of the great father of microscopics It may have been biology but this theory was soon doomed to be destroyed I wrote on my slip—still concealing it from Mrs Vulpes—a series of questions which to avoid tediousness I shall place with the reponses in the order in which they occurred

I —Can the microscope be brought to perfection?

Spirit —Yes

I —Am I destined to accomplish this great task?

Spirit —You are

I —I wish to know how to proceed to attain this end For the love which you bear to science, help me!

Spirit —A diamond of one hundred and forty carats submitted to electro magnetic currents for a long period will experience a rearrangement of its atoms *inter se* and from that stone you will form the universal lens

I —Will great discoveries result from the use of such a lens?

Spirit —So great that all that has gone before is as nothing

I —But the refractive power of the diamond is so immense that the image will be formed within the lens How is that difficulty to be surmounted?

Spirit —Pierce the lens through its axis and the difficulty is obviated The image will be formed in the pierced space which will itself serve as a tube to look through Now I am called Good night

I can not at all describe the effect that these extraordinary communications had upon me I felt completely bewildered No biological theory could account for the *discovery* of the lens The medium might by means of biological *rapport* with my mind have gone so far as to read my questions and reply to them coherently But biology could not enable her to discover that magnetic currents would so alter the crystals of the diamond as to remedy its previous defects and admit of its being polished into a perfect lens Some such theory may have passed through my head it is true but if so I had forgotten it In my excited condition of mind there was no course left but to become a convert and it was in a state of the most painful nervous exaltation that I left the medium s house that evening She accompanied me to the door hop

ing that I was satisfied The raps followed us as we went through the hall sounding on the balusters the flooring and even the lintels of the door I hastily expressed my satisfaction and escaped hurriedly into the cool night air I walked home with but one thought possessing me—how to obtain a diamond of the immense size required My entire means multiplied a hundred times over would have been inadequate to its purchase Besides such stones are rare, and become historical I could find such only in the regalia of Eastern or European monarchs

IV

There was a light in Simon s room as I entered my house A vague impulse urged me to visit him As I opened the door of his sitting room unannounced he was bending with his back toward me over a Carcel lamp apparently engaged in minutely examining some object which he held in his hands As I entered he started suddenly thrust his hand into his breast pocket and turned to me with a face crimson with confusion

What! I cried poring over the miniature of some fair lady? Well don t blush so much, I won t ask to see it

Simon laughed awkwardly enough but made none of the negative protestations usual on such occasions He asked me to take a seat.

Simon said I I have just come from Madame Vulpes

This time Simon turned as white as a sheet and seemed stupefied as if a sudden electric shock had smitten him He babbled some incoherent words and went hastily to a small closet where he usually kept his liquors Although astonished at his emotion I was too preoccupied with my own idea to pay much attention to anything else

You say truly when you call Madame Vulpes a devil of a woman I continued Simon she told me wonderful things to-night or rather was the means of telling me wonderful things Ah! if I could only get a diamond that weighed one hundred and forty carats!

Scarcely had the sigh with which I uttered this desire died upon my lips when Simon with the aspect of a wild beast glared at me savagely and rushing to the mantelpiece where some foreign weapons hung on the wall caught up a Malay creese and brandished it furiously before him

No! he cried in French into which he always broke when excited No! you shall not have it! You are perfidious! You have consulted with that demon and desire my treasure! But I will die first! Me I am brave! You cannot make me fear!

All this uttered in a loud voice trembling with excitement astounded me I saw at a

glance that I had accidentally trodden upon the edges of Simon s secret whatever it was It was necessary to reassure him

'My dear Simon I said, I am entirely at a loss to know what you mean I went to Madame Vulpes to consult with her on a scientific problem to the solution of which I discovered that a diamond of the size I just mentioned was necessary You were never alluded to during the evening nor so far as I was concerned even thought of What can be the meaning of this outburst? If you happen to have a set of valuable diamonds in your possession you need fear nothing from me The diamond which I require you could not possess or if you did possess it you would not be living here

Something in my tone must have completely reassured him for his expression *immediately* changed to a sort of constrained merriment combined however, with a certain suspicious attention to my movements He laughed and said that I must bear with him that he was at certain moments subject to a species of vertigo which betrayed itself in incoherent speeches and that the attacks passed off as rapidly as they came

He put his weapon aside while making this explanation and endeavored with some success to assume a more cheerful air

All this did not impose on me in the least I was too much accustomed to analytical labors to

be baffled by so flimsy a veil I determined to probe the mystery to the bottom

Simon I said gayly let us forget all this over a bottle of Burgundy I have a case of Lausseure s *Clos Vougeot* downstairs fragrant with the odors and ruddy with the sunlight of the Cote d Or Let us have up a couple of bottles What say you?

With all my heart answered Simon smilingly

I produced the wine and we seated ourselves to drink It was of a famous vintage that of 1848 a year when war and wine throve together and its pure but powerful juice seemed to impart renewed vitality to the system By the time we had half finished the second bottle Simon s head which I knew was a weak one had begun to yield while I remained calm as ever only that every draught seemed to send a flush of vigor through my limbs Simon s utterance became more and more indistinct He took to singing French *chansons* of a not very moral tendency I rose suddenly from the table just at the conclusion of one of those incoherent verses and fixing my eyes on him with a quiet smile said Simon I have deceived you I learned your secret this evening You may as well be frank with me Mrs Vulpes—or rather one of her spirits—told me all

He started with horror His intoxication seemed for the moment to fade away and he

made a movement toward the weapon that he had a short time before laid down I stopped him with my hand

Monster! he cried passionately I am ruined! What shall I do? You shall never have it! I swear by my mother!

I don t want it I said, rest secure but be frank with me Tell me all about it

The drunkenness began to return He protested with maudlin earnestness that I was entirely mistaken—that I was intoxicated then asked me to swear eternal secrecy, and promised to disclose the mystery to me I pledged myself of course to all With an uneasy look in his eyes and hands unsteady with drink and nervousness he drew a small case from his breast and opened it Heavens! How the mild lamplight was shivered into a thousand prismatic arrows as it fell upon a vast rose diamond that glittered in the case! I was no judge of diamonds but I saw at a glance that this was a gem of rare size and purity I looked at Simon with wonder and—must I confess it?—with envy How could he have obtained this treasure? In reply to my questions I could just gather from his drunken statements (of which I fancy half the incoherence was affected) that he had been superintending a gang of slaves engaged in diamond washing in Brazil that he had seen one of them secrete a diamond but instead of informing his employers had quietly watched the

negro until he saw him bury his treasure that he had dug it up and fled with it but that as yet he was afraid to attempt to dispose of it publicly —so valuable a gem being almost certain to attract too much attention to its owner s antecedents—and he had not been able to discover any of those obscure channels by which such matters are conveyed away safely He added that in accordance with oriental practice he had named his diamond with the fanciful title of The Eye of Morning

While Simon was relating this to me I regarded the great diamond attentively Never had I beheld anything so beautiful All the glories of light ever imagined or described seemed to pulsate in its crystalline chambers Its weight as I learned from Simon was exactly one hundred and forty carats Here was an amazing coincidence The hand of destiny seemed in it On the very evening when the spirit of Leeuwenhoek communicates to me the great secret of the microscope the priceless means which he directs me to employ start up within my easy reach! I determined with the most perfect deliberation to possess myself of Simon s diamond

I sat opposite to him while he nodded over his glass and calmly revolved the whole affair I did not for an instant contemplate so foolish an act as a common theft which would of course be discovered or at least necessitate flight and con

cealment all of which must interfere with my scientific plans There was but one step to be taken—to kill Simon After all what was the life of a little peddling Jew in comparison with the interests of science? Human beings are taken every day from the condemned prisons to be experimented on by surgeons This man, Simon, was by his own confession a criminal, a robber, and I believed on my soul a murderer He deserved death quite as much as any felon condemned by the laws why should I not like government contrive that his punishment should contribute to the progress of human knowledge?

The means for accomplishing everything I desired lay within my reach There stood upon the mantelpiece a bottle half full of French laudanum Simon was so occupied with his diamond which I had just restored to him that it was an affair of no difficulty to drug his glass In a quarter of an hour he was in a profound sleep

I now opened his waistcoat took the diamond from the inner pocket in which he had placed it and removed him to the bed on which I laid him so that his feet hung down over the edge I had possessed myself of the Malay creese which I held in my right hand while with the other I discovered as accurately as I could by pulsation the exact locality of the heart It was essential that all the aspects of his death should lead to the surmise of self murder I calculated the exact angle at which it was probable that the weapon if

leveled by Simon s own hand would enter his breast then with one powerful blow I thrust it up to the hilt in the very spot which I desired to penetrate A convulsive thrill ran through Simon s limbs I heard a smothered sound issue from his throat precisely like the bursting of a large air bubble sent up by a diver when it reaches the surface of the water he turned half round on his side and as if to assist my plans more effectually his right hand moved by some mere spasmodic impulse clasped the handle of the creese which it remained holding with extra ordinary muscular tenacity Beyond this there was no apparent struggle The laudanum I pre sume paralyzed the usual nervous action He must have died instantly

There was yet something to be done To make it certain that all suspicion of the act should be diverted from any inhabitant of the house to Simon himself it was necessary that the door should be found in the morning *locked on the in side* How to do this and afterward escape my self? Not by the window that was a physical impossibility Besides I was determined that the windows *also* should be found bolted The solu tion was simple enough I descended softly to my own room for a peculiar instrument which I had used for holding small slippery substances such as minute spheres of glass etc This in strument was nothing more than a long slender hand vise with a very powerful grip and a con

siderable leverage which last was accidentally owing to the shape of the handle Nothing was simpler than when the key was in the lock to seize the end of its stem in this vise through the keyhole from the outside and so lock the door Previously however to doing this I burned a number of papers on Simon s hearth Suicides almost always burn papers before they destroy themselves I also emptied some more laudanum into Simon s glass—having first removed from it all traces of wine—cleaned the other wine glass and brought the bottles away with me If traces of two persons drinking had been found in the room, the question naturally would have arisen Who was the second? Besides the wine bottles might have been identified as belonging to me The laudanum I poured out to account for its presence in his stomach in case of a *post mortem* examination The theory naturally would be that he first intended to poison himself but after swallowing a little of the drug was either disgusted with its taste or changed his mind from other motives and chose the dagger These arrangements made I walked out leaving the gas burning locked the door with my vise and went to bed

Simon s death was not discovered until nearly three in the afternoon The servant astonished at seeing the gas burning—the light streaming on the dark landing from under the door—peeped through the keyhole and saw Simon on the bed

She gave the alarm The door was burst open and the neighborhood was in a fever of excitement

Every one in the house was arrested myself included There was an inquest but no clew to his death beyond that of suicide could be obtained Curiously enough he had made several speeches to his friends the preceding week that seemed to point to self destruction One gentleman swore that Simon had said in his presence that he was tired of life His landlord affirmed that Simon when paying him his last month s rent remarked that he should not pay him rent much longer All the other evidence corresponded—the door locked inside the position of the corpse the burned papers As I anticipated no one knew of the possession of the diamond by Simon so that no motive was suggested for his murder The jury after a prolonged examination brought in the usual verdict and the neighborhood once more settled down to its accustomed quiet

V

The three months succeeding Simon s catastrophe I devoted night and day to my diamond lens I had constructed a vast galvanic battery composed of nearly two thousand pairs of plates a higher power I dared not use lest the diamond should be calcined By means of this enormous engine I was enabled to send a powerful current

of electricity continually through my great diamond which it seemed to me gained in lustre every day At the expiration of a month I commenced the grinding and polishing of the lens a work of intense toil and exquisite delicacy The great density of the stone and the care required to be taken with the curvatures of the surfaces of the lens rendered the labor the severest and most harassing that I had yet undergone

At last the eventful moment came the lens was completed I stood trembling on the threshold of new worlds I had the realization of Alexander s famous wish before me The lens lay on the table ready to be placed upon its platform My hand fairly shook as I enveloped a drop of water with a thin coating of oil of turpentine preparatory to its examination a process necessary in order to prevent the rapid evaporation of the water I now placed the drop on a thin slip of glass under the lens and throwing upon it by the combined aid of a prism and a mirror a powerful stream of light I approached my eye to the minute hole drilled through the axis of the lens For an instant I saw nothing save what seemed to be an illuminated chaos a vast luminous abyss A pure white light cloudless and serene and seemingly limitless as space itself was my first impression Gently and with the greatest care I depressed the lens a few hair breadths The wondrous illumination still continued but as the lens approached the object a

scene of indescribable beauty was unfolded to my view

I seemed to gaze upon a vast space the limits of which extended far beyond my vision An atmosphere of magical luminousness permeated the entire field of view I was amazed to see no trace of animalculous life Not a living thing apparently inhabited that dazzling expanse I comprehended instantly that by the wondrous power of my lens I had penetrated beyond the grosser particles of aqueous matter beyond the realms of infusoria and protozoa down to the original gaseous globule into whose luminous interior I was gazing as into an almost boundless dome filled with a supernatural radiance

It was however no brilliant void into which I looked On every side I beheld beautiful inorganic forms of unknown texture and colored with the most enchanting hues These forms presented the appearance of what might be called for want of a more specific definition foliated clouds of the highest rarity—that is they undulated and broke into vegetable formations and were tinged with splendors compared with which the gilding of our autumn woodlands is as dross compared with gold Far away into the illimitable distance stretched long avenues of these gaseous forests dimly transparent and painted with prismatic hues of unimaginable brilliancy The pendent branches waved along the fluid glades until every vista seemed to break through half

lucent ranks of many colored drooping silken pennons What seemed to be either fruits or flowers pied with a thousand hues lustrous and ever varying bubbled from the crowns of this fairy foliage No hills no lakes no rivers no forms animate or inanimate were to be seen save those vast auroral copses that floated serenely in the luminous stillness with leaves and fruits and flowers gleaming with unknown fires, unrealiz able by mere imagination

How strange I thought that this sphere should be thus condemned to solitude! I had hoped at least to discover some new form of animal life perhaps of a lower class than any with which we are at present acquainted but still some living organism I found my newly dis covered world if I may so speak a beautiful chromatic desert

While I was speculating on the singular ar rangements of the internal economy of Nature with which she so frequently splinters into atoms our most compact theories I thought I beheld a form moving slowly through the glades of one of the prismatic forests I looked more attentively and found that I was not mistaken Words can not depict the anxiety with which I awaited the nearer approach of this mysterious object Was it merely some inanimate substance held in sus pense in the attenuated atmosphere of the glob ule or was it an animal endowed with vitality and motion? It approached flitting behind the

gauzy colored veils of cloud foliage for seconds dimly revealed then vanishing At last the violet pennons that trailed nearest to me vibrated they were gently pushed aside and the form floated out into the broad light

It was a female human shape When I say human I mean it possessed the outlines of humanity but there the analogy ends Its adorable beauty lifted it illimitable heights beyond the loveliest daughter of Adam

I can not I dare not attempt to inventory the charms of this divine revelation of perfect beauty Those eyes of mystic violet dewy and serene, evade my words Her long lustrous hair following her glorious head in a golden wake like the track sown in heaven by a falling star seems to quench my most burning phrases with its splendors If all the bees of Hybla nestled upon my lips they would still sing but hoarsely the wondrous harmonies of outline that inclosed her form

She swept out from between the rainbow curtains of the cloud trees into the broad sea of light that lay beyond Her motions were those of some graceful naiad cleaving by a mere effort of her will the clear unruffled waters that fill the chambers of the sea She floated forth with the serene grace of a frail bubble ascending through the still atmosphere of a June day The perfect roundness of her limbs formed suave and enchanting curves It was like listening to the most spiritual symphony of Beethoven the divine to

watch the harmonious flow of lines This indeed, was a pleasure cheaply purchased at any price. What cared I if I had waded to the portal of this wonder through another s blood I would have given my own to enjoy one such moment of intoxication and delight

Breathless with gazing on this lovely wonder, and forgetful for an instant of everything save her presence I withdrew my eye from the microscope eagerly Alas! as my gaze fell on the thin slide that lay beneath my instrument the bright light from mirror and from prism sparkled on a colorless drop of water! There in that tiny bead of dew this beautiful being was forever imprisoned The planet Neptune was not more distant from me than she I hastened once more to apply my eye to the microscope

Animula (let me now call her by that dear name which I subsequently bestowed on her) had changed her position She had again approached the wondrous forest and was gazing earnestly upward Presently one of the trees—as I must call them—unfolded a long ciliary process with which it seized one of the gleaming fruits that glittered on its summit and sweeping slowly down held it within reach of Animula The sylph took it in her delicate hand and began to eat My attention was so entirely absorbed by her that I could not apply myself to the task of determining whether this singular plant was or was not instinct with volition

I watched her as she made her repast with the most profound attention The suppleness of her motions sent a thrill of delight through my frame my heart beat madly as she turned her beautiful eyes in the direction of the spot in which I stood What would I not have given to have had the power to precipitate myself into that luminous ocean and float with her through those grooves of purple and gold! While I was thus breathlessly following her every movement she suddenly started seemed to listen for a moment and then cleaving the brilliant ether in which she was floating like a flash of light pierced through the opaline forest and disappeared

Instantly a series of the most singular sensations attacked me It seemed as if I had suddenly gone blind The luminous sphere was still before me but my daylight had vanished What caused this sudden disappearance? Had she a lover or a husband? Yes that was the solution! Some signal from a happy fellow being had vibrated through the avenues of the forest and she had obeyed the summons

The agony of my sensations as I arrived at this conclusion startled me I tried to reject the conviction that my reason forced upon me I battled against the fatal conclusion—but in vain It was so I had no escape from it I loved an animalcule

It is true that thanks to the marvelous power

of my microscope she appeared of human proportions Instead of presenting the revolting aspect of the coarser creatures that live and struggle and die in the more easily resolvable portions of the water drop, she was fair and delicate and of surpassing beauty But of what account was all that? Every time that my eye was withdrawn from the instrument it fell on a miserable drop of water within which I must be content to know dwelt all that could make my life lovely

Could she but see me once! Could I for one moment pierce the mystical walls that so inexorably rose to separate us and whisper all that filled my soul I might consent to be satisfied for the rest of my life with the knowledge of her remote sympathy

It would be something to have established even the faintest personal link to bind us together — to know that at times when roaming through these enchanted glades she might think of the wonderful stranger who had broken the monotony of her life with his presence and left a gentle memory in her heart!

But it could not be No invention of which human intellect was capable could break down the barriers that nature had erected I might feast my soul upon her wondrous beauty yet she must always remain ignorant of the adoring eyes that day and night gazed upon her and even when closed beheld her in dreams With a bitter

cry of anguish I fled from the room and flinging myself on my bed sobbed myself to sleep like a child

VI

I arose the next morning almost at daybreak and rushed to my microscope I trembled as I sought the luminous world in miniature that contained my all Animula was there I had left the gas lamp surrounded by its moderators burning when I went to bed the night before I found the sylph bathing as it were with an expression of pleasure animating her features in the brilliant light which surrounded her She tossed her lustrous golden hair over her shoulders with innocent coquetry She lay at full length in the transparent medium in which she supported herself with ease and gamboled with the enchanting grace that the nymph Salmacis might have exhibited when she sought to conquer the modest Hermaphroditus I tried an experiment to satisfy myself if her powers of reflection were developed I lessened the lamplight considerably By the dim light that remained I could see an expression of pain flit across her face She looked upward suddenly and her brows contracted I flooded the stage of the microscope again with a full stream of light and her whole expression changed She sprang forward like some some substance deprived of all weight Her eyes sparkled and her lips moved Ah! if science had

only the means of conducting and reduplicating sounds, as it does rays of light what carols of happiness would then have entranced my ears! what jubilant hymns to Adonais would have thrilled the illumined air!

I now comprehended how it was that the Count de Cabalis peopled his mystic world with sylphs—beautiful beings whose breath of life was lambent fire and who sported forever in regions of purest ether and purest light The Rosicrucian had anticipated the wonder that I had practically realized

How long this worship of my strange divinity went on thus I scarcely know I lost all note of time All day from early dawn and far into the night I was to be found peering through that wonderful lens I saw no one went nowhere and scarce allowed myself sufficient time for my meals My whole life was absorbed in contemplation as rapt as that of any of the Romish saints Every hour that I gazed upon the divine form strengthened my passion—a passion that was always overshadowed by the maddening conviction that although I could gaze on her at will she never never could behold me!

At length I grew so pale and emaciated from want of rest and continual brooding over my insane love and its cruel conditions that I determined to make some effort to wean myself from it Come I said this is at best but a fantasy Your imagination has bestowed on Animula

charms which in reality she does not possess. Seclusion from female society has produced this morbid condition of mind Compare her with the beautiful women of your own world and this false enchantment will vanish

I looked over the newspapers by chance There I beheld the advertisement of a celebrated *danseuse* who appeared nightly at Niblo s The Signorina Caradolce had the reputation of being the most beautiful as well as the most graceful woman in the world I instantly dressed and went to the theatre

The curtain drew up The usual semicircle of fairies in white muslin were standing on the right toe around the enameled flower bank of green canvas on which the belated prince was sleeping Suddenly a flute is heard The fairies start The trees open the fairies all stand on the left toe and the queen enters It was the Signorina She bounded forward amid thunders of applause and lighting on one foot remained poised in the air Heavens! was this the great enchantress that had drawn monarchs at her chariot wheels? Those heavy muscular limbs, those thick ankles those cavernous eyes that stereotyped smile those crudely painted cheeks! Where were the vermeil blooms the liquid expressive eyes the harmonious limbs of Animula?

The Signorina danced What gross discor dant movements! The play of her limbs was all false and artificial Her bounds were painful

athletic efforts, her poses were angular and distressed the eye I could bear it no longer with an exclamation of disgust that drew every eye upon me, I rose from my seat in the very middle of the Signorina s *pas de fascination* and abruptly quitted the house

I hastened home to feast my eyes once more on the lovely form of my sylph I felt that henceforth to combat this passion would be impossible I applied my eyes to the lens Animula was there —but what could have happened? Some terrible change seemed to have taken place during my absence Some secret grief seemed to cloud the lovely features of her I gazed upon Her face had grown thin and haggard her limbs trailed heavily, the wondrous lustre of her golden hair had faded She was ill—ill, and I could not assist her! I believe at that moment I would have forfeited all claims to my human birthright if I could only have been dwarfed to the size of an animalcule and permitted to console her from whom fate had forever divided me

I racked my brain for the solution of this mystery What was it that afflicted the sylph? She seemed to suffer intense pain Her features contracted and she even writhed as if with some internal agony The wondrous forests appeared also to have lost half their beauty Their hues were dim and in some places faded away altogether I watched Animula for hours with a breaking heart and she seemed absolutely to

wither away under my very eye Suddenly I remembered that I had not looked at the water-drop for several days In fact I hated to see it, for it reminded me of the natural barrier between Animula and myself I hurriedly looked down on the stage of the microscope The slide was still there—but great heavens the water drop had vanished! The awful truth burst upon me it had evaporated until it had become so minute *as to be invisible to the naked eye* I *had been* gazing on its last atom the one that contained Animula—and she was dying!

I rushed again to the front of the lens and looked through Alas! the last agony had seized her The rainbow hued forests had all melted away and Animula lay struggling feebly in what seemed to be a spot of dim light Ah! the sight was horrible the limbs once so round and lovely shriveling up into nothings the eyes—those eyes that shone like heaven—being quenched into black dust the lustrous golden hair now lank and discolored The last throe came I beheld that final struggle of the blackening form—and I fainted

When I awoke out of a trance of many hours I found myself lying amid the wreck of my in strument myself as shattered in mind and body as it I crawled feebly to my bed, from which I did not rise for many months

They say now that I am mad but they are mis taken I am poor for I have neither the heart

nor the will to work all my money is spent, and I live on charity Young men s associations that love a joke invite me to lecture on optics before them for which they pay me, and laugh at me while I lecture 'Linley the mad microscopist," is the name I go by I suppose that I talk incoherently while I lecture Who could talk sense when his brain is haunted by such ghastly memories while ever and anon among the shapes of death I behold the radiant form of my lost Animula!

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

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I SUPPOSE that very few casual readers of the New York Herald of August 13 1863 observed in an obscure corner, among the Deaths the announcement

NOLAN D d on board U S Corv tte Lev nt" Lat. 2 11 S Long 131 W on the 11th of M y PHILIP N LAN"

I happened to observe it because I was stranded at the old Mission House in Mackinaw waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of even down to the deaths and marriages in the Herald My memory for names and people is good and the reader will see as he goes on that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement if the officer of the Levant who reported it had chosen to make it thus 'Died May 11 THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY For it was as The Man Without a Country that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him

in charge during some fifty years as indeed by all the men who sailed under them I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight in a three years cruise who never knew that his name was Nolan or whether the poor wretch had any name at all

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature s story Reason enough there has been till now ever since Madison s administration went out in 1817 for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession and the personal honor of its members that to the press this man s story has been wholly unknown—and I think to the country at large also I have reason to think from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington One of the Tuckers or possibly one of the Watsons had Nolan in charge at the end of the war and when on returning from his cruise he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields—who was in the Navy Department when he came home—he found that the Department ignored the whole business Whether they really knew nothing about it or whether it was a Non mi ricordo determined on as a piece of policy I do not know But this

I do know that since 1817 and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report.

But as I say there is no need for secrecy any longer And now the poor creature is dead it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story by way of showing young Americans of to-day what it is to be A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the 'Legion of the West as the Western division of our army was then called When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805 at Fort Massac or somewhere above on the river he met, as the Devil would have it this gay dashing bright young fellow at some dinner party I think Burr marked him talked to him walked with him took him a day or two s voyage in his flatboat and in short fascinated him For the next year barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him Long high worded stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver The other boys in the garrison sneered at him because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela hazard and high low jack Bourbon euchre and poker were still un

known But one day Nolan had his revenge This time Burr came down the river not as an attorney seeking a place for his office but as a disguised conqueror He had defeated I know not how many district attorneys he had dined at I know not how many public dinners he had been heralded in I know not how many Weekly Arguses and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff to show him a cane brake or a cottonwood tree as he said—really to seduce him and by the time the sail was over Nolan was enlisted body and soul From that time though he did not yet know it he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you dear reader It is none of our business just now Only when the grand catastrophe came and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the pos sible Clarences of the then House of York by the great treason trial at Richmond some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley which was further from us than Puget s Sound is to day introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage and to while away the monot ony of the summer at Fort Adams got up for *spectacles* a string of court martials on the offi

cers there One and another of the colonels and majors were tried and to fill out the list little Nolan, against whom Heaven knows there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service had been willing to be false to it and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither with any one who would follow him had the order been signed By command of His Exc A Burr The courts dragged on The big flies escaped—rightly for all I know Nolan was proved guilty enough as I say Yet you and I would never have heard of him reader but that when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States he cried out in a fit of frenzy

Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan who was holding the court Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution and their lives not to say their necks had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his mad ness He on his part had grown up in the West of those days in the midst of ' Spanish plot Orleans plot and all the rest He had been educated on a plantation where the finest com pany was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans His education such as it was had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera

Cruz and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation He had spent half his youth with an older brother hunting horses in Texas and in a word to him United States was scarcely a reality Yet he had been fed by 'United States for all the years since he had been in the army He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to United States It was United States which gave him the uniform he wore and the sword by his side Nay my poor Nolan it was only because United States had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that 'A Burr cared for you a straw more than for the flat boat men who sailed his ark for him I do not excuse Nolan I only explain to the reader why he damned his country and wished he might never hear her name again

He heard her name but once again From that moment September 23 1807 till the day he died May 11 1863 he never heard her name again For that half century and more he was a man without a country

Old Morgan as I said was terribly shocked If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold or had cried God save King George Morgan would not have felt worse He called the court into his private room and returned in fifteen minutes with a face like a sheet, to say

Prisoner hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides subject to the approval of the President that you never hear the name of the United States again

Nolan laughed But nobody else laughed Old Morgan was too solemn and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment Then Morgan added

Mr Marshal take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat and deliver him to the naval commander there

Mr Marshal continued old Morgan see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner Mr Marshal make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans and request him *to order that no one shall mention* United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening The court is adjourned without day

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington city and explained them to Mr Jefferson Certain it is that the President approved them—certain that is if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature Before the Nautilus' got round from New Orleans to the northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board the sentence had been approved and he was a man without a country

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of send ing him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country We had a few long cruises then and the navy was very much out of favor and as almost all of this story is traditional as I have explained I do not know certainly what his first cruise was But the commander to whom he was intrusted—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men (we are all old enough now)—regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out I suppose, till Nolan died

When I was second officer of the Intrepid, some thirty years after I saw the original paper of instructions I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it It ran however, much in this way

"WASHINGTON (with a date which must have been late in 1807)

Sir—You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan late a lieutenant in the United States Army

"This person on his trial by court martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might never hear of the United States again.

"The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled
"For th p s nt the ex cut n of the order is intrusted by the Pre ident to thi Dep tm nt.
You w ll t ke the p s ner on bo d yo r sh p and keep him there w th such precautions as sh ll p e ent his sc pe
"You will p o d h m with s h qu rters r t on and l th ing as would be prope f r an officer of h s l t r k if h were a pas enger on your vessel on th busin ss of his Gov rnm nt
Th g tl m n n bo d w ll make ny rra g m nt agreeable to themsel e reg d ng hi ociety H s to b e pos d to no l d gn ty of ny k nd nor is he v r un e e s r ly to be remi ded that he is a prisoner
B t und n c cumstances is he ever to hear of h s ountry or to see ny inform t n r g rd g it a d y u will e pec lly c ut on all th officers u der y comm nd t t ke c re that in th r o s i d lg nc s wh ch m y be g nted this rule in wh ch his p shme t in I d shall not be broken
It the inte t n f th Go rnm nt th t he shall g in see the c untry which he h d wn d B for th nd f y ur cruise y u w ll re ei e o d rs wh ch will gi ffect t th s inte tion.

Re pectfully you s

W Southard fo the
Se ret ry of the Navy"

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story For Captain Shaw if it were he handed it to his successor in the charge and he to his and I suppose the commander of the Levant has it to day

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met the man without a country was I think transmitted from the beginning No mess liked to have him permanently because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return of politics or letters of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us except to touch hats and we finally sank into one system

He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was by With officers he had unrestrained intercourse as far as they and he chose But he grew shy though he had favorites I was one Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn According to the size of the ship you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door And whatever else he ate or drank he ate or drank alone Sometimes when the marines or sailors had any special jollification they were permitted to invite Plain Buttons as they called him Then Nolan was sent with some officer and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good They called him Plain Buttons because while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform he was not permitted to wear the army button for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned

I remember soon after I joined the navy I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the Brandywine which we had met at Alexandria We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then) some of the gentlemen (we boys called them

Dons but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading As he was almost never permitted to go on shore even though the vessel lay in port for months his time at the best hung heavily and everybody was permitted to lend him books if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it These were common enough in the old days when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship sooner or later only somebody must go over them first and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America This was a little cruel sometimes when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod Right in the midst of one of Napoleon s battles or one of Canning s speeches poor Nolan would find a great hole because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York or a scrap from the President s message I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan which afterward I had enough and more than enough to do with I remember it because poor Phillips who was of the party as soon as the allusion to reading was made told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan s first voyage and it is the only thing I ever knew of that

voyage They had touched at the Cape and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet and then leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer which in those days as indeed in these was quite a wind fall Among them as the Devil would order was the Lay of the Last Minstrel which they had all of them heard of but which most of them had never seen I think it could not have been published long Well nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the Tempest from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it because he said the Bermudas ought to be ours and by Jove should be one day So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one after noon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud People do not do such things so often now but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so Well so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others and he read very well as I know Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem only it was all magic and Border chivalry and was a thousand years ago Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto stopped a minute and drank something and then began without a thought of what was coming

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath s id —

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time, but all these fellows did then and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically

This is my own my native l nd!"

Then they all saw something was to pay but he expected to get through I suppose turned a little pale but plunged on

"Whose heart h th ne er within him burned
A home his footsteps he hath turn d
From wander ng on a fore gn strand?—
If such there breathe go mark him well —

By this time the men were all beside them selves wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages But he had not quite pres ence of mind for that he gagged a little colored crimson and staggered on

"For h m no minstrel r ptures swell
High though hi titles proud his name
Bou dles his we lth as wish c n cla m,
D spite the e title power nd pelf
The wretch, concent ed all in self"—

and here the poor fellow choked could not go on but started up swung the book into the sea vanished into his stateroom And by Jove said Phillips we did not see him for two months again And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him

The story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down At first, they said he took a very high tone considered his

imprisonment a mere farce affected to enjoy the voyage and all that but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again He never read aloud again unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare or some thing else he was sure of But it was not that merely He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again He was always shy afterward when I knew him, very seldom spoke unless he was spoken to ex cept to a very few friends He lighted up occa sionally—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been sug gested to him by one of Flechier s sermons—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart wounded man

When Captain Shaw was coming home—if as I say it was Shaw—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands and lay off and on for nearly a week The boys said the officers were sick of salt junk, and meant to have turtle soup before they came home But after several days the Warren' came to the same rendezvous they exchanged signals she sent to Phillips and these homeward bound men letters and papers and told them she was outward bound perhaps to the Mediter ranean and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her He had known enough of the signs of the

sky to know that till that moment he was going home But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of perhaps—that there was no going home for him even to a prison

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs Graff the celebrated Southern beauty of those days danced with him They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet and there had been great festivities and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship How they ever did it on board the Warren I am sure I do not know Perhaps it was not the Warren or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now They wanted to use Nolan s stateroom for something and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball so the captain said they might ask him if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people who would give him intelligence So the dance went on the finest party that had ever been known I dare say for I never heard of a man of war ball that was not For ladies they had the family of the American consul one or two travelers who had adventured so far and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons perhaps Lady Hamilton herself

Well different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly

way so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him The dancing went on with spirit and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps* Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton as I said perhaps—called for a set of American dances an odd thing happened Everybody then danced contra dances The black band nothing loath conferred as to what American dances were and started off with Virginia Reel which they followed with Money Musk which in its turn in those days should have been followed by The Old Thirteen' But just as Dick the leader tapped for his fiddles to begin and bent forward about to say in true negro state The Old Thirteen gentlemen and ladies! as he had said Virginny Reel if you please! and Money Musk if you please! the captain s boy tapped him on the shoulder whispered to him and he did not announce the name of the dance He merely bowed began on the air and they all fell to—the officers teaching the English girls the figure but not telling them why it had no name

But that is not the story I started to tell As the dancing went on Nolan and our fellows all got at ease as I said—so much so that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs Graff and say

I hope you have not forgotten me Miss Rutledge Shall I have the honor of dancing?

He did it so quickly that Fellows who was with him could not hinder him She laughed and said I am not Miss Rutledge any longer Mr Nolan but I will dance all the same just nodded to Fellows as if to say he must leave Mr Nolan to her and led him off to the place where the dance was forming

Nolan thought he had got his chance He had known her at Philadelphia and at other places had met her and this was a godsend You could not talk in contra dances as you do in cotillons or even in the pauses of waltzing but there were chances for tongues and sounds as well as for eyes and blushes He began with her travels and Europe and Vesuvius and the French and then when they had worked down and had that long talking time at the bottom of the set he said boldly a little pale she said as she told me the story years after

And what do you hear from home Mrs Graff?

And that splendid creature looked through him Jove! how she must have looked through him!

Home!! Mr Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again! And she walked directly up the deck to her husband and left poor Nolan alone as he always was He did not dance again

These are the traditions which I sort out as I believe them from the myths which have been told

about this man for forty years The lies that have been told about him are legion The fellows used to say he was the Iron Mask " and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of Junius, ' who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson Pons was not very strong in the historical line

A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war That came along soon after I have heard this affair told in three or four ways, and indeed it may have happened more than once But which ship it was on I can not tell However in one at least of the great frigate duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square and took right down the officer of the gun himself and almost every man of the gun s crew Now you may say what you choose about courage but that is not a nice thing to see But as the men who were not killed picked themselves up and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies there appeared Nolan in his shirt sleeves with the rammer in his hand and just as if he had been the officer told them off with authority—who should go to the cock pit with the wounded men who should stay with him—perfectly cheery and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right And he finished loading the

gun with his own hands aimed it and bade the men fire And there he stayed captain of that gun keeping those fellows in spirits till the enemy struck sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling though he was exposed all the time showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders and when the gun cooled again get ting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship The captain walked for ward by way of encouraging the men and Nolan touched his hat and said

I am showing them how we do this in the artillery sir

And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree The commodore said

I see you do and I thank you sir and I shall never forget this day sir and you never shall sir

And after the whole thing was over and he had the Englishman s sword in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarterdeck he said

Where is Mr Nolan? Ask Mr Nolan to come here

And when Nolan came he said

Mr Nolan we are all very grateful to you to day you are one of us to day you will be named in the despatches

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony and gave it to Nolan and made him put it on The man told me this who saw

it Nolan cried like a baby and well he might He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams But always afterward on occasions of ceremony he wore that quaint old French sword of the commodore s

The captain did mention him in the despatches It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War But nothing ever came of it

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahuva Islands Not this Porter you know but old Porter his father Essex Porter—that is the old Essex Porter not this Essex As an artillery officer who had seen service in the West Nolan knew more about fortifications embrasures ravelins stockades and all that than any of them did and he worked with a right good will in fixing that battery all right I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble That would have settled all the question about his punishment We should have kept the islands and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean Our French friends too when they wanted this little watering place would have found it was preoccupied But Madison and the Virginians of course flung all that away

All that was near fifty years ago If Nolan was thirty then he must have been near eighty

when he died He looked sixty when he was forty But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterward As I imagine his life from what I have seen and heard of it he must have been in every sea and yet almost never on land He must have known in a formal way more officers in our service than any man living knows He told me once with a grave smile that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask and you know how busy he was He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time more than to do anything else all the time but that he read just five hours a day

Then he said I keep up my notebooks writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading and I include in these my scrap books These were very curious indeed He had six or eight of different subjects There was one of History one of Natural Science one which he called Odds and Ends But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers They had bits of plants and ribbons shells tied on and carved scraps of bone and wood which he had taught the men to cut for him and they were beautifully illustrated He drew admirably He had some of the funniest drawings there and some of the most pathetic that I have ever seen in my life

Well he said his reading and his notes were his profession and that they took five hours and

two hours respectively of each day Then, said he every man should have a diversion as well as a profession My Natural History is my diversion That took two hours a day more The men used to bring him birds and fish but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house fly and the mosquito All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptoptera* but as for telling you how you can get rid of them or how they get away from you when you strike at them—why Linnæus knew as little of that as John Foy the idiot did

These nine hours made Nolan s regular daily occupation The rest of the time he talked or walked Till he grew very old he went aloft a great deal He always kept up his exercise and I never heard that he was ill If any other man was ill he was the kindest nurse in the world and he knew more than half the surgeons do Then if anybody was sick or died or if the captain wanted him to on any other occasion he was always ready to read prayers

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the English war on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman It was in the first days after our Slave Trade treaty while the Reigning House which was still the House of Virginia had still

a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage and some thing was sometimes done that way We were in the South Atlantic on that business From the time I joined I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain—a chaplain with a blue coat I never asked about him Every thing in the ship was strange to me I knew it was green to ask questions and I suppose I thought there was a Plain Buttons on every ship We had him to dine in our mess once a week and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy I should not have asked why there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason

I first came to understand anything about the man without a country one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board An officer was sent to take charge of her and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese We were all looking over the rail when the message came and we all wished we could interpret when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese But none of the officers did and just as the captain was sending forward to ask *if any of the people* could Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret if the captain wished, as he

understood the language The captain thanked him fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go When we got there it was such a scene as you seldom see and never want to Nastiness beyond account and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness There were not a great many of the negroes, but by way of making what there were understand that they were free Vaughan had had their hand cuffs and anklecuffs knocked off and for convenience sake was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner s crew The negroes were most of them out of the hold and swarming all round the dirty deck with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dia lect and *patois* of a dialect from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed

As we came on deck Vaughan looked down from a hogshead on which he had mounted in desperation and said

For God s love is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum and that did not quiet them I knocked that big fellow down twice and that did not soothe him And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together and I ll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English"

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese and one or two fine looking Kroomen were dragged out who as it had been found already had

worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po

Tell them they are free said Vaughan And tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough

Nolan put that into Spanish —that is he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them Then there was such a yell of delight clinching of fists leaping and dancing kissing of Nolan s feet and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion

Tell them said Vaughan well pleased that I will take them all to Cape Palmas

This did not answer so well Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was— that is they would be eternally separated from home there And their interpreters as we could understand instantly said *Ah non Palmas* and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality and asked Nolan eagerly what they said The drops stood on poor Nolan s white forehead, as he hushed the men down and said

He says Not Palmas He says Take us home take us to our own country take us to our own house take us to our own pickaninnies

and our own women' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him And this one says he left his people all sick and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home and that he has never seen anybody from home since then And this one says' choked out Nolan that he has not heard a word from his home in six months while he has been locked up in that infernal barracoon

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpreta tion I who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat and that something was to pay somewhere Even the negroes themselves stopped howling as they saw Nolan s agony and Vaughan s almost equal agony of sympathy As quick as he could get words he said

Tell them yes yes yes tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon if they will If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert they shall go home!

And after some fashion Nolan said so And then they all fell to kissing him again and wanted to rub his nose with theirs

But he could not stand it long and getting Vaughan to say he might go back he beckoned me down into our boat As we lay back in the

stern sheets and the men gave way he said to me Youngster let that show you what it is to be without a family without a home and without a country And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family your home and your country pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven Stick by your family boy forget you have a self while you do everything for them Think of your home boy write and send and talk about it Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the further you have to travel from it and rush back to it when you are free as that poor black slave is doing now And for your country boy and the words rattled in his throat and for that flag and he pointed to the ship never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you though the service carry you through a thousand hells No matter what happens to you no matter who flatters you or who abuses you never look at another flag never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag Remember boy that behind all these men you have *to do with behind officers and government* and people even there is the Country Herself your Country and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother Stand by Her boy as you would stand by your mother if those devils there had got hold of her to day!

I was frightened to death by his calm hard

passion but I blundered out that I would by all that was holy and that I had never thought of doing anything else He hardly seemed to hear me but he did almost in a whisper say Oh if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!

I think it was this half confidence of his which I never abused for I never told this story till now which afterward made us great friends He was very kind to me Often he sat up or even got up at night to walk the deck with me when it was my watch He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics and I owe to him my taste for mathematics He lent me books and helped me about my reading He never alluded so directly to his story again but from one and another officer I have learned in thirty years what I am telling When we parted from him in St Thomas harbor at the end of our cruise I was more sorry than I can tell I was very glad to meet him again in 1830 and later in life when I thought I had some influence in Washington I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged But it was like getting a ghost out of prison They pretended there was no such man and never was such a man They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean But this I

believe to be a lie or rather it is a myth *ben trovato* involving a tremendous blowing up with which he sunk Burr asking how he liked to be without a country But it is clear from Burr s life that nothing of the sort could have happened and I mention this only as an illus tration of the stories which get a going where there is the least mystery at bottom

So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled I know but one fate more dreadful it is the fate reserved for those men who shall have one day to exile themselves from their country because they have attempted her ruin and shall have at the same time to see the prosperity and honor to which she rises when she has rid herself of them and their iniquities The wish of poor Nolan as we all learned to call him not because his punishment was too great but because his re pentance was so clear was precisely the wish of every Bragg and Beauregard who broke a sol dier s oath two years ago and of every Maury and Barron who broke a sailor s I do not know how often they have repented I do know that they have done all that in them lay that they might have no country that all the honors asso ciations memories and hopes which belong to country might be broken up into little shreds and distributed to the winds I know too that their punishment as they vegetate through what is left of life to them in wretched Boulognes and Leicester Squares where they are destined to

upbraid each other till they die will have all the agony of Nolan s with the added pang that every one who sees them will see them to despise and to execrate them They will have their wish, like him

For him poor fellow he repented of his folly and then like a man submitted to the fate he had asked for He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold Accidents would happen, but they never happened from his fault Lieutenant Truxton told me that when Texas was annexed there was a careful discussion among the officers whether they should get hold of Nolan s handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him But it was voted rightly enough that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened or as Harry Cole said to make him think old Burr had succeeded So it was from no fault of Nolan s that a great botch happened at my own table when for a short time I was in command of the George Washington corvette on the South American station We were lying in the La Plata and some of the officers who had been on shore and had just joined again were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half wild horses of Buenos Ayres Nolan was at table and was in

an unusually bright and talkative mood Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his adventurous cousin at a time when he must have been quite a boy He told the story with a good deal of spirit—so much so that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant to be broken by Nolan himself For he asked perfectly un consciously

Pray what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast It is really one of the finest regions on earth it is the Italy of this continent But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years

There were two Texan officers at the table The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements so that while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas and till quite lately of Cali fornia this virgin province in which his brother had traveled so far and I believe had died had ceased to be to him Waters and Williams the two Texas men looked grimly at each other and tried not to laugh Edward Morris had his at tention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain s chandelier Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing Nolan himself

saw that something was to pay, he did not know what And I, as master of the feast, had to say

"Texas is out of the map, Mr Nolan Have you seen Captain Back s curious account of Sir Thomas Roe s Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate, but he never wrote to me The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he *aged* very fast, as well he might indeed but that he was still the same gentle uncomplaining silent sufferer that he ever was bearing as best he could his self appointed punishment—rather less social per haps with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious apparently than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead He has found a home at last and a country

Since writing this and while considering whether or no I would print it as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tat nalls of to day I have received from Danforth who is on board the "Levant" a letter which gives an account of Nolan s last hours It re moves all my doubts about telling this story

To understand the first words of the letter, the nonprofessional reader should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who

had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What then if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What then if Nolan should be liberated some day and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing But the Secretary always said as they so often do at Washington that there were no special orders to give and that we must act on our own judgment That means If you succeed you will be sustained if you fail you will be disavowed Well as Danforth says all that is over now though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making

Here is the letter

"L VANT ° 2 S @ 131 W

De r F d—I try to find h art d life to tell y u that it is ll o with d r old Nolan I ha e been with h m on this voy ge m r than I er was and I can underst nd wholly now the way in wh ch you u ed to sp ak of th d old f llow I could see that he was not strong but I h d no idea th e d was so near The doctor has be n watching h m ery carefully nd yeste day morning cam to m and told m that Nol n was not so well, and h d not left his stat room—a thing I n er remem ber bef re. He h d let the doctor com and see h m as he lay the e—the fi st tim the docto had been in the st t oom—and h said he sh uld like to see me Oh dear! do you rem mber the mysteries we boy us d to in ent abo t h s room in the old Intrep d days? Well, I w nt in, and there, to be sure the poor

fellow lay in his berth, sm ling pleasantly as he gave me his hand but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrin he had made of the box he was lying i The Stars and Stripes were triced up above an l around a picture of Washington and he had painted a m jestic eagle with l ghtn ngs blazing from his beak and h s foot just clasping the whole globe which his wings o ershad owed. The d ar old boy saw my glance and s id with a sad smile Here you see I have a country! And th n I e po nt d to the foot of his bed where I ha l not seen before a great map of the Unit d States as he had drawn it from memory and which he had th re to look upon as he lay Quaint queer old names w r on it in large letters: Indiana Territory Mis-sissppi Territory and Lou s ana Territory as I suppose our f thers lc rned such things But the old fellow had patched in Texas too he had carried his western boundary all the way to the P cific but on that shore he had defined nothing

" Oh Danf rth he s id I know I am dying I can not get home Surely you will tell me something now? Stop! Stop! Do not spe k till I say what I am sure you know that there is not in this sh p that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man th n I There can not be a man who loves the old fl g as I do or pr ys for it as I do or hopes for it as I do There are th rty four stars in it now Danforth I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are There has never been one taken away I th nk God for that I know by that that there has neve been any successful Burr Oh Danforth, Danforth he sighed out 'how like a wr tched night's dream a boy s idea of person l fame or of separate sovere gnty seems wh en one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me—tell m som thing—tell me everything Danforth before I die!

I gham, I swea to you th t I felt like a monster that I had not told him verything before Danger or no danger del cacy or no delicacy who wa I th at I should h ve been cting the tyrant all th s time v this d ar sai ted old man who had years ago e piated in his whol manhood s life the madness of a boy s treas n? Mr N lan said I I will tell you everything you ask bout Only whe e sh ll I begin?

Oh the bl ssed smile that cr pt ov r his white face! And he press d my hand and sa d God bless you! Tell me their names he s id nd h poi ted to the st rs on the fl g "The la t I know is Ohio My father lived in Kentucky But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that w s where F rt Adams is Th y make twenty But where are your other fourte n? You have not cut up any of the ld on I hope"

"Well, that was n t a b d text and I told him the n mes in as good order as I could nd h bade me take down his beauti ful map nd draw them in as I best could with my pencil He w s wild with d light about Texas—told me how his cousin

died there; he had ma ked a gold cross ne where he supposed h s gr e was and he h d guessed ɾt Tex s Then he was del ghted as h saw Californ a and Oregon Th t, he sa d he had suspect d partly because he had never be n perm tted to land on th t sh e th ugh th sh p were there so mu h And th m n said he laugh ng brought off a good deal b sid s fu Then he went back—heavens how f r!—to ask ab ut the Ch s p ke, nd what was done to Barron fo surrend ring her to the Le pa d and whether B rr e tried ga n—and he ground h s teeth w th the nly pass on he showed But ın a m m nt that was ov and he s d God forgı e m for I m sur I fo gı e h m. Th n h ask d about the old w —t ld me th true st ry of his s ng th gun the day w took the J a —asked about d a old D vid Porte s he c lled hım. Then he setti d d wn more qui tly d ery h ppily to h ar me t ll ın n hour the h tory of fifty years

How I wished t h d been m body who kn w something! But I d d as well as I c uld I told hım of the Engl sh wa I told h m about Fulton and the steamb at beginning I told him about old Scott nd J ckson—told him all I could think of bout th M s ss pp and N w O l ns a d Te as and his own ld Kentucky And what do y u th nk h sk d Who was in comm nd f th Legion of the West I t ll h m t was a v ry g llant offic n m d G t nd th t, by ou last n w h was about to t bl h his he dqu rters at V cksburg Then Wh e w V cksburg? I w ked th t ut on th m p It was about a h d d m l s mo e or les b e h old Fo t Adams and I th ght Fort Adam mu t be a u now It m st be at ld V ick s plantat on t Wal t Hills said h w ll, th t is change!

I t ll y u Ingham it w s a h rd thı g to co d ns the h s tory of half a century nto th t t lk w th s k m And I do not n w know what I told h m—of em gr t o nd the means of it—of st ambo ts a d il oad and tel g phs—of n tı s d books nd l t atu e—of the coll ges d W st P nt and th N l Sch ol—but w th th q eere t i terrupt ons th t e e v u h a d Y u it w Rob on C us asking ll th acc m lat d quest ons f fifty s years!

"I em mb h a ked all f a sudde who w s P s de t now A d when I told h m h ask d if Old Ab wa G n e l Be jamin Li c lns son He s d h m t old G eral Li coln wh n h was q ite a boy hims lf t s m I d n e tv I s d n th t Old Abe w a Kentucki n l k h ms lf but I could n t t ll h m of what family he had w k d p from th ranks Good f h m!" cr ed No! n I am gl d f th t As I hav bro d d nd wo d red I h e tho ght r dang was in keep ng up th e regula s ec s lo s ın the fi st famil es Then I got talk ng bout my vis t to W sh gton I t ld h m of m et ng the Oregon Congre man H rding I told h m ab ut th Smiths nian, nd th exploring Exped tion I told him ab ut the

Capitol and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty and Greenough's Washington. Ingham I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal rebellion.

"And he drank it in and enjoyed it as I can not tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water but he just wet his lips and told me not to go away Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian Book of Public Prayer which lay there and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page. And I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me For ourselves and our country oh, gracious God we thank Thee that notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws Thou h st continued to us Thy marvelous kindness—and so to the end of that thanksgiving Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States and all others in authority—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. Danforth said he, I have repeated those prayers night and morning it is now fifty five years And then he said he would go to sleep

He bent me down over him and kissed me, and he said 'Look in my Bible Danforth when I am gone. And I went away

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep I knew he was happy and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour when the doctor went in gently he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati

"We looked in his Bible and there was a slip of paper at the pl ce where he had marked the text:

"'They desire a country even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city

"On this slip of paper he had written:

" Bury me in the sea it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

" *In Memory of*

" PHILIP NOLAN

" *Lieutenant in the Army of the United States*

"'He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.'"

THE LOST PHOEBE

BY THEODORE DREISER

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THEY lived together in a part of the country which was not so prosperous as it had once been about three miles from one of those small towns that, instead of increas ing in population is steadily decreasing The ter ritory was not very thickly settled perhaps a house every other mile or so with large areas of corn and wheat land and fallow fields that at odd seasons had been sown to timothy and clover Their particular house was part log and part frame the log portion being the old original home of Henry s grandfather The new portion of now rain beaten time worn slabs through which the wind squeaked in the chinks at times and which several overshadowing elms and a butternut tree made picturesque and reminis cently pathetic but a little damp was erected by Henry when he was twenty one and just married

That was forty eight years before The furni ture inside like the house outside was old and mildewy and reminiscent of an earlier day You have seen the whatnot of cherry wood perhaps

with spiral legs and fluted top It was there The old fashioned four poster bed with its ball like protuberances and deep curving incisions, was there also a sadly alienated descendant of an early Jacobean ancestor The bureau of cherry was also high and wide and solidly built but faded looking and with a musty odor The rag carpet that underlay all these sturdy examples of enduring furniture was a weak, faded lead and pink colored affair woven by Phoebe Ann s own hands when she was fifteen years younger than she was when she died The creaky wooden loom on which it had been done now stood like a dusty bony skeleton along with a broken rocking chair a worm eaten clothes press—Heaven knows how old—a lime stained bench that had once been used to keep flowers on outside the door and other decrepit factors of household utility in an east room that was a lean to against this so called main portion All sorts of other broken down furniture were about this place an antiquated clothes horse cracked in two of its ribs a broken mirror in an old cherry frame which had fallen from a nail and cracked itself three days before their youngest son Jerry died an extension hat rack which once had had porcelain knobs on the ends of its pegs and a sewing machine long since outdone in its clumsy mechanism by rivals of a newer generation

The orchard to the east of the house was full of gnarled old apple trees worm eaten as to

trunks and branches and fully ornamented with green and white lichens so that it had a sad greenish white silvery effect in moonlight The low outhouses which had once housed chickens a horse or two a cow and several pigs were covered with patches of moss as to their roof and the sides had been free of paint for so long that they were blackish grey as to color and a little spongy The picket fence in front with its gate squeaky and askew and the side fences of the stake and rider type were in an equally run down condition As a matter of fact they had aged synchronously with the persons who lived there old Henry Reifsneider and his wife Phoebe Ann

They had lived here these two ever since their marriage forty eight years before and Henry had lived here before that from his childhood up His father and mother well along in years when he was a boy had invited him to bring his wife here when he had first fallen in love and decided to marry and he had done so His father and mother were the companions of himself and his wife for ten years after they were married when both died and then Henry and Phoebe were left with their five children growing lustily apace But all sorts of things had happened since then Of the seven children all told that had been born to them three had died one girl had gone to Kansas one boy had gone to Sioux Falls never even to be heard of after another boy had

gone to Washington and the last girl lived five counties away in the same State but was so burdened with cares of her own that she rarely gave them a thought Time and a commonplace home life that had never been attractive had weaned them thoroughly so that wherever they were, they gave little thought as to how it might be with their father and mother

Old Henry Reifsneider and his wife Phoebe were a loving couple You perhaps know how it is with simple natures that fasten themselves like lichens on the stones of circumstance and weather their days to a crumbling conclusion The great world sounds widely but it has no call for them They have no soaring intellect The orchard the meadow the cornfield the pig pen, and the chicken lot measured the range of their human activities When the wheat is headed it is reaped and threshed when the corn is browned and frosted it is cut and shocked when the timothy is in full head it is cut and the haycock erected After that comes winter with the hauling of grain to market the sawing and splitting of wood the simple chores of fire building meal getting occasional repairing and visiting Beyond these and the changes of weather—the snows the rains and the fair days—there are no immediate significant things All the rest of life is a far off clamorous phantasmagoria flickering like Northern lights in the night and sounding as faintly as cowbells tinkling in the distance

THE LOST PHOEBE

Old Henry and his wife Phoebe were as fond of each other as it is possible for two old people to be who have nothing else in this life to be fond of He was a thin old man seventy when she died a queer crotchety person with coarse grey black hair and beard quite straggly and unkempt He looked at you out of dull fishy watery eyes that had deep brown crow's feet at the sides His clothes like the clothes of many farmers were aged and angular and baggy standing out at the pockets not fitting about the neck protuberant and worn at elbow and knee Phoebe Ann was thin and shapeless a very umbrella of a woman clad in shabby black and with a black bonnet for her best wear As time had passed and they had only themselves to look after their movements had become slower and slower their activities fewer and fewer The annual keep of pigs had been reduced from five to one grunting porker and the single horse which Henry now retained was a sleepy animal not over nourished and not very clean The chickens of which formerly there was a large flock had almost disappeared owing to ferrets foxes and the lack of proper care which produces disease The former healthy garden was now a straggling memory of itself and the vines and flower beds that formerly ornamented the windows and dooryard had now become choking thickets A will had been made which divided the small tax eaten

property equally among the remaining four so that it was really of no interest to any of them. Yet these two lived together in peace and sympathy only that now and then old Henry would become unduly cranky complaining almost invariably that something had been neglected or mislaid which was of no importance at all

Phoebe where s my corn knife? You ain t never minded to let my things alone no more

Now you hush Henry,' his wife would caution him in a cracked and squeaky voice If you don't, I ll leave yuh I ll git up and walk out of here some day and then where would y' be? Y ain t got anybody but me to look after yuh so yuh just behave yourself Your corn knife s on the mantel where it s allus been unless you ve gone an' put it sommers else'

Old Henry, who knew his wife would never leave him in any circumstances used to speculate at times as to what he would do if she were to die That was the one leaving that he really feared As he climbed on the chair at night to wind the old long pendulumed double weighted clock, or went finally to the front and the back door to see that they were safely shut in, it was a comfort to know that Phoebe was there, properly ensconced on her side of the bed, and that if he stirred restlessly in the night, she would be there to ask what he wanted

"Now, Henry, do lie still! You re as restless as a chicken.'

Well I can t sleep Phoebe

Well yuh needn t roll so anyhow Yuh kin let me sleep

This usually reduced him to a state of somno lent ease If she wanted a pail of water it was a grumbling pleasure for him to get it and if she did rise first to build fires he saw that the wood was cut and placed within easy reach They divided this simple world nicely between them

As the years had gone on however fewer and fewer people had called They were well known for a distance of as much as ten square miles as old Mr and Mrs Reifsneider honest, moder ately Christian but too old to be really interest ing any longer The writing of letters had become an almost impossible burden too difficult to continue or even negotiate via others although an occasional letter still did arrive from the daughter in Pemberton County Now and then some old friend stopped with a pie or cake or a roasted chicken or duck or merely to see that they were well but even these kindly minded visits were no longer frequent

One day in the early spring of her sixty fourth year Mrs Reifsneider took sick and from a low fever passed into some indefinable ailment which because of her age was no longer curable Old Henry drove to Swinnerton the neighboring town and procured a doctor Some friends called and the immediate care of her was taken off his hands Then one chill spring night she

died and old Henry, in a fog of sorrow and un certainty, followed her body to the nearest grave yard an unattractive space with a few pines growing in it Although he might have gone to the daughter in Pemberton or sent for her, it was really too much trouble and he was too weary and fixed It was suggested to him at once by one friend and another that he could come to stay with them awhile but he did not see fit He was so old and so fixed in his notions and so accustomed to the exact surroundings he had known all his days that he could not think of leaving He wanted to remain near where they had put his Phoebe and the fact that he would have to live alone did not trouble him in the least The living children were notified and the care of him offered if he would leave but he would not

I kin make a shift for myself he continually announced to old Dr Morrow who had attended his wife in this case I kin cook a little and besides it don t take much more n coffee an bread in the mornin s to satisfy me I ll get along now well enough Yuh just let me be And after many pleadings and proffers of advice with supplies of coffee and bacon and baked bread duly offered and accepted he was left to himself For a while he sat idly outside his door brooding in the spring sun He tried to revive his interest in farming and to keep himself busy and free from thought by looking after the fields which of late had been much neglected It was a gloomy

thing to come in of an evening however or in the afternoon and find no shadow of Phoebe where everything suggested her By degrees he put a few of her things away At night he sat beside his lamp and read in the papers that were left him occasionally or in a Bible that he had neglected for years but could get little solace from these things Mostly he held his hand over his mouth and looked at the floor as he sat and thought of what had become of her and how soon he himself would die He made a great business of making his coffee in the morning and frying himself a little bacon at night but his appetite was gone The shell in which he had been housed so long seemed vacant and its shadows were suggestive of immedicable griefs So he lived quite dolefully for five long months and then a change began

It was one night after he had looked after the front and the back door wound the clock blown out the light and gone through all the selfsame motions that he had indulged in for years that he went to bed not so much to sleep as to think It was a moonlight night The green lichen covered orchard just outside and to be seen from his bed where he now lay was a silvery affair sweetly spectral The moon shone through the east windows throwing the pattern of the panes on the wooden floor and making the old furniture to which he was accustomed stand out dimly in the room As usual he had been think

ing of Phoebe and the years when they had been young together, and of the children who had gone, and the poor shift he was making of his present days The house was coming to be in a very bad state indeed The bed clothes were in disorder and not clean for he made a wretched shift of washing It was a terror to him The roof leaked, causing things (some of them) to remain damp for weeks at a time but he was getting into that brooding state where he would accept anything rather than exert himself He preferred to pace slowly to and fro or to sit and think.

By twelve o clock on this particular night he was asleep however, and by two had waked again The moon by this time had shifted to a position on the western side of the house and it now shone in through the windows of the living room and those of the kitchen beyond A certain combination of furniture—a chair near a table with his coat on it the half open kitchen door casting a shadow and the position of a lamp near a paper—gave him an exact representation of Phoebe leaning over the table as he had often seen her do in life It gave him a great start Could it be she—or her ghost? He had scarcely ever believed in spirits and still He looked at her fixedly in the feeble half light his old hair tingling oddly at the roots and then sat up The figure did not move He put his thin legs out of the bed and sat looking at her wondering if this

could really be Phoebe They had talked of ghosts often in their lifetime of apparitions and omens but they had never agreed that such things could be It had never been a part of his wife s creed that she could have a spirit that could return to walk the earth Her after world was quite a different affair a vague heaven, no less from which the righteous did not trouble to return Yet here she was now bending over the *table in her black skirt and gray shawl her pale* profile outlined against the moonlight

Phoebe he called thrilling from head to toe and putting out one bony hand have yuh come back?

The figure did not stir and he arose and walked uncertainly to the door looking at it fixedly the while As he drew near however the apparition resolved into its primal content— his old coat over the high backed chair the lamp by the paper the half open door

Well he said to himself his mouth open I thought shore I saw her And he ran his hand strangely and vaguely through his hair the while his nervous tension relaxed Vanished as it had it gave him the idea that she might return

Another night because of this first illusion and because his mind was now constantly on her and he was old he looked out of the window that was nearest his bed and commanded a hen-coop and pig pen and a part of the wagon shed and there a faint mist exuding from the damp of the

ground, he thought he saw her again It was one of those little wisps of mist, one of those faint exhalations of the earth that rise in a cool night after a warm day and flicker like small white cypresses of fog before they disappear In life it had been a custom of hers to cross this lot from her kitchen door to the pig pen to throw in any scrap that was left from her cooking and here she was again He sat up and watched it strangely, doubtfully because of his previous experience but inclined because of the nervous titillation that passed over his body to believe that spirits really were and that Phoebe who would be concerned because of his lonely state, must be thinking about him and hence returning What other way would she have? How otherwise could she express herself? It would be within the province of her charity so to do and like her loving interest in him He quivered and watched it eagerly but a faint breath of air stirring it wound away toward the fence and disappeared

A third night, as he was actually dreaming, some ten days later she came to his bedside and put her hand on his head

Poor Henry! she said It's too bad'

He roused out of his sleep actually to see her, he thought moving from his bedroom into the one living room her figure a shadowy mass of black The weak straining of his eyes caused little points of light to flicker about the outlines of her form He arose greatly astonished walked the

floor in the cool room convinced that Phoebe was coming back to him If he only thought sufficiently if he made it perfectly clear by his feeling that he needed her greatly she would come back this kindly wife and tell him what to do She would perhaps be with him much of the time in the night anyhow and that would make him less lonely his state more endurable

In age and with the feeble it is not such a far cry from the subtleties of illusion to actual hallucination and in due time this transition was made for Henry Night after night he waited expecting her return Once in his weird mood he thought he saw a pale light moving about the room and another time he thought he saw her walking in the orchard after dark It was one morning when the details of his lonely state were virtually unendurable that he woke with the thought that she was not dead How he had arrived at this conclusion it is hard to say His mind had gone In its place was a fixed illusion He and Phoebe had had a senseless quarrel He had reproached her for not leaving his pipe where he was accustomed to find it and she had left It was an aberrated fulfilment of her old jesting threat that if he did not behave himself she would leave him

I guess I could find yuh ag in ' he had always said But her crackling threat had always been

"Yuh ll not find me if I ever leave yuh I guess I kin git some place where yuh can t find me

This morning when he arose he did not think to build the fire in the customary way or to grind his coffee and cut his bread as was his wont but solely to meditate as to where he should search for her and how he should induce her to come back Recently the one horse had been dispensed with because he found it cumbersome and beyond his needs He took down his soft crush hat after he had dressed himself a new glint of interest and determination in his eye, and taking his black crook cane from behind the door where he had always placed it started out briskly to look for her among the nearest neighbors His old shoes clumped soundly in the dust as he walked and his grey black locks now grown rather long straggled out in a dramatic fringe or halo from under his hat His short coat stirred busily as he walked and his hands and face were peaked and pale

Why hello Henry! Where re yuh goin' this mornin? inquired Farmer Dodge who, hauling a load of wheat to market, encountered him on the public road He had not seen the aged farmer in months not since his wife s death and he wondered now seeing him looking so spry

Yuh ain t seen Phoebe have yuh? inquired the old man looking up quizzically

Phoebe who? inquired Farmer Dodge not for the moment connecting the name with Henry's dead wife

"Why my wife Phoebe o course Who do yuh s pose I mean? He stared up with a pathetic sharpness of glance from under his shaggy grey eyebrows

Well I ll swan Henry yuh ain t jokin, are yuh? said the solid Dodge a pursy man with a smooth, hard red face It can t be your wife yuh re takin about She s dead

Dead! Shucks! retorted the demented Reifsneider She left me early this mornin while I was sleepin She allus got up to build the fire but she s gone now We had a little spat last night an I guess that s the reason But I guess I kin find her She s gone over to Matilda Race s that s where she s gone

He started briskly up the road leaving the amazed Dodge to stare in wonder after him

Well I ll be switched! he said aloud to himself He s clean out n his head That poor old feller s been livin down there till he s gone outen his mind I ll have to notify the authorities And he flicked his whip with great enthusiasm Geddap! he said and was off

Reifsneider met no one else in this poorly populated region until he reached the whitewashed fence of Matilda Race and her husband three miles away He had passed several other houses *en route* but these not being within the range of his illusion were not considered His wife who

had known Matilda well must be here He opened the picket gate which guarded the walk, and stamped briskly up to the door

Why Mr Reifsneider exclaimed old Matilda herself a stout woman looking out of the door in an answer to his knock, what brings yuh here this mornin ?'

Is Phoebe here? he demanded eagerly

Phoebe who? What Phoebe?' replied Mrs Race curious as to this sudden development of energy on his part

Why my Phoebe o course My wife Phoebe Who do yuh s pose? Ain t she here now?

Lawsy me! exclaimed Mrs Race, opening her mouth Yuh pore man! So you re clean out n your mind now Yuh come right in and sit down I ll git you a cup o coffee O course your wife ain t here but yuh come in an sit down I ll find her fer yuh after a while I know where she is

The old farmer s eyes softened, and he entered He was so thin and pale a specimen pantalooned and patriarchal, that he aroused Mrs Race s extremest sympathy as he took off his hat and laid in on his knees quite softly and mildly

We had a quarrel last night an' she left me ' he volunteered

Laws! laws! sighed Mrs Race, there being no one present with whom to share her astonishment as she went to her kitchen The pore man!

Now somebody s just got to look after him He can t be allowed to run around the country this way lookin for his dead wife It s turrible

She boiled him a pot of coffee and brought in some of her new baked bread and fresh butter She set out some of her best jam and put a couple of eggs to boil lying whole heartedly the while

Now yuh stay right there, Uncle Henry till Jake comes in an I ll send him to look for Phoebe I think it s more n likely she s over to Swinnerton with some o her friends Anyhow we ll find out Now yuh just drink this coffee an eat this bread Yuh must be tired Yuh ve had a long walk this mornin Her idea was to take counsel with Jake her man and perhaps have him notify the authorities

She bustled about, meditating on the uncer tainties of life while old Reifsneider thrummed on the rim of his hat with his pale fingers and later ate abstractedly of what she offered His mind was on his wife however and since she was not here or did not appear it wandered vaguely away to a family by the name of Murray miles away in another direction He decided after a time that he would not wait for Jake Race to hunt his wife but would seek her for himself He must be on and urge her to come back

Well I ll be goin he said, getting up and

looking strangely about him "I guess she didn't come here after all She went over to the Murrays I guess I'll not wait any longer, Mis' Race There's a lot to do over to the house today And out he marched in the face of her protests, taking to the dusty road again in the warm spring sun his cane striking the earth as he went

It was two hours later that this pale figure of a man appeared in the Murray's doorway, dusty, perspiring eager He had tramped all of five miles and it was noon An amazed husband and wife of sixty heard his strange query and realized also that he was mad They begged him to stay to dinner intending to notify the authorities later and see what could be done, but though he stayed to partake of a little something he did not stay long and was off again to another distant farmhouse, his idea of many things to do and his need of Phoebe impelling him So it went for that day and the next and the next the circle of his inquiry ever widening

The process by which a character assumes the significance of being peculiar, his antics weird yet harmless in such a community is often involute and pathetic. This day as has been said saw Reifsneider at other doors eagerly asking his unnatural question and leaving a trail of amazement sympathy, and pity in his wake Although the authorities were informed—the county sher

iff, no less—it was not deemed advisable to take him into custody, for when those who knew old Henry and had for so long reflected on the condition of the county insane asylum a place which because of the poverty of the district was of staggering aberration and sickening environment it was decided to let him remain at large for strange to relate it was found on investigation that at night he returned peaceably enough to his lonesome domicile there to discover whether his wife had returned, and to brood in loneliness until the morning Who would lock up a thin eager seeking old man with iron grey hair and an attitude of kindly innocent inquiry particularly when he was well known for a past of only kindly servitude and reliability? Those who had known him best rather agreed that he should be allowed to roam at large He could do no harm There were many who were willing to help him as to food old clothes the odds and ends of his daily life—at least at first His figure after a time became not so much commonplace as an accepted curiosity and the replies Why no Henry I aint see her or no Henry she aint been here to-day, more customary

For several years thereafter then he was an odd figure in the sun and rain on dusty roads and muddy ones encountered occasionally in strange and unexpected places pursuing his endless search Under nourishment after a time—

although the neighbors and those who knew his history gladly contributed from their store— affected his body for he walked much and ate little The longer he roamed the public highway in this manner the deeper became his strange hallucination, and finding it harder and harder to return from his more and more distant pilgrimages, he finally began taking a few utensils with him from his home making a small package of them in order that he might not be compelled to return In an old tin coffee pot of large size he placed a small tin cup a knife fork and spoon some salt and pepper and to the outside of it by a string forced through a pierced hole he fastened a plate which could be released and which was his woodland table It was no trouble for him to secure the little food that he needed and with a strange, almost religious dignity, he had no hesitation in asking for that much By degrees his hair beame longer and longer his once black hair became an earthen brown and his clothes threadbare and dusty

For all of three years he walked and none knew how wide were his perambulations nor how he survived the storms and cold They could not see him with homely rural understanding and forethought sheltering himself in haycocks or by the sides of cattle whose warm bodies protected him from the cold and whose dull understandings were not opposed to his harmless

presence Overhanging rocks and trees kept him at times from the rain and a friendly hayloft or corn crib was not above his humble consid eration

The involute progression of hallucination is strange From asking at doors and being con stantly rebuffed or denied he finally came to the conclusion that although his Phoebe might not be in any of the houses at the doors of which he inquired she might nevertheless be within the sound of his voice And so from patient inquiry he began to call sad occasional cries that ever and anon waked the quiet landscapes and ragged hill regions and set to echoing his thin O o-o Phoebe! O o o Phoebe! It had a pathetic albeit insane ring and many a farmer or ploughboy came to know it even from afar and say There goes old Reifsneider

Another thing that puzzled him greatly after a time and after many hundreds of inquiries was when he no longer had any particular dooryard in view and no special inquiry to make which way to go These cross roads which occasionally led in four or even six directions came after a time to puzzle him But to solve this knotty problem which became more and more of a puz- zle there came to his aid another hallucination Phoebe s spirit or some power of the air or wind or nature would tell him If he stood at the center of the parting of the ways closed his eyes turned thrice about and called O-o o Phoebe!

twice and then threw his cane straight before him that would surely indicate which way to go for Phoebe, or one of these mystic powers would surely govern its direction and fall! In whichever direction it went even though as was not infrequently the case it took him back along the path he had already come or across fields he was not so far gone in his mind but that he gave himself ample time to search before he called again Also the hallucination seemed to persist that at some time he would surely find her There were hours when his feet were sore and his limbs weary, when he would stop in the heat to wipe his seamed brow or in the cold to beat his arms Sometimes after throwing away his cane and finding it indicating the direction from which he had just come he would shake his head wearily and philosophically as if contemplating the unbelievable or an untoward fate and then start briskly off His strange figure came finally to be known in the farthest reaches of three or four counties Old Reifsneider was a pathetic character His fame was wide

Near a little town called Watersville in Green County perhaps four miles from that minor center of human activity there was a place or precipice locally known as the Red Cliff a sheer wall of red sandstone perhaps a hundred feet high which raised its sharp face for half a mile or more above the fruitful corn fields and orchards that lay beneath, and which was surmounted by

a thick grove of trees The slope that slowly led up to it from the opposite side was covered by a rank growth of beech hickory and ash through which threaded a number of wagon tracks crossing at various angles In fair weather it had become old Reifsneider s habit so inured was he by now to the open to make his bed in some such patch of trees as this to fry his bacon or boil his eggs at the foot of some tree before laying himself down for the night Occasionally so light and inconsequential was his sleep he would walk at night More often the moonlight or some sudden wind stirring in the trees or a reconnoitring animal arousing him he would sit up and think or pursue his quest in the moonlight or the dark a strange unnatural half wild half savage looking but utterly harmless creature calling at lonely road crossings staring at dark and shuttered houses and wondering where where Phoebe could really be

That particular lull that comes in the systole-diastole of this earthly ball at two o clock in the morning invariably aroused him and though he might not go any farther he would sit up and contemplate the darkness or the stars, wondering Sometimes in the strange processes of his mind he would fancy that he saw moving among the trees the figure of his lost wife and then he would get up to follow taking his utensils always on a string and his cane If she seemed to evade him too easily he would run or plead or,

suddenly losing track of the fancied figure, stand awed or disappointed grieving for the moment over the almost insurmountable difficulties of his search

It was in the seventh year of these hopeless peregrinations in the dawn of a similar spring time to that in which his wife had died that he came at last one night to the vicinity of this self same patch that crowned the rise to the Red Cliff His far flung cane, used as a divining rod at the last cross roads had brought him hither He had walked many many miles It was after ten o'clock at night and he was very weary Long wandering and little eating had left him but a shadow of his former self It was a question now not so much of physical strength but of spiritual endurance which kept him up He had scarcely eaten this day and now exhausted he set him self down in the dark to rest and possibly to sleep

Curiously on this occasion a strange sugges tion of the presence of his wife surrounded him It would not be long now, he counselled with himself although the long months had brought him nothing until he should see her—talk to her He fell asleep after a time his head on his knees At midnight the moon began to rise and at two in the morning his wakeful hour was a large silver disc shining through the trees to the east He opened his eyes when the radiance became strong making a silver pattern at his feet and

lighting the woods with strange lusters and silvery shadowy forms. As usual his old notion that his wife must be near occurred to him on this occasion and he looked about him with a speculative anticipatory eye. What was it that moved in the distant shadows along the path by which he had entered—a pale flickering will o the wisp that bobbed gracefully among the trees and riveted his expectant gaze? Moonlight and shadows combined to give it a strange form and a stranger reality, this fluttering of bogfire or dancing of wandering fireflies. Was it truly his lost Phoebe? By a circuitous route it passed about him and in his fevered state he fancied that he could see the very eyes of her, not as she was when he last saw her in the black dress and shawl but now a strangely younger Phoebe, gayer, sweeter, the one whom he had known years before as a girl. Old Reifsneider got up. He had been expecting and dreaming of this hour all these years, and now as he saw the feeble light dancing lightly before him he peered at it questioningly, one thin hand in his grey hair.

Of a sudden there came to him now for the first time in many years the full charm of her girlish figure as he had known it in boyhood, the pleasing, sympathetic smile, the brown hair, the blue sash she had once worn about her waist at a picnic, her gay, graceful movements. He walked around the base of the tree, straining with his

eyes forgetting for once his cane and utensils, and following eagerly after On she moved before him a will o the wisp of the spring a little flame above her head, and it seemed as though among the small saplings of ash and beech and the thick trunks of hickory and elm that she signalled with a young a lightsome hand

'O Phoebe! Phoebe! he called "Have yuh really come? Have yuh really answered me?" And hurrying faster, he fell once scrambling lamely to his feet, only to see the light in the distance dancing illusively on On and on he hurried until he was fairly running brushing his ragged arms against the trees striking his hands and face against impeding twigs His hat was gone his lungs were breathless, his reason quite astray, when coming to the edge of the cliff he saw her below among a silvery bed of apple trees now blooming in the spring

'O Phoebe! he called O Phoebe! Oh no, don t leave me! And feeling the lure of a world where love was young and Phoebe as this vision presented her a delightful epitome of their quondam youth, he gave a gay cry of Oh wait, Phoebe! and leaped

Some farmer boys reconnoitring this region of bounty and prospect some few days afterward, found first the tin utensils tied together under the tree where he had left them and then later at the foot of the cliff, pale, broken, but elate, a

moulded smile of peace and delight upon his lips his body His old hat was discovered lying under some low growing saplings the twigs of which had held it back No one of all the simple population knew how eagerly and joyously he had found his lost mate

HAIRCUT

BY RING LARDNER

HAIRCUT

BY RING LARDNER

I GOT another barber that comes over from Carterville and helps me out Saturdays but the rest of the time I can get along all right alone You can see for yourself that this ain t no New York City and besides that the most of the boys works all day and don t have no leisure to drop in here and get themselves prettied up

You re a newcomer ain t you? I thought I hadn t seen you round before I hope you like it good enough to stay As I say we ain t no New York City or Chicago but we have pretty good times Not as good though since Jim Kendall got killed When he was alive him and Hod Meyers used to keep this town in an uproar I bet they was more laughin done here than any town its size in America

Jim was comical and Hod was pretty near a match for him Since Jim s gone Hod tries to hold his end up just the same as ever but it s tough goin when you ain t got nobody to kind of work with

They used to be plenty fun in here Saturdays This place is jam packed Saturdays from four

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o clocl on Jim and Hod would show up right after their supper round six o clock Jim would set himself dowr in that big chair nearest the blue spittoon Whoever had been settin in that chair why they d get up when Jim came in and give it to him

You d of thought it was a reserved seat like they have sometimes in a theayter Hod would generally always stand or walk up and down, or some Saturdays of course he d be settin' in this chair part of the time gettin a haircut

Well Jim would set there a wile without openin' his mouth only to spit and then finally he d say to me Whitey'—my right name that is my right first name is Dicl but everybody round here calls me Whitey—Jim would say, Whitey your nose lool s like a rosebud tonight You must of been drinkin some of your aw de cologne

So I d sav No Jim but you look like you d been drinkin' somethin of that kind or somethin worse

Jim would have to laugh at that but then he'd speak up and say No I ain t had nothin to drink but that ain t sayin I wouldn t like somethin I wouldn t even mind if it was wood alcohol

Then Hod Meyers would say 'Neither would your wife That would set everybody to laughin because Jim and his wife wasn t on very good terms She d divorced him only they wasn t

no chance to get alimony and she didn t have no way to take care of herself and the kids She couldn t never understand Jim He *was* kind of rough but a good fella at heart

Him and Hod had all kinds of sport with Milt Sheppard I don t suppose you ve seen Milt. Well he s got an Adam s apple that looks more like a *mushmelon* So I d be shavin Milt and when I d start to shave down here on his neck Hod would holler, Hey Whitey wait a min ute! Before you cut into it let s make up a pool and see who can guess closest to the number of seeds

And Jim would say If Milt hadn t of been so hoggish he d of ordered a half a cantaloupe instead of a whole one and it might not of stuck in his throat

All the boys would roar at this and Milt him self would force a smile though the joke was on him Jim certainly was a card!

There s his shavin mug settin on the shelf right next to Charley Vail s Charles M Vail That s the druggist He comes in regular for his shave three times a week And Jim s is the cup next to Charley s James H Kendall Jim won t need no shavin mug no more but I ll leave it there just the same for old time s sake Jim certainly was a character!

Years ago Jim used to travel for a canned goods concern over in Carterville They sold canned goods Jim had the whole northern half

of the State and was on the road five days out of every week He d drop in here Saturdays and tell his experiences for that week It was rich

I guess he paid more attention to playin jokes than mal in sales Finally the concern let him out and he come right home here and told every body he d been fired instead of sayin' he d resigned lil e most fellas would of

It was a Saturday and the shop was full and Jim got up out of that chair and says, Gentlemen I got an important announcement to make I been fired from my job '

Well they asked him if he was in earnest and he said he was and nobody could thinl of nothin to say till Jim finally broke the ice himself He says I been sellin canned goods and now I'm canned goods myself

You see the concern he d been workin' for was a factory that made canned goods Over in Carterville And now Jim said he was canned himself He was certainly a card!

Jim had a great trick that he used to play w ile he was travelin For instance, he d be ridin on a train and they d come to some little town like well like we ll say lil e Benton Jim would look out the train window and read the signs on the stores

For instance they d be a sign "Henry Smith Dry Goods Well Jim would write down the name and the name of the town and when he got to wherever he was goin he d mail back a postal

card to Henry Smith at Benton and not sign no name to it but he d write on the card well some thin like Ask your wife about that book agent that spent the afternoon last week or Ask your Missus who kept her from getting lonesome the last time you was in Carterville And he d *sign the card A Friend*

Of course he never knew what really come of none of these jokes but he could picture what *probably* happened and that was enough

Jim didn t work very steady after he lost his position with the Carterville people What he did earn doin odd jobs round town why he spent pretty near all of it on gin and his family might of starved if the stores hadn t of carried them along Jim s wife tried her hand at dress makin but they ain t nobody goin to get rich makin dresses in this town

As I say she d of divorced Jim only she seen that she couldn t support herself and the kids and she was always hopin that some day Jim would cut out his habits and give her more than two or three dollars a week

They was a time when she would go to whoever he *was workin for and ask them to give her* his wages but after she done this once or twice he beat her to it by borrowin most of his pay in advance He told it all round town how he had outfoxed his Missus He certainly was a caution!

But he wasn t satisfied with just outwittin her He was sore the way she had acted tryin' to

grab off his pay And he made up his mind he d get even Well he waited till Evans s Circus was advertised to come to town Then he told his wife and two kiddies that he was goin to take them to the circus The day of the circus, he told them he would get the tickets and meet them outside the entrance to the tent

Well he didn t have no intentions of bein there or buyin tickets or nothin He got full of gin and laid round Wright s poolroom all day His wife and the kids waited and waited and of course he didn t show up His wife didn t have a dime with her, or nowhere else I guess So she finally had to tell the kids it was all off and they cried like they wasn t never goin' to stop

Well it seems while they was cryin', Doc Stair came along and he asked what was the matter but Mrs Kendall was stubborn and wouldn t tell him but the kids told him and he insisted on takin them and their mother in the show Jim found this out afterwards and it was one reason why he had it in for Doc Stair

Doc Stair come here about a year and a half ago He s a mighty handsome young fella and his clothes always look like he has them made to order He goes to Detroit two or three times a year and while he s there he must have a tailor take his measure and then make him a suit to order They cost pretty near twice as much, but they fit a whole lot better than if you just bought them in a store

For a while everybody was wonderin' why a young doctor like Doc Stair should come to a town like this where we already got old Doc Gamble and Doc Foote that s both been here for years and all the practice in town was always divided between the two of them

Then they was a story got round that Doc Stair s gal had throwed him over, a gal up in the Northern Peninsula somewheres and the reason he come here was to hide himself away and forget it He said himself that he thought they wasn t nothin like general practice in a place like ours to fit a man to be a good all round doctor And that s why he d came

Anyways it wasn t long before he was makin enough to live on though they tell me that he never dunned nobody for what they owed him and the folks here certainly has got the own habit even in my business If I had all that was comin to me for just shaves alone I could go to Carterville and put up at the Mercer for a week and see a different picture every night For instance they s old George Purdy—but I guess I shouldn t ought to be gossipin

Well last year our coroner died died of the flu Ken Beatty that was his name He was the coroner So they had to choose another man to be coroner in his place and they picked Doc Stair He laughed at first and said he didn t want it but they made him take it It ain t no job that anybody would fight for and what a

man makes out of it in a year would just about buy seeds for their garden Doc s the kind, though that can t say no to nothin if you keep at him long enough

But I was goin to tell you about a poor boy we got here in town—Paul Dickson He fell out of a tree when he was about ten years old Lit on his head and it done somethin to him and he ain t never been right No harm in him but just silly Jim Kendall used to call him cuckoo that s a name Jim had for anybody that was off their head only he called people s head their bean That was another of his gags, callin head bean and callin crazy people cuckoo Only poor Paul ain t crazy but just silly

You can imagine that Jim used to have all kinds of fun with Paul He d send him to the White Front Garage for a left handed monkey wrench Of course they ain t no such a thing as a left handed monkey wrench

And once we had a kind of a fair here and they was a baseball game between the fats and the leans and before the game started Jim called Paul over and sent him way down to Schrader s hardware store to get a key for the pitcher s box

They wasn t nothin in the way of gags that Jim couldn t think up when he put his mind to it

Poor Paul was always kind of suspicious of people maybe on account of how Jim had kept foolin him Paul wouldn t have much to do with anybody only his own mother and Doc Stair

and a girl here in town named Julie Gregg. That is, she ain't a girl no more, but pretty near thirty or over.

When Doc first come to town, Paul seemed to feel like here was a real friend and he hung round Doc's office most of the while; the only time he wasn't there was when he'd go home to eat or sleep or when he seen Julie Gregg doin' her shoppin'.

When he looked out Doc's window and seen her, he'd run downstairs and join her and tag along with her to the different stores. The poor boy was crazy about Julie and she always treated him mighty nice and made him feel like he was welcome, though of course it wasn't nothin' but pity on her side.

Doc done all he could to improve Paul's mind and he told me once that he really thought the boy was gettin' better, that they was times when he was as bright and sensible as anybody else.

But I was goin' to tell you about Julie Gregg. Old Man Gregg was in the lumber business, but got to drinkin' and lost the most of his money and when he died, he didn't leave nothin' but the house and just enough insurance for the girl to skimp along on.

Her mother was a kind of a half invalid and didn't hardly ever leave the house. Julie wanted to sell the place and move somewheres else after the old man died, but the mother said she was born here and would die here. It was tough on

Julie, as the young people round this town—well, she s too good for them

She's been away to school and Chicago and New York and different places and they ain t no subject she can t talk on, where you take the rest of the young folks here and you mention anything to them outside of Gloria Swanson or Tommy Meighan and they think you're delirious Did you see Gloria in Wages of Virtue? You missed somethin !

Well Doc Stair hadn t been here more than a week when he come in one day to get shaved and I recognized who he was as he had been pointed out to me so I told him about my old lady She s been ailin for a couple years and either Doc Gamble or Doc Foote neither one seemed to be helpin her So he said he would come out and see her but if she was able to get out herself it would be better to bring her to his office where he could make a completer examination

So I took her to his office and while I was waitin for her in the reception room in come Julie Gregg When somebody comes in Doc Stair s office they s a bell that rings in his inside office so as he can tell they s somebody to see him

So he left my old lady inside and come out to the front office and that s the first time him and Julie met and I guess it was what they call love at first sight But it wasn t fifty fifty This young fella was the slickest lookin fella she d

ever seen in this town and she went wild over him To him she was just a young lady that wanted to see the doctor

She d came on about the same busine s I had Her mother had been doctorin for years with Doc Gamble and Doc Foote and without no results So she d heard they was a new doc in town and decided to give him a try He promised to call and see her mother that same day

I said a minute ago that it was love at first sight on her part I m not only judgin by how she acted afterwards but how she looked at him that first day in his office I ain t no mind reader, but it was wrote all over her face that she was gone

Now Jim Kendall besides bein a jokesmith and a pretty good drinker well Jim was quite a lady killer I guess he run pretty wild durin the time he was on the road for them Carterville people and besides that he d had a couple little affairs of the heart right here in town As I say, his wife could of divorced him only she couldn t.

But Jim was like the majority of men and women too I guess He wanted what he couldn t get He wanted Julie Gregg and worked his head off tryin to land her Only he d of said bean instead of head

Well Jim s habits and his jokes didn t appeal to Julie and of course he was a married man so he didn t have no more chance than well than a rabbit That s an expression of Jim s himself

When somebody didn't have no chance to get elected or somethin', Jim would always say they didn't have no more chance than a rabbit.

He didn't make no bones about how he felt. Right in here, more than once, in front of the whole crowd, he said he was stuck on Julie and anybody that could get her for him was welcome to his house and his wife and kids included. But she wouldn't have nothin' to do with him; wouldn't even speak to him on the street. He finally seen he wasn't gettin' nowheres with his usual line so he decided to try the rough stuff. He went right up to her house one evenin' and when she opened the door he forced his way in and grabbed her. But she broke loose and before he could stop her, she run in the next room and locked the door and phoned to Joe Barnes. Joe's the marshal. Jim could hear who she was phonin' to and he beat it before Joe got there.

Joe was an old friend of Julie's pa. Joe went to Jim the next day and told him what would happen if he ever done it again.

I don't know how the news of this little affair leaked out. Chance is that Joe Barnes told his wife and she told somebody else's wife and they told their husband. Anyways, it did leak out and Hod Meyers had the nerve to kid Jim about it, right here in this shop. Jim didn't deny nothin' and kind of laughed it off and said for us all to wait; that lots of people had tried to

make a monkey out of him but he always got even

Meanwhile everybody in town was wise to Julie s bein wild mad over the Doc I don t suppose she had any idear how her face changed when him and her was together of course she couldn t of or she d of kept away from him And she didn t know that we was all noticin how many times she made excuses to go up to his office or pass it on the other side of the street and look up in his window to see if he was there *I felt sorry for her and so did most other people*

Hod Meyers kept rubbin it into Jim about how the Doc had cut him out Jim didn t pay no attention to the kiddin and you could see he was plannin one of his jokes

One trick Jim had was the knack of changin his voice He could make you think he was a girl talkin and he could mimic any man s voice To show you how good he was along this line I ll tell you the joke he played on me once

You know in most towns of any size when a man is dead and needs a shave why the barber that shaves him soaks him five dollars for the *job that is he don t soak him but whoever* ordered the shave I just charge three dollars because personally I don t mind much shavin a dead person They lay a whole lot stiller than live customers The only thing is that you don t feel like talkin to them and you get kind of lonesome

Well about the coldest day we ever had here, two years ago last winter, the phone rung at the house wile I was home to dinner and I answered the phone and it was a womans voice and she said she was Mrs John Scott and her husband was dead and would I come out and shave him

Old John had always been a good customer of mine But they live seven miles out in the coun try on the Streeter road Still I didn't see how I could say no

So I said I would be there but would have to come in a jitney and it might cost three or four dollars besides the price of the shave So or the voice it said that was all right so I Frank Abbott to drive me out to the pl when I got there who should open the doo old John himself! He wasn t no more dead well than a rabbit

It didn t take no private detective to out who had played me this little joke N could of thought it up but Jim Kendall certainly was a card!

I tell you this incident just to show you he could disguise his voice and make you it was somebody else talkin I d of swore it Mrs Scott had called me Anyways woman

Well Jim waited till he had Doc Stair s down pat then he fter revenge

He called Julie up when he

Doc was over in Carterville She never ques tioned but what it was Doc s voice Jim said he must see her that night he couldn t wait no longer to tell her somethin She was all excited and told him to come to the house But he said he was expectin an important long distance call and wouldn t she please forget her manners for once and come to his office He said they couldn t nothin hurt her and nobody would see her and he just *must* talk to her a little w ile Well poor Julie fell for it

Doc always keeps a night light in his office so it looked to Julie like they was somebody there

Meanw ile Jim Kendall had went to Wright s poolroom where they was a whole gang amusin themselves The most of them had drank plenty of gin and they was a rough bunch even when sober They was always strong for Jim s jokes and when he told them to come with him and see some fun they give up their card games and pool games and followed along

Doc s office is on the second floor Right out side his door they s a flight of stairs leadin to the floor above Jim and his gang hid in the dark behind these stairs

Well Julie come up to Doc s door and rung the bell and they was nothin doin She rung it again and she rung it seven or eight times Then she tried the door and found it locked Then Jim made some kind of a noise and she

heard it and waited a minute and then she says Is that you, Ralph? Ralph is Doc s first name

They was no answer and it must of came to her all of a sudden that she d been bunked She pretty near fell downstairs and the whole gang after her They chased her all the way home hollerin Is that you Ralph?" and 'Oh, Ralphie dear is that you? Jim says he couldn t holler it himself as he was laughin too hard

Poor Julie! She didn t show up here on Main Street for a long long time afterward

And of course Jim and his gang told every body in town everybody but Doc Stair They was scared to tell him and he might of never knowed only for Paul Dickson The poor cuckoo, as Jim called him he was here in the shop one night when Jim was still gloatin' yet over what he d done to Julie And Paul took in as much of it is he could understand and he run to Doc with the story

It was a cinch Doc went up in the air and swore he d make Jim suffer But it was a kind of a delicate thing because if it got out that he had beat Jim up Julie was bound to hear of it and then she d know that Doc knew and of course knowin that he knew would make it worse for her than ever He was goin to do somethin, but it took a lot of figurin

Well it was a couple days later when Jim was here in the shop again and so was the cuckoo

Jim was goin duck shootin the next day and had come in lookin for Hod Meyers to go with him I happened to know that Hod had went over to Carterville and wouldn t be home till the end of the week So Jim said he hated to go alone and he guessed he would call it off Then poor Paul spoke up and said if Jim would take him he would go along Jim thought a w ile and then he said well he guessed a half wit was better than nothin

I suppose he was plottin to get Paul out in the boat and play some joke on him like pushin him in the water Anyways he said Paul could go He asked him had he ever shot a duck and Paul said no he d never even had a gun in his hands So Jim said he could set in the boat and watch him and if he behaved himself he might lend him his gun for a couple of shots They made a date to meet in the mornin and that s the last I seen of Jim alive

Next mornin I hadn t been open more than ten minutes when Doc Stair come in He looked kind of nervous He asked me had I seen Paul Dickson I said no but I knew where he was out duck shootin with Jim Kendall So Doc says that s what he had heard and he couldn t understand it because Paul had told him he wouldn t never have no more to do with Jim as long as he lived

He said Paul had told him about the joke Jim had played on Julie He said Paul had asked

him what he thought of the joke and the Doc had told him that anybody that would do a thing like that ought not to be let live

I said it had been a kind of a raw thing but Jim just couldn t resist no kind of a joke no matter how raw I said I thought he was all right at heart but just bubblin' over with mis chief Doc turned and walked out

At noon he got a phone call from old John Scott The lake where Jim and Paul had went shootin is on John s place Paul had came run nin up to the house a few minutes before and said they d been an accident Jim had shot a few duck s and then give the gun to Paul and told him to try his luck Paul hadn t never handled a gun and he was nervous He was shakin so hard that he couldn t control the gun He let fire and Jim sunk back in the boat dead

Doc Stair bein the coroner jumped in Frank Abbott s flivver and rushed out to Scott s farm Paul and old John was down on the shore of the lake Paul had rowed the boat to shore, but they d left the body in it waitin for Doc to come

Doc examined the body and said they might as well fetch it back to town They was no use leavin it there or callin a jury as it was a plain case of accidental shootin

Personally I wouldn t never leave a person shoot a gun in the same boat I was in unless I

was sure they knew somethin about guns Jim was a sucker to leave a new beginner have his gun let alone a half wit It probably served Jim right what he got But still we miss him round here He certainly was a card!

Comb it wet or dry?



THE MAN WHO STOLE A MEETING HOUSE

BY J T TROWBRIDGE

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ON a recent journey to the Pennsylvania oil regions I stopped one evening with a fellow traveler at a village which had just been thrown into a turmoil of excitement by the exploits of a horse thief As we sat around the tavern hearth after supper we heard the particulars of the rogue s capture and escape fully discussed then followed many another tale of theft and robbery, told amid curling puffs of tobacco smoke until at the close of an exciting story one of the natives turned to my traveling acquaintance and with a broad laugh said Kin ye beat that stranger?

Well I don t know—maybe I could if I should try I never happened to fall in with any such tall horse stealing as you tell of but I knew a man who stole a meeting house once

Stole a meetin house! That goes a little beyant anything yit remarked another of the honest villagers Ye don t mean he stole it and carried it away?

"Stole it and carried it away, repeated my traveling companion, seriously, crossing his legs, and resting his arm on the back of his chair And more than all that I helped him

How happened that?—for you don t look much like a thief yourself

All eyes were now turned upon my friend a plain New England farmer, whose honest home spun appearance and candid speech commanded respect

I was his hired man and I acted under orders His name was Jedwort—Old Jedwort the boys called him, although he wasn't above fifty when the crooked little circumstance happened which I'll make as straight a story of as I can if the company would like to hear it

Sartin stranger! sartin! about stealin the meetin house! chimed in two or three voices

My friend cleared his throat put his hair be hind his ears and with a grave smooth face but with a merry twinkle in his shrewd gray eye, be gan as follows

Jedwort I said his name was and I shall never forget how he looked one particular morn ing He stood leaning on the front gate—or rather on the post for the gate itself was such a shackling concern a child couldn t have leaned on t without breaking it down And Jedwort was no child Think of a stoutish stooping duck legged man with a mountainous back strongly suggestive of a bag of grist under his shirt, and

you have him That imaginary grist had been growing heavier and heavier, and he more and more bent under it for the last fifteen years and more until his head and neck just came forward out from between his shoulders like a turtle's from its shell His arms hung as he walked almost to the ground Being curved with the elbows outward he looked for all the world in a front view like a waddling interrogation point inclosed in a parenthesis If man was ever a quadruped as I've heard some folks tell and rose gradually from four legs to two there must have been a time very early in his history when he went about like Old Jedwort

The gate had been a very good gate in its day It had even been a genteel gate when Jedwort came into possession of the place by marrying his wife, who inherited it from her uncle That was some twenty years before and everything had been going to rack and ruin ever since

Jedwort himself had been going to rack and ruin, morally speaking He was a middling decent sort of man when I first knew him and I judge there must have been something about him more than common or he never could have got such a wife But then women do marry sometimes unaccountably I've known downright ugly and disagreeable fellows to work around till by and by they would get a pretty girl fascinated by something in them which nobody else

could see and then marry her in spite of every thing —just as you may have seen a magnetizer on the stage make his subjects do just what he pleased or a black snake charm a bird Talk about women marrying with their eyes open under such circumstances! They don t marry with their eyes open they are put to sleep in one sense and a n t more than half responsible for what they do if they are that Then rises the question that has puzzled wiser heads than any of ours here and will puzzle more yet, till society is different from what it is now—how much a refined and sensitive woman is bound to suffer from a coarse and disgusting master, legally called her husband before she is entitled to break off a bad bargain she scarce had a hand in making I ve sat here to night and heard about men getting goods under false pretences, you ve told some astonishing big stories gentlemen about rogues stealing horses and sleighs and I m going to tell you about the man who stole a meeting house, but, when all is said I guess it will be found that more extraordinary thieving than all that often goes on under our own eyes and nobody takes any notice of it. There's such a thing gentlemen as getting hearts under false pretences There s such a thing as a man's stealing a wife

I speak with feeling on this subject for I had an opportunity of seeing what Mrs Jedwort had to put up with from a man no woman of her stamp could do anything but detest She was

the patientest creature you ever saw She was even too patient If I had been tied to such a cub I think I should have cultivated the beautiful and benignant qualities of a wildcat there would have been one good fight and one of us would have been living and the other would have been dead and that would have been the end of it But Mrs Jedwort bore and bore untold miseries and a large number of children She had had nine of these and three were under the sod and six above it when Jedwort ran off with the meeting house in the way I am going on to tell you There was Maria the oldest girl a perfect picture of what her mother had been at nineteen Then there were the two boys Dave and Dan fine young fellows spite of their father Then came Lottie and Susie and then Willie a little four year old

It was amazing to see what the mother would do to keep her family looking decent with the little means she had For Jedwort was the tightest screw ever you saw It was avarice that had spoiled him and came so near turning him into a beast The boys used to say he grew so bent looking in the dirt for pennies That was true of his mind if not of his body He was a poor man and a pretty respectable man when he married his wife but he had no sooner come into possession of a little property than he grew crazy for more

There are a good many men in the world

that nobody looks upon as monomaniacs, who are crazy in just that sort of way They are all for laying up money, depriving themselves of com forts and their families of the advantages of society and education, just to add a few dollars to their hoard every year and so they keep on till they die and leave it to their children who would be much better off if a little more had been invested in the cultivation of their minds and manners and less in stocks and bonds

Jedwort was just one of that class of men, although perhaps he carried the fault I speak of a little to excess A dollar looked so big to him and he held it so close that at last he couldn t see much of anything else By degrees he lost all regard for decency and his neighbor s opinions His children went barefoot, even after they got to be great boys and girls because he was too mean to buy them shoes It was pitiful to see a nice interesting girl like Maria go about look ing as she did while her father was piling his money into the bank She wanted to go to school and learn music and be somebody but he wouldn t keep a hired girl and so she was obliged to stay at home and do housework and she could no more have got a dollar out of him to pay for clothes and tuition than you could squeeze sap out of a hoe handle

The only way his wife could ever get any thing new for the family was by stealing butter from her own dairy and selling it behind his back

'You needn't say anything to Mr Jedwort about this batch of butter she would hint to the store-keeper but you may hand the money to me or I will take my pay in goods' In this way a new gown or a piece of cloth for the boys coats or something else the family needed would be smuggled into the house with fear and trembling lest old Jedwort should make a row and find where the money came from

The house inside was kept neat as a pin but everything around it looked terribly shiftless It was built originally in an ambitious style and painted white It had four tall front pillars supporting the portion of the roof that came over the porch—lifting up the eyebrows of the house if I may so express myself and making it look as if it was going to sneeze Half the blinds were off their hinges and the rest flapped in the wind The front doorstep had rotted away The porch had once a good floor but for years Jedwort had been in the habit of going to it whenever he wanted a board for the pig pen until not a bit of floor was left

But I began to tell about Jedwort leaning on the gate that morning We had all noticed him and as Dave and I brought in the milk his mother asked What is your father planning now? Half the time he stands there looking up the road or else he s walking up that way in a brown study

He s got his eye on the old meeting house

says Dave setting down his pail 'He has been watching it and walking round it, off and on, for a week

That was the first intimation I had of what the old fellow was up to But after breakfast he followed me out of the house, as if he had something on his mind to say to me

Stark says he at last you ve always insisted on t that I wasn t an enterprisin man

I insist on t still, says I for I was in the habit of talking mighty plain to him, and joking him pretty hard sometimes If I had this farm, I d show you enterprise You wouldn t see the hogs in the garden half the time just for want of a good fence to keep em out You wouldn t see the very best strip of land lying waste just for want of a ditch You wouldn t see that stone wall by the road tumbling down year after year, till by and by you won t be able to see it for the weeds and thistles

Yes says he sarcastically ye d lay out ten times as much money on the place as ye d ever git back agin I ve no doubt But I believe in economy

That provoked me a little and I said Economy! You re one of the kind of men that ll skin a flint for sixpence and spoil a jack knife worth a shilling You waste fodder and grain enough every three years to pay for a bigger barn—to say nothing of the inconvenience

" Wal Stark says he, grinning and scratch

ing his head I ve made up my mind to have a bigger barn if I have to steal one

That won t be the first thing you ve stole, neither says I

He flared up at that Stole? says he What did I ever steal?

Well for one thing the rails the freshet last spring drifted off from Talcott s land onto yours and you grabbed what was that but stealing?

That was luck He couldn't swear to his rails By the way they ll jest come in play now

They ve come in play already says I They ve gone on to the old fences all over the farm and I could use a thousand more without making much show

That s cause you re so dumbed extravagant with rails as you are with everything else A few loads can be spared from the fences here and there as well as not Harness up the team boys and git together enough to make about ten rods o zigzag two rails high

Two rails? says Dave who had a healthy contempt for the old man s narrow contracted way of doing things What s the good of such a fence as that?

It ll be says I like the single bar in music When our old singing master asked his class once what a single bar was Bill Wilkins spoke up and said It s a bar that horses and cattle jump over and pigs and sheep run under

What do you expect to keep out with two rails?

The *law* boys the *law*' savs Jedwort 'I know what I m about I'll make a fence the *law* can t run under nor jump over, and I don t care a cuss for the cattle and pigs You git the rails and I ll rip some boards off n the pig pen to make stakes

Boards a n t good for nothin for stakes' says Dave Besides, none can't be spared from the pig pen

' I ll have boards enough in a day or two for forty pig pens says Jedwort Bring along the rails and dump em out in the road for the present and say nothin to nobody'

We got the rails and he made his stakes, and right away after dinner he called us out Come, boys says he now we ll astonish the natives

The wagon stood in the road with the last jag of rails still on it Jedwort piled on his stakes, and threw on the crowbar and axe, while we were hitching up the team

Now drive on Stark' says he

Yes but where shall I drive to?

' To the old meetin house' says Jedwort trudging on ahead

The old meeting house stood on an open common at the northeast corner of his farm A couple of cross roads bounded it on two sides, and it was bounded on the other two by Jedwort s

overgrown stone wall It was a square old fashioned building with a low steeple that had a belfry but no bell in it and with a high square pulpit and high straight backed pews inside It was now some time since meetings had been held there the old society that used to meet there having separated one division of it building a fashionable chapel in the North Village and the other a fine new church at the Centre

Now the peculiarity about the old church property was that nobody had any legal title to it A log meeting house had been built there when the country was first settled and the land was of no account In the course of time that was torn down and a good frame house put up in its place As it belonged to the whole community no title either to the house or land was ever recorded and it wasn t until after the society dissolved that the question came up as to how the property was to be disposed of While the old deacons were carefully thinking it over Jedwort was on hand, to settle it by putting in his claim

Now boys says he ye see what I m up to

Yes says I provoked as I could be at the mean trick and I knew it was some such mischief all along You never show any enterprise as you call it unless it is to get the start of a neighbor Then you are wide awake then you are busy as the Devil in a gale of wind

" But what *are* you up to pa? savs Dan, who didn t see the trick yet

'The old man says 'I m goin' to fence in the rest part of my farm

' What rest part?

This part that never was fenced, the old meetin house common

But, pa says Dave, disgusted as I was, you ve no claim on that'

Wal if I ha n t I ll make a claim Give me the crowbar Now here s the corner nigh as I can squint and he stuck the bar into the ground Make a fence to here from the wall, both sides'

Sho pa! says Dan looking bewildered ye a n t goin to fence in the old meetin house, be ye?

That s jest what I m goin to do Go and git some big stuns from the wall—the biggest ye can find to rest the corners of the fence on String the rails along by the road Stark and go for another load Don t stand gawpin' there!

Gawpin! says I it s enough to make any body *gawp* You do beat all the critters I ever had to deal with Haven t ye disgraced your family enough already without stealing a meet ing house?

How have I disgraced my family? says he

Then I put it to him Look at your children, it s all your wife can do to prevent em from growing up in rags and dirt and ignorance, be

cause you are too close fisted to clothe em decently or send em to school Look at your house and yard To see an Irishman s shanty in such a condition seems appropriate enough but a genteel place a house with pillars run down and gone to seed like that is an eyesore to the community Then look at your wife You never would have had any property to mismanage if it hadn t been for her and see the way you show your gratitude for it You won t let her go into company nor have company at home you won t allow a hired girl in the house but she and Maria have to do all the drudgery You make perfect slaves of em I swear if it wa n t for your wife I wouldn t work for you an hour longer but she s the best woman in the world after all you ve done to break her spirit and I hate to leave her

The old fellow squirmed and wrenched the crowbar in the ground then snarled back Yes! you re waitin for me to die then you mean to step into my shoes'

I hope you ll have a decenter pair than them you ve got on if I m to step into em says I

One thing about it says he she won t have ye

I should think says I a woman that would marry you would have most anybody

So we had it back and forth till by and by he left me to throw off the rails and went to show the boys how to build the fence

Look here says he jest put a thunderin

big stun to each corner then lay your rail on then drive your pair of stakes over it like a letter X He drove a pair Now put on your rider There s your letter X ridin one length of rails and carryin another That s what I call puttin' ver alphabet to a practical use and I say there a n t no sense in havin any more edication than ve *can* put to a practical use I ve larnin enough to git along in the world and if my boys have as much as I ve got they ll git along Now work spry for there comes Deacon Talcott

Wal wall says the Deacon coming up, puffing with excitement, what ye doin' to the old meetin house?

Wal says Jedwort driving away at his stakes and never looking up I ve been con siderin some time what I should do with t, and I ve concluded to make a barn on t

Make a barn! make a barn! cries the Deacon Who give ye liberty to make a barn of the house of God?

Nobody I take the liberty Why shouldn t I do what I please with my own prop ty?

Your own property—what do you mean! 'Ta n t your meetin house

Whose is t if 'ta n t mine? says Jedwort lifting his turtle s head from between his hori zontal shoulders and grinning in the Deacon s face

It belongs to the society ' says the Deacon

But the s ciety s pulled up stakes and gone off'

It belongs to ındıvıdooals of the society—to ındıvıdooals

Wal I m an ındıvıdooal says Jedwort

You! you never went to meetın here a dozen tımes ın your life!

I never dıd have my share of the old meet ın house that s a fact says Jedwort but I ll make ıt up now

But what are ye fencın up the common for? says the Deacon

It ll make a good calf pastur I ve never had my share o the vally o that eıther I ve let my neighbors pıgs and crıtters run on t long enough and now I m jest goın to take possessıon o my own

Your own! says the Deacon ın perfect con sternatıon You ve no deed on t

Wal have you?

No—but—the society—

The s cıety I tell ye says Jedwort holdıng his head up longer than I ever knew hım to hold ıt up at a tıme and grınnıng all the while ın Tal cott s face— the s cıety ıs splıt to pieces There a n t no s cıety now—any more n a pıg s a pıg arter you ve butchered and e t ıt You ve e t the pıg amongst ye and left me the pen The s cıety never had a deed o thıs ere prop ty and no man never had a deed o thıs e re prop ty My wife s gran daddy, when he took up the land here was a good natered sort of man and he allowed a corner on t for his neighbors to put up a tem

p rary meetin house That was finally used up —the kind o preachin' they had them days was enough to use up in a little time any house that wa n t fire proof and when that was preached to pieces they put up another shelter in its place This is it And now t the land a'n t used no more for the puppose twas lent for, it goes back nat rally to the estate 'twas took from and the buildin s along with it

That s all a sheer fabrication says the Deacon This land was never a part of what s now your farm, any more than it was a part of mine

Wal says Jedwort I look at it in my way and you ve a perfect right to look at it in your way But I m goin to make sure o my way by puttin a fence round the hull concern'

And you re usin some of my rails for to do it with! says the Deacon

Can you swear they re your rails?

' Yes I can they re the rails the freshet carried off from my farm last spring and landed on to yourn'

' So I've heard ye say But can you swear to the partic lar rails? Can you swear for in stance, 't this ere is your rail? or this 'ere one?

'No I can t swear to precisely them two—but—

' Can you swear to these two? or to any one or two? says Jedwort No ye can t Ye can

swear to the lot in general but you can t swear to any partic lar rail, and that kind o swearin' won t stand law, Deacon Talcott I don t boast of bein an edicated man but I know suthin o what law is and when I know it, I dror a line there, and I toe that line and I make my neigh bors toe that line Deacon Talcott Nine p ints o the law is possession and I ll have possession o this ere house and land by fencin on t in and *though every man t comes along should say these* 'ere rails belong to them I ll fence it in with these ere very rails

Jedwort said this wagging his obstinate old head and grinning with his face turned up pug naciously at the Deacon then went to work again as if he had settled the question and didn t wish to discuss it any further

As for Talcott he was too full of wrath and boiling indignation to answer such a speech He knew that Jedwort had managed to get the start of him with regard to the rails by mixing a few of his own with those he had stolen so that no body could tell em apart and he saw at once that the meeting house was in danger of going the same way just for want of an owner to swear out a clear title to the property He did just the wisest thing when he swallowed his vexation and hurried off to alarm the leading men of the two societies and to consult a lawyer

He ll stir up the old town like a bumble bee s nest says Jedwort Hurry up, boys or

there ll be a buzzin round our ears fore we git through!

I wish ye wouldn t pa! says Dave Why don t we 'tend to our own business and be dec ent like other folks? I'm sick of this kind of life'

' Quit it then says Jedwort

' Do you tell me to quit it? says Dave drop ping the end of a rail he was handling

Yes I do and do it dumbed quick if ye can t show a proper respect to your father!

Dave turned white as a sheet and he trembled as he answered back, I should be glad to show you respect if you was a man I could feel any respect for

At that Jedwort caught hold of the iron bar that was sticking in the ground where he had been making a hole for a stake and pulled away at it I ll make a stake hole in you! says he It s enough to have a sassy hired man round, without bein jawed by one s own children!

'Dave was out of reach by the time the bar came out of the ground

Come here you villain! says the old man

I d rather be excused says Dave, backing off I don t want any stake holes made in me to day You told me to quit and I m going to You may steal your own meeting houses in future I won t help

'There was a short race Dave s young legs proved altogether too smart for the old wad

dler s and he got off Then Jedwort coming back wheezing and sweating with his iron bar, turned savagely on me

I ve a good notion to tell you to go too!

Very well why don t ye? says I 'I m ready

' There s no livin with ye ye re gettin so dumbed sassy! What I keep ye for is a mystery to me

No it a n t you keep me because you can t get another man to fill my place You put up with my sass for the money I bring ye in

Hold your vawp ' says he and go and git another load of rails If ye see Dave tell him to come back to work

I did see Dave but instead of telling him to go back I advised him to put out from the old home and get his living somewhere else His mother and Maria agreed with me and when the old man came home that night Dave was gone

When I got back with my second load I found the neighbors assembling to witness the *stealing of the old meeting house* and Jedwort was answering their remonstrances

A meetin house is a respectable kind o prop ty to have round ' says he The steeple ll make a good show behind my house When folks ride by they ll stop and look and say There s a man keeps a private meetin house of

his own I can have preachin in't too if I want I'm able to hire a preacher of my own, or I can preach myself and save the expense

Of course neither sarcasm nor argument could have any effect on such a man As the neighbors were going away Jedwort shouted after 'em Call agin Glad to see ye There ll be more sport in a few days when I take the dumbed thing away' (The dumbed thing was the meeting house) I invite ye all to see the show Free gratis It ll be good as a circus and a tarnal sight cheaper The women can bring their knittin , and the gals their everlastin tattin As it ll be a pious kind o show bein it s a meetin house guess I ll have notices gin out from the pulpits the Sunday afore'

The common was fenced in by sundown and the next day Jedwort had over a house mover from the North Village to look and see what could be done with the building Can ye snake it over and drop it back of my house? says he.

It ll be a hard job' says old Bob 'without you tear down the steeple fust

But Jedwort said What s a meetin house 'thout a steeple? I ve got my heart kind o set on that steeple and I'm bound to go the hull hog on this ere concern now I've begun

'I vow' says Bob examining the timbers 'I won t warrant but the old thing ll all tumble down'

' I ll resk it

"Yes, but who'll resk the lives of me and my men?"

"O you'll see if it's re'ly goin' to tumble and look out. I'll engage 't me and my boys'll do the most dangerous part of the work. Dumbed if I wouldn't agree to ride in the steeple and ring the bell if there was one."

I've never heard that the promised notices were read from the pulpits, but it wasn't many days before Bob came over again, bringing with him this time his screws and ropes and rollers, his men and timbers, horse and capstan, and at last the old house might have been seen on its travels.

It was an exciting time all around. The societies found that Jedwort's fence gave him the first claim to house and land unless a regular siege of the law was gone through to beat him off—and then it might turn out that he would beat them. Some said fight him, some said let him be—the thing a'n't worth going to law for; and so, as the leading men couldn't agree as to what should be done, nothing was done. That was just what Jedwort had expected, and he laughed in his sleeve while Bob and his boys screwed up the old meeting house, and got their beams under it, and set it on rollers, and slued it around, and slid it on the timbers laid for it across into Jedwort's field, steeple foremost, like a locomotive on a track.

It was a trying time for the women folks at

home Maria had declared that if her father did persist in stealing the meeting house she would not stay a single day after it but would follow Dave

That touched me pretty close for, to tell the truth it was rather more Maria than her mother that kept me at work for the old man 'If you go says I then there is no object for me to stay I shall go too

That s what I supposed says she, for there s no reason in the world why you should stay But then Dan will go and who ll be left to take sides with mother? That s what troubles me Oh if she could only go too! But she won t and she couldn't if she would, with the other children depending on her Dear dear! what shall we do?

The poor girl put her head on my shoulder and cried and if I should own up to the truth I suppose I cried a little too For where s the man that can hold a sweet woman s head on his shoulder while she sobs out her trouble and he hasn t any power to help her—who I say can do any less under such circumstances than drop a tear or two for company?

Never mind don t hurry says Mrs Jed wort Be patient and wait a while and it ll all turn out right I m sure

Yes you always say Be patient and wait! ' says Maria brushing back her hair But, for my part I m tired of waiting and my

patience has given out long ago We can t al ways live in this way and we may as well make a change now as ever But I can t bear the thought of going and leaving you

Here the two younger girls came in and seeing that crying was the order of the day they began to cry and when they heard Maria talk of going they declared they would go and even little Willie the four year old began to howl

There there! Maria! Lottie! Susie! said Mrs Jedwort in her calm way Willie hush up! I don t know what we are to do but I feel that something is going to happen that will show us the right way and we are to wait Now go and wash the dishes and set the cheese

That was just after breakfast the second day of the moving and sure enough something like what she prophesied did happen before an other sun

The old frame held together pretty well till along toward night when the steeple showed signs of seceding There she goes! She s fall ing now! sung out the boys who had been hang ing around all day in hopes of seeing the thing tumble

The house was then within a few rods of where Jedwort wanted it but Bob stopped right there and said it wasn t safe to haul it another inch That steeple s bound to come down if we do says he

Not by a dumbed sight it a n t says Jed

wort Them cracks a'n't nothin', the j'ints is all firm yit He wanted Bob to go up and examine but Bob shook his head — the concern looked too shaky Then he told me to go up, but I said I hadn't lived quite long enough, and had a little rather be smoking my pipe on *terra firma* Then the boys began to hoot Dumbed if ye a'n't all a set of cowards,' says he I'll go up myself

We waited outside while he climbed up inside The boys jumped on the ground to jar the steeple and make it fall One of them blew a horn—as he said to bring down the old Jericho —and another thought he'd help things along by starting up the horse and giving the building a little wrench But Bob put a stop to that, and finally out came a head from the belfry window It was Jedwort who shouted down to us There ain't a j'int or brace gi'n out Start the hoss and I'll ride Pass me up that ere horn, and—

Just then there came a cracking and loosening of timbers and we that stood nearest had only time to jump out of the way, when down came the steeple crashing to the ground with Jedwort in it

I hope it killed the cuss' said one of the village story tellers

Worse than that replied my friend it just cracked his skull—not enough to put an end to his miserable life but only to take away what

little sense he had We got the doctors to him and they patched up his broken head and by George it made me mad to see the fuss the women folks made over him It would have been my way to let him die but they were as anxious and attentive to him as if he had been the kindest husband and most indulgent father that ever lived for that s women s style they re unreasoning creatures

Along toward morning we persuaded Mrs Jedwort who had been up all night to lie down a spell and catch a little rest while Maria and I sat up and watched with the old man All was still except our whispers and his heavy breathing there was a lamp burning in the next room when all of a sudden a light shone into the windows and about the same time we heard a roaring and crackling sound We looked out and saw the night all lighted up as if by some great fire As it appeared to be on the other side of the house we ran to the door and there what did we see but the old meeting house all in flames! Some fellows had set fire to it to spite Jedwort It must have been burning some time inside for when we looked out the flames had burst through the roof

As the night was perfectly still except a light wind blowing away from the other buildings on the place we raised no alarm but just stood in the door and saw it burn And a glad sight it was to us you may be sure I just held

Maria close to my side, and told her that all was well—it was the best thing that could happen O yes says she it seems to me as though a kind Providence was burning up his sin and home out of our sight

I had never yet said anything to her about marriage—for the time to come at that had never seemed to arrive but there s nothing like a little excitement to bring things to a focus You ve seen water in a tumbler just at the freezing point but not exactly able to make up its mind to freeze when a little jar will set the crystals forming and in a minute what was liquid is ice It was the shock of events that night that touched my life into crystals—not of ice gentlemen by any manner of means

After the fire had got along so far that the meeting house was a gone case an alarm was given probably by the very fellows that set it and a hundred people were on the spot before the thing had done burning

Of course these circumstances put an end to the breaking up of the family Dave was sent for and came home Then as soon as we saw that the old man s brain was injured so that he wasn t likely to recover his mind the boys and I went to work and put that farm through a course of improvement it would have done your eyes good to see The children were sent to school, and Mrs Jedwort had all the money she wanted now to clothe them and to provide the house

with comforts without stealing her own butter Jedwort was a burden but in spite of him that was just about the happiest family for the next four years that ever lived on this planet

Jedwort soon got his bodily health but I don t think he knew one of us again after his hurt As near as I could get at his state of mind he thought he had been changed into some sort of animal He seemed inclined to take me for a master and for four years he followed me around like a dog During that time he never spoke but only whined and growled When I said Lie down he d lie down and when I whistled he d come

I used sometimes to make him work and certain simple things he would do very well as long as I was by One day I had a jag of hay to get in and as the boys were away I thought I d have him load it I pitched it on to the wagon about where it ought to lie and looked to him only to pack it down There turned out to be a bigger load than I had expected and the higher it got the worse the shape of it till finally as I was starting it toward the barn off it rolled and the old man with it head foremost

He struck a stone heap and for a moment I thought he was killed But he jumped up and spoke for the first time *I ll blow it* says he finishing the sentence he had begun four years before when he called for the horn to be passed up to him

I couldn t have been much more astonished if one of the horses had spoken But I saw at once that there was an expression in Jedwort s face that hadn t been there since his tumble in the belfry and I knew that as his wits had been knocked out of him by one blow on the head so another blow had knocked em in again

Where s Bob? says he looking all round

Bob? says I not thinking at first who he meant Oh Bob is dead—he has been dead these three years

Without noticing my reply he exclaimed 'Where did all that hay come from? Where s the old meetin house?

Don t you know? says I Some rogues set fire to it the night after you got hurt and burnt it up

He seemed then just beginning to realize that something extraordinary had happened

Stark says he what s the matter with ye? You re changed

Yes say I I wear my beard now, and I ve grown older!

Dumbed if ta n t odd! says he 'Stark, what in thunder s the matter with *me?*

You ve had meeting house on the brain for the past four years says I that s what s the matter

It was some time before I could make him understand that he had been out of his head and that so long a time had been a blank to him

Then he said Is this my farm?

Don t you know it? says I

It looks more slicked up than ever it used to says he

Yes says I and you ll find everything else on the place slicked up in about the same way

Where s Dave? says he

Dave has gone to town to see about selling the wool

Where s Dan?

Dan s in college He takes a great notion to medicine and we re going to make a doctor of him

Whose house is that? says he as I was tak ing him home

No wonder you don t know it says I It has been painted and shingled and had new blinds put on the gates and fences are all in prime condition and that s a new barn we put up a couple of years ago

Where does the money come from to make all these improvements?

It comes off the place says I We haven t run in debt the first cent for anything but we ve made the farm more profitable than it ever was before

That *my* house? he repeated wonderingly, as we approached it What sound is that?

That s Lottie practicing her lesson on the piano

"'A pianer in my house? he muttered 'I can t stand that! He listened It sounds pooty though!

Yes it does sound pretty and I guess you ll like it How does the place suit you?

It *looks* pooty He started What young lady is that?

It was Lottie who had left her music and stood by the window

My dahter! ye don t say! Dumbed if she a n t a mighty nice gal

Yes says I she takes after her mother'

Just then Susie who heard talking ran to the door

Who s that agin? says Jedwort

I told him

Wal *she s* a mighty nice lookin gal!

Yes says I, *she* takes after her mother'

Little Willie now eight years old came out of the woodshed with a bow and arrow in his hand and stared like an owl hearing his father talk

What boy is that? says Jedwort And when I told him he muttered He s an ugly looking brat!

He s more like his father' says I

The truth is Willie was such a fine boy the old man was afraid to praise him for fear I d say of him as I d said of the girls that he favored his mother

Susie ran back and gave the alarm and

then out came mother and Maria with her baby in her arms for I forgot to tell you that we had been married now nigh on to two years

Well the women folks were as much astonished as I had been when Jedwort first spoke and a good deal more delighted They drew him into the house and I am bound to say he behaved remarkably well He kept looking at his wife and his children and his grandchild and the new paper on the walls and the new furniture and now and then asking a question or making a remark

It all comes back to me now says he at last I thought I was living in the moon with a superior race of human beings and this is the place and you are the people

It wasn t more than a couple of days before he began to pry around and find fault and grumble at the expense and I saw there was danger of things relapsing into something like their former condition So I took him one side and talked to him

Jedwort says I you re like a man raised from the grave You was the same as buried to your neighbors and now they come and look at you as they would at a dead man come to life To you it s like coming into a new world and I ll leave it to you now if you don t rather like the change from the old state of things to what you see around you to day You ve seen how

the family affairs go on—how pleasant every thing is, and how we all enjoy ourselves You hear the piano and like it, you see your chil dren sought after and respected your wife in finer health and spirits than you ve ever known her since the day she was married you see in dustry and neatness everywhere on the prem ises and you re a beast if you don t like all that In short you see that our management is a great deal better than yours and that we beat you even in the matter of economy Now what I want to know is this whether you think you d like to fall into our way of living or return like a hog to your wallow

I don t say but what I like your way of livin very well he grumbled

Then says I, you must just let us go ahead as we have been going ahead Now s the time for you to turn about and be a respectable man like your neighbors Just own up and say you ve not only been out of your head the past four years but that you ve been more or less out of your head the last four and twenty years But say you re in your right mind now, and prove it by acting like a man in his right mind Do that and I m with you we re all with you But go back to your old dirty ways and you go alone Now I sha n t let you off till you tell me what you mean to do

He hesitated some time then said Maybe you re about right Stark you and Dave and the

old woman seem to be doin pooty well and I guess I ll let you go on

Here my friend paused as if his story was done when one of the villagers asked About the land where the old meetin house stood—what ever was done with that?

That was appropriated for a new school house and there my little shavers go to school

And old Jedwort is he alive yet?

Both Jedwort and his wife have gone to that country where meanness and dishonesty have a mighty poor chance—where the only investments worth much are those recorded in the Book of Life Mrs Jedwort was rich in that kind of stock and Jedwort s account I guess will com pare favorably with that of some respectable people such as we all know I tell ye my friends continued my fellow traveler there s many a man both in the higher and lower ranks of life that t would do a deal of good say nothing of the mercy twould be to their families just to knock em on the head and make Nebu chadnezzars of em—then after they d been turned out to grass a few years let em come back again and see how happy folks have been and how well they have got along without em

I carry on the old place now he added The younger girls are married off Dan s a doctor in the North Village and as for Dave he and I have struck ile I m going out to look at our property now

A RIDE WITH A MAD HORSE IN A FREIGHT CAR

BY W H H MURRAY

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IT was at the battle of Malvern Hill—a battle where the carnage was more frightful as it seems to me than in any this side of the Alleghanies during the whole war—that my story must begin I was then serving as Major in the —th Massachusetts Regiment—the old —th as we used to call it—and a bloody time the boys had of it too About 2 P M we had been sent out to skirmish along the edge of the wood in which as our generals suspected the Rebs lay massing for a charge across the slope upon the crest of which our army was posted We had barely entered the underbrush when we met the heavy formations of Magruder in the very act of charging Of course our thin line of skirmishers was no impediment to those onrushing masses They were on us and over us before we could get out of the way I do not think that half of those running screaming masses of men ever knew that they had passed over the remnants of as plucky a regiment as ever came out of the old Bay State But many of the

boys had good reason to remember that afternoon at the base of Malvern Hill, and I among the number for when the last line of Rebs had passed over me I was left among the bushes with the breath nearly trampled out of me and an ugly bayonet gash through my thigh, and mighty little consolation was it for me at that moment to see the fellow who ran me through lying stark dead at my side, with a bullet hole in his head his shock of coarse black hair matted with blood and his stony eyes looking into mine Well I bandaged up my limb the best I might, and started to crawl away for our batteries had opened and the grape and canister that came hurtling down the slope passed but a few feet over my head It was slow and painful work, as you can imagine but at last by dint of perseverance I had dragged myself away to the left of the direct range of the batteries and creeping to the verge of the wood looked off over the green slope I understood by the crash and roar of the guns the yells and cheers of the men and that hoarse murmur which those who have been in battle know but which I can not describe in words that there was hot work going on out there but never have I seen no not in that three days desperate *melee* at the Wilderness nor at that terrific repulse we had at Cold Harbor such absolute slaughter as I saw that afternoon on the green slope of Malvern Hill The guns of the entire army were massed on the crest and thirty

thousand of our infantry lay musket in hand in front For eight hundred yards the hill sank in easy declension to the wood and across this smooth expanse the Rebs must charge to reach our lines It was nothing short of downright insanity to order men to charge that hill and so his generals told Lee but he would not listen to reason that day and so he sent regiment after regiment and brigade after brigade and division after division to certain death Talk about Grant s disregard of human life his efforts at Cold Harbor—and I ought to know for I got a Minie in my shoulder that day—was hopeful and easy work to what Lee laid on Hill s and Magruder s divisions at Malvern It was at the close of the second charge when the yelling mass reeled back from before the blaze of those sixty guns and thirty thousand rifles even as they began to break and fly backward toward the woods that I saw from the spot where I lay a riderless horse break out of the confused and flying mass and with mane and tail erect and spreading nostril come dashing obliquely down the slope Over fallen steeds and heaps of the dead she leaped with a motion as airy as that of the flying fox when fresh and unjaded he leads away from the hounds whose sudden cry has broken him off from hunting mice amid the bogs of the meadow So this riderless horse came vaulting along Now from my earliest boyhood I have had what horsemen call a weakness for horses Only give me

a colt of wild irregular temper and fierce blood to tame and I am perfectly happy Never did lash of mine singing with cruel sound through the air fall on such a colt s soft hide Never did yell or kick send his hot blood from heart to head deluging his sensitive brain with fiery currents driving him into frenzy or blinding him with fear but touches soft and gentle as a woman s caressing words and oats given from the open palm and unfailing kindness were the means I used to subjugate him Sweet subjugation both to him who subdues and to him who yields! The wild unmannerly, and unmanageable colt the fear of horsemen the country round finding in you not an enemy but a friend receiving his daily food from you and all those little nothings which go as far with a horse as a woman, to win and retain affection grows to look upon you as his protector and friend and testifies in countless ways his fondness for you So when I saw this horse with action so free and motion so graceful amid that storm of bullets my heart involuntarily went out to her, and my feelings rose higher and higher at every leap she took from amid the whirlwind of fire and lead And as she plunged at last over a little hillock out of range and came careering toward me as only a riderless horse might come her head flung wildly from side to side her nostrils widely spread her flank and shoulders flecked with foam her eye dilating I forgot my wound and all the wild roar

of battle and lifting myself involuntarily to a sitting posture as she swept grandly by gave her a ringing cheer

Perhaps in the sound of a human voice of happy mood amid the awful din she recognized a resemblance to the voice of him whose blood moistened her shoulders and was even yet dripping from saddle and housings Be that as it may no sooner had my voice sounded than she flung her head with a proud upward movement into the air swerved sharply to the left neighed as she might to a master at morning from her stall and came trotting directly up to where I lay and pausing looked down upon me as it were in compassion I spoke again and stretched out my hand caressingly She pricked her ears took a step forward and lowered her nose until it came in contact with my palm Never did I fondle anything more tenderly never did I see an animal which seemed to so court and appreciate human tenderness as that beautiful mare I say beautiful No other word might describe her Never will her image fade from my memory while memory lasts

In weight she might have turned when well conditioned nine hundred and fifty pounds In color she was a dark chestnut with a velvety depth and soft look about the hair indescribably rich and elegant Many a time have I heard ladies dispute the shade and hue of her plush like coat as they ran their white jeweled fingers

through her silken hair Her body was round in the barrel and perfectly symmetrical She was wide in the haunches without projection of the hipbones upon which the shorter ribs seemed to lap High in the withers as she was the line of her back and neck perfectly curved while her deep oblique shoulders and long thick forearm ridgy with swelling sinews suggested the perfection of stride and power Her knees across the pan were wide the cannon bone below them short and thin the pasterns long and sloping her hoofs round dark shiny and well set on Her mane was a shade darker than her coat fine and thin as a thoroughbred s always is whose blood is without taint or cross Her ear was thin, sharply pointed delicately curved nearly black around the borders and as tremulous as the leaves of an aspen Her neck rose from the withers to the head in perfect curvature hard devoid of fat, and well cut up under the chops Her nostrils were full very full and thin almost as parchment The eyes from which tears might fall or fire flash were well brought out soft as a gazelle s almost human in their intelligence while over the small bony head over neck and shoulders yea over the whole body and clean down to the hoofs the veins stood out as if the skin were but tissue paper against which the warm blood pressed and which it might at any moment burst asunder A perfect animal, I said to myself as I lay looking her over—'an

animal which might have been born from the wind and the sunshine so cheerful and so swift she seems an animal which a man would present as his choicest gift to the woman he loved and yet one which that woman wife or lady love would give him to ride when honor and life depended on bottom and speed

All that afternoon the beautiful mare stood over me while away to the right of us the hoarse tide of battle flowed and ebbed What charm what delusion of memory held her there? Was my face to her as the face of her dead master sleep ing a sleep from which not even the wildest roar of battle no nor her cheerful neigh at morning would ever wake him? *Or is there in animals* some instinct answering to our intuition only more potent which tells them whom to trust and whom to avoid? I know not and yet some such sense they may have they must have or else why should this mare so fearlessly attach herself to me? By what process of reason or instinct I know not but there she chose me for her master for when some of my men at dusk came search ing and found me and laying me on a stretcher started toward our lines the mare uncompelled of her own free will followed at my side and all through that stormy night of wind and rain as my men struggled along through the mud and mire toward Harrison s Landing the mare fol lowed and ever after until she died was with me

and was mine and I, so far as man might be, was hers I named her Gulnare

As quickly as my wound permitted I was transported to Washington, whither I took the mare with me Her fondness for me grew daily, and soon became so marked as to cause universal comment I had her boarded while in Washington at the corner of —— Street and —— Avenue The groom had instructions to lead her around to the window against which was my bed at the hospital twice every day so that by opening the sash I might reach out my hand and pet her But the second day no sooner had she reached the street than she broke suddenly from the groom and dashed away at full speed I was lying bolstered up in bed reading when I heard the rush of flying feet and in an instant with a loud joyful neigh she checked herself in front of my window And when the nurse lifted the sash the beautiful creature thrust her head through the aperture and rubbed her nose against my shoulder like a dog I am not ashamed to say that I put both my arms around her neck and burying my face in her silken mane kissed her again and again Wounded weak and away from home with only strangers to wait upon me and scant service at that the affection of this lovely creature for me, so tender and touching seemed almost human and my heart went out to her beyond any power of expression, as to the only being of all the thou

sands around me who thought of me and loved me Shortly after her appearance at my window *the groom who had divined where he should* find her came into the yard But she would not allow him to come near her much less touch her If he tried to approach she would lash out at him with her heels most spitefully and then laying back her ears and opening her mouth savagely would make a short dash at him and as the terrified African disappeared around the corner of the hospital she would wheel and with a face bright as a happy child s come trotting to the window for me to pet her I shouted to the groom to go back to the stable for I had no doubt but that she would return to her stall when I closed the window Rejoiced at the permission he departed After some thirty minutes the last ten of which she was standing with her slim delicate head in my lap while I braided her foretop and combed out her silken mane I lifted her head and patting her softly on either cheek told her that she must go I gently pushed her head out of the window and closed it and then holding up my hand with the palm turned toward her charged her making the appropriate motion to go away right straight back to her stable For a moment she stood looking steadily at me with an indescribable expression of hesitation and surprise in her clear liquid eyes and then turning lingeringly walked slowly out of the yard

Twice a day for nearly a month while I lay

in the hospital did Gulnare visit me At the appointed hour the groom would slip her head stall and without a word of command she would dart out of the stable and with her long leopard like lope go sweeping down the street and come dashing into the hospital yard checking herself with the same glad neigh at my window nor did she ever once fail at the closing of the sash to return directly to her stall The groom informed me that every morning and evening when the hour of her visit drew near she would begin to chafe and worry and by pawing and pulling at the halter advertise him that it was time for her to be released

But of all exhibitions of happiness either by beast or man hers was the most positive on that afternoon when racing into the yard she found me leaning on a crutch outside the hospital building The whole corps of nurses came to the doors and all the poor fellows that could move themselves—for Gulnare had become a universal favorite and the boys looked for her daily visits nearly if not quite as ardently as I did—crawled to the windows to see her What gladness was expressed in every movement! She would come prancing toward me head and tail erect, and pausing rub her head against my shoulder, while I patted her glossy neck then suddenly, with a sidewise spring she would break away and with her long tail elevated until her magnificent brush fine and silken as the golden hair of a blonde fell

in a great spray on either flank and her head curved to its proudest arch pace around me with that high action and springing step peculiar to the thoroughbred Then like a flash dropping her brush and laying back her ears and stretching her nose straight out she would speed away with that quick nervous low lying action which marks the rush of racers when side by side and nose to nose lapping each other with the roar of cheers on either hand and along the seats above them, they come straining up the home stretch Returning from one of these arrowy flights she would come curvetting back now pacing side wise as on parade now dashing her hind feet high into the air and anon vaulting up and springing through the air with legs well under her as if in the act of taking a five barred gate and finally would approach and stand happy in her reward —my caress

The war at last was over Gulnare and I were in at the death with Sheridan at the Five Forks Together we had shared the pageant at Richmond and Washington and never had I seen her in better spirits than on that day at the capital It was a sight indeed to see her as she came down Pennsylvania Avenue If the triumphant procession had been all in her honor and mine she could not have moved with greater grace and pride With dilating eye and tremulous ear ceaselessly champing her bit her heated blood bringing out the magnificent lacework of veins

over her entire body now and then pausing and with a snort gathering herself back upon her haunches as for a mighty leap while she shook the froth from her bits she moved with a high prancing step down the magnificent street, the admired of all beholders Cheer after cheer was given huzza after huzza rang out over her head from roofs and balcony bouquet after bouquet was launched by fair and enthusiastic admirers before her and yet amid the crash and swell of music the cheering and tumult so gentle and manageable was she that though I could feel her frame creep and tremble under me as she moved through that whirlwind of excitement no check or curb was needed and the bridle lines—the same she wore when she came to me at Malvern Hill—lay unlifted on the pommel of the saddle Never before had I seen her so grandly herself Never before had the fire and energy, the grace and gentleness of her blood so revealed them selves This was the day and the event she needed And all the royalty of her ancestral breed—a race of equine kings—flowing as with out taint or cross from him that was the pride and wealth of the whole tribe of desert rangers ex pressed itself in her I need not say that I shared her mood I sympathized in her every step I entered into all her royal humors I patted her neck and spoke loving and cheerful words to her I called her my beauty my pride my pet And did she not understand me? Every word! Else

why that listening ear turned back to catch my softest whisper why the responsive quiver through the frame and the low happy neigh? 'Well I exclaimed as I leaped from her back at the close of the review—alas! that words spoken in lightest mood should portend so much!— well Gulnare if you should die your life has had its triumph The nation itself through its admiring capital has paid tribute to your beauty and death can never rob you of your fame And I patted her moist neck and foam flecked shoulders while the grooms were busy with head and loins

That night our brigade made its bivouac just over Long Bridge almost on the identical spot where four years before I had camped my com pany of three months volunteers With what experiences of march and battle were those four years filled! For three of these years Gulnare had been my constant companion With me she had shared my tent and not rarely my rations for in appetite she was truly human and my steward always counted her as one of our mess Twice had she been wounded—once at Fred ericksburg through the thigh and once at Cold Harbor where a piece of shell tore away a part of her scalp So completely did it stun her that for some months I thought her dead but to my great joy she shortly recovered her senses I had the wound carefully dressed by our brigade sur geon from whose care she came in a month with the edges of the wound so nicely united that the

eye could with difficulty detect the scar This night as usual she lay at my side her head almost touching mine Never before unless when on a raid and in face of the enemy, had I seen her so uneasy Her movements during the night compelled wakefulness on my part The sky was cloudless and in the dim light I lay and watched her Now she would stretch herself at full length and rub her head on the ground Then she would start up and sitting on her haunches like a dog lift one foreleg and paw her neck and ears Anon she would rise to her feet and shake herself walk off a few rods return and lie down again by my side I did not know what to make of it unless the excitement of the day had been too much for her sensitive nerves I spoke to her kindly and petted her In response she would rub her nose against me and lick my hand with her tongue—a peculiar habit of hers—like a dog As I was passing my hand over her head I discovered that it was hot and the thought of the old wound flashed into my mind with a momentary fear that something might be wrong about her brain but after thinking it over I dismissed it as incredible Still I was alarmed I knew that something was amiss and I rejoiced at the thought that I should soon be at home where she could have quiet, and if need be the best of nursing At length the morning dawned and the mare and I took our last meal together on Southern soil—the last we ever took together

The brigade was formed in line for the last time and as I rode down the front to review the boys she moved with all her old battle grace and power Only now and then by a shake of the head was I reminded of her actions during the night I said a few words of farewell to the men whom I had led so often to battle with whom I had shared perils not a few and by whom as I had reason to think I was loved and then gave with a voice slightly unsteady the last order they would ever receive from me Brigade Attention Ready to break ranks *Break Ranks* The order was obeyed But ere they scattered moved by a common impulse they gave first three cheers for me and then with the same heartiness and even more power three cheers for Gulnare And she standing there looking with her bright cheerful countenance full at the men pawing with her forefeet alternately the ground seemed to understand the compliment for no sooner had the cheering died away than she arched her neck to its proudest curve lifted her thin delicate head into the air and gave a short joyful neigh

My arrangements for transporting her had been made by a friend the day before A large roomy car had been secured its floor strewn with bright clean straw a bucket and a bag of oats provided and everything done for her comfort The car was to be attached to the through express in consideration of fifty dollars extra which I gladly paid because of the greater rapid

ity with which it enabled me to make my journey As the brigade broke up into groups I glanced at my watch and saw that I had barely time to reach the cars before they started I shook the reins upon her neck and with a plunge startled at the energy of my signal away she flew What a stride she had! What an elastic spring! She touched and left the earth as if her limbs were of spiral wire When I reached the car my friend was standing in front of it the gang plank was ready I leaped from the saddle and running up the plank into the car whistled to her and she timid and hesitating yet unwilling to be separated from me crept slowly and cautiously up the steep incline and stood beside me Inside I found a complete suit of flannel clothes with a blanket and better than all a lunch basket My friend explained that he had bought the clothes as he came down to the depot thinking as he said that they would be much better than your regimentals and suggested that I doff the one and don the other To this I assented the more readily as I reflected that I would have to pass one night at least in the car with no better bed than the straw under my feet I had barely time to undress before the cars were coupled and started I tossed the clothes to my friend with the injunction to pack them in my trunk and express them on to me and waved him my adieu I arrayed myself in the nice cool flannel and looked around The thoughtfulness of my friend had anticipated

every want An old cane seated chair stood in one corner The lunch basket was large and well supplied Amid the oats I found a dozen oranges some bananas and a package of real Havana cigars How I called down blessings on his thoughtful head as I took the chair and light ing one of the fine flavored *figaros* gazed out on the fields past which we were gliding yet wet with morning dew As I sat dreamily admiring the beauty before me Gulnare came and resting her head upon my shoulder seemed to share my mood As I stroked her fine haired satin like nose recollection quickened and memories of our companionship in perils thronged into my mind I rode again that midnight ride to Knoxville when Burnside lay intrenched desperately hold ing his own waiting for news from Chattanooga of which I was the bearer chosen by Grant him self because of the reputation of my mare What riding that was! We started ten riders of us in all each with the same message I parted company the first hour out with all save one an iron gray stallion of Messenger blood Jack Murdock rode him who learned his horseman ship from buffalo and Indian hunting on the plains —not a bad school to graduate from Ten miles out of Knoxville the gray his flanks dripping with blood plunged up abreast of the mare s shoulders and fell dead and Gulnare and I passed through the lines alone *I had ridden the terrible race without whip or spur* With what

scenes of blood and flight she would ever be asso ciated! And then I thought of home unvisited for four long years—that home I left a stripling but to which I was returning a bronzed and brawny man I thought of mother and Bob—how they would admire her!—of old Ben the family groom and of that one who shall be nameless whose picture I had so often shown to Gul nare as the likeness of her future mistress had they not all heard of her, my beautiful mare she who came to me from the smoke and whirlwind my battle gift? How they would pat her soft smooth sides and tie her mane with ribbons and feed her with all sweet things from open and caressing palm! And then I thought of one who might come after her to bear her name and repeat at least some portion of her beauty—a horse honored and renowned the country through because of the transmission of the mother s fame

About three o'clock in the afternoon a change came over Gulnare I had fallen asleep upon the straw, and she had come and awakened me with a touch of her nose The moment I started up I saw that something was the matter Her eyes were dull and heavy Never before had I seen the light go out of them The rocking of the car as it went jumping and vibrating along seemed to irritate her She began to rub her head against the side of the car Touching it I found that the skin over the brain was hot as fire Her breath ing grew rapidly ouder and louder Each breath

was drawn with a kind of gasping effort The lids with their silken fringe drooped wearily over the lustreless eyes The head sank lower and lower until the nose almost touched the floor The ears naturally so lively and erect hung limp and widely apart The body was cold and senseless A pinch elicited no motion Even my voice was at last unheeded To word and touch there came for the first time in all our intercourse no response I knew as the symptoms spread what was the matter The signs bore all one way She was in the first stages of phrenitis or inflammation of the brain In other words *my beautiful mare was going mad*

I was well versed in the anatomy of the horse Loving horses from my very childhood there was little in veterinary practice with which I was not familiar Instinctively as soon as the symptoms had developed themselves and I saw under what frightful disorder Gulnare was laboring I put my hand into my pocket for my knife in order to open a vein *There was no knife there* Friends I have met with many surprises More than once in battle and scout have I been nigh death but never did my blood desert my veins and settle so around my heart never did such a sickening sensation possess me as when standing in that car with my beautiful mare before me marked with those horrible symptoms I made that discovery My knife my sword my pistols even were with my suit in the care of my friend,

two hundred miles away Hastily, and with trembling fingers I searched my clothes the lunch basket, my linen, not even a pin could I find I shoved open the sliding door and swung my hat and shouted hoping to attract some brakeman s attention The train was thundering along at full speed and none saw or heard me I knew her stupor would not last long A slight quivering of the lip, an occasional spasm running through the frame told me too plainly that the stage of frenzy would soon begin My God I exclaimed in despair as I shut the door and turned toward her must I see you die Gulnare when the opening of a vein would save you? Have you borne me my pet through all these years of peril the icy chill of winter the heat and torment of summer and all the thronging dangers of a hundred bloody battles only to die torn by fierce agonies when so near a peaceful home?

But little time was given me to mourn My life was soon to be in peril and I must summon up the utmost power of eye and limb to escape the violence of my frenzied mare Did you ever see a mad horse when his madness is on him? Take your stand with me in that car and you shall see what suffering a dumb creature can endure before it dies In no malady does a horse suffer more than in phrenitis or inflammation of the brain Possibly in severe cases of colic probably in rabies in its fiercest form the pain is equally intense These three are the most ago

nizing of all the diseases to which the noblest of animals is exposed Had my pistols been with me I should then and there with whatever strength Heaven granted have taken my companion s life that she might be spared the suffering which was so soon to rack and wring her sensitive frame A horse laboring under an attack of phrenitis is as violent as a horse can be He is not ferocious as is one in a fit of rabies He may kill his master but he does it without design There is in him no desire of mischief for its own sake no cruel cunning no stratagem and malice A rabid horse is conscious in every act and motion He recognizes the man he destroys There is in him an insane *desire* to *kill* Not so with the phrenetic horse He is unconscious in his violence He sees and recognizes no one There is no method or purpose in his madness He kills without knowing it

I knew what was coming I could not jump out that would be certain death I must abide in the car and take my chance of life The car was fortunately high long and roomy I took my position in front of my horse watchful and ready to spring Suddenly her lids which had been closed came open with a snap as if an electric shock had passed through her and the eyes wild in their brightness stared directly at me And what eyes they were! The membrane grew red and redder until it was of the color of blood standing out in frightful contrast with the trans

parency of the cornea The pupil gradually dilated until it seemed about to burst out of the socket The nostrils which had been sunken and motionless quivered swelled and glowed The respiration became short quick and gasping The limp and dripping ears stiffened and stood erect pricked sharply forward as if to catch the slightest sound Spasms as the car swerved and vibrated ran along her frame More horrid than all, the lips slowly contracted, and the white sharp edged teeth stood uncovered, giving an indescribable look of ferocity to the partially opened mouth The car suddenly reeled as it dashed around a curve swaying her almost off her feet and as a contortion shook her she recovered herself, and rearing upward as high as the car permitted plunged directly at me I was expecting the movement and dodged Then followed exhibitions of pain which I pray God I may never see again Time and again did she dash herself upon the floor and roll over and over lashing out with her feet in all directions Pausing a moment she would stretch her body to its extreme length and lying upon her side pound the floor with her head as if it were a maul Then like a flash she would leap to her feet and whirl round and round until from very giddiness she would stagger and fall She would lay hold of the straw with her teeth and shake it as a dog shakes a struggling woodchuck then dashing it from her mouth she would seize hold of her own

sides and rend herself Springing up she would rush against the end of the car falling all in a heap from the violence of the concussion For some fifteen minutes without intermission the frenzy lasted I was nearly exhausted My efforts to avoid her mad rushes the terrible tension of my nervous system produced by the spectacle of such exquisite and prolonged suffering were weakening me beyond what I should have thought it possible an hour before for anything to weaken me In fact I felt my strength leaving me A terror such as I had never yet felt was taking possession of my mind I sickened at the sight before me and at the thought of agonies yet to come My God I exclaimed must I be killed by own horse in this miserable car! Even as I spoke the end came The mare raised herself until her shoulders touched the roof then dashed her body upon the floor with a violence which threatened the stout frame beneath her I leaned panting and exhausted against the side of the car Gulnare did not stir She lay motionless her breath coming and going in lessening respirations I tottered toward her and, as I stood above her my ear detected a low gurgling sound I can not describe the feeling that followed *Joy and grief* contended within me I knew the meaning of that sound Gulnare in her frenzied violence had broken a blood vessel and was bleeding internally Pain and life were passing away together I knelt down by her side I

laid my head upon her shoulders and sobbed aloud Her body moved a little beneath me I crawled forward and lifted her beautiful head into my lap O for one more sign of recognition before she died! I smoothed the tangled masses of her mane I wiped with a fragment of my coat torn in the struggle the blood which oozed from her nostril I called her by name My desire was granted In a moment Gulnare opened her eyes The redness of frenzy had passed out of them She saw and recognized me I spoke again Her eye lighted a moment with the old and intelligent look of love Her ear moved Her nostril quivered slightly as she strove to neigh The effort was in vain Her love was greater than her strength She moved her head a little as if she would be nearer me, looked once more with her clear eyes into my face breathed a long breath straightened her shapely limbs and died And there, holding the head of my dead mare in my lap while the great warm tears fell one after another down my cheeks sat until the sun went down the shadows darkened in the car, and night drew her mantle, colored like my grief, over the world

BALACCHI BROTHERS

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

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THERE S a man now that has been famous in his time said Davidge as we passed the mill glancing in at the sunny gap in the side of the building

I paused incredulously Phil s lion so often turned out to be Snug the joiner Phil was my chum at college and in inviting me home to spend the vacation with him I thought he had fancied the resources of his village larger than they proved In the two days since we came we had examined the old doctor s cabinet listened superciliously to a debate in the literary club upon the Evils of the Stage and passed two solid afternoons in the circle about the stove in the drug shop where the squire and the Methodist parson and even the mild white cravated young rector of St Mark s were wont to sharpen their wits by friction What more was left? I was positive that I knew the mental gauge of every man in the village

A little earlier or later in life a gun or fishing rod would have satisfied me The sleepy sunny little market town was shut in by the bronzed

autumn meadows, that sent their long groping fingers of grass or parti colored weeds drowsily up into the very streets there were ranges of hills and heavy stretches of oak and beech woods too through which crept glittering creeks full of trout But I was just at that age when the soul disdains all aimless pleasures my game was Man I was busy in philosophically testing weighing labeling human nature

'Famous eh? I said looking after the pursy figure of the miller in his flowery canvas round about and corduroy trousers trotting up and down among the bags

That is one of the Balacchi Brothers ' Phil answered as we walked on You ve heard of them when you were a boy?

I had heard of them The great acrobats were as noted in their line of art as Elssler and Jenny Lind in theirs But acrobats and danseuses had been alike brilliant wicked impossibilities to my youth for I had been reared a Covenanter of the Covenanters In spite of the doubting philosophies with which I had clothed myself at college that old Presbyterian training clung to me in every day life close as my skin

After that day I loitered about the mill watching this man whose life had been spent in one godless theatre after another, very much as the Florentine peasants looked after Dante when they knew he had come back from hell I was on the lookout for the taint the abnormal signs of

vice It was about that time that I was fevered with the missionary enthusiasm and in Polynesia where I meant to go (but where I never did go) I declared to Phil daily that I should find in every cannibal the half effaced image of God only waiting to be quickened into grace and virtue That was quite conceivable But that a flashy God defying actor could be the same man at heart as this fat good tempered gossiping miller who jogged to the butcher s every morning for his wife a basket on one arm and a baby on the other was not conceivable He was a close dealer at the butcher s too though dribbling gossip there as everywhere a regular attendant at St Mark s with his sandy headed flock about him among whom he slept comfortably enough it is true but with as pious dispositions as the rest of us

I remember how I watched this man week in and week out It was a trivial matter but it irritated me unendurably to find that this circus rider had human blood precisely like my own

We talk a great deal of the rose colored illusions in which youth wraps the world and the agony it suffers as they are stripped from its bare hard face But the fact is that youth (aside from its narrow passionate friendships) is usually apt to be acrid and watery and sour in its judgment and creeds—it has the quality of any other unripe fruit it is middle age that is

just and tolerant that has found room enough in the world for itself and all human flies to buzz out their lives good humoredly together It is youth who can see a tangible devil at work in every party or sect opposed to its own whose enemy is always a villain and who finds treachery and falsehood in the friend who is occasionally bored or indifferent it is middle age that has discovered the reasonable sweet *juste milieu* of human nature—who knows few saints perhaps but is apt to find its friend and grocer and shoemaker agreeable and honest fellows It is these vehement illusions these inherited bigotries and prejudices that tear and cripple a young man as they are taken from him one by one He creeps out of them as a crab from the shell that has grown too small for him but he thinks he has left his identity behind him

It was such a reason as this that made me follow the miller assiduously and cultivate a quasi intimacy with him in the course of which I picked the following story from him It was told at divers times and with many interruptions and questions from me But for obvious reasons I have made it continuous It had its meaning to me coarse and common though it was—the same which Christ taught in the divine beauty of His parables Whether that meaning might not be found in the history of every human life if we had eyes to read it is matter for question

BALACCHI BROTHERS

Balacchi Brothers? And you ve heard of them eh? Well well! (with a pleased nod rubbing his hands on his knees) Yes sir Fifteen years ago they were known as The Admirable Crichtons of the Ring It was George who got up that name I did not see the force of it But no name could claim too much for us Why I could show you notices in the newspapers that— I used to clip them out and stuff my pocket book with them as we went along but after I quit the business I pasted them in an old ledger and I often now read them of nights No doubt I lost a good many too

Yes sir I was one of Balacchi Brothers My name *is* Zack Loper And it was then of course

You think we would have plenty of adventures? Well no—not a great many There s a good deal of monotony in the business Towns seem always pretty much alike to me And there was such a deal of rehearsing to be done by day and at night I looked at nothing but the rope and George the audience was nothing but a packed flat surface of upturned staring eyes and half open mouths It was an odd sight yes when you come to think of it I never was one for adventures I was mostly set upon shaving close through the week so that when Saturday night came I d have something to lay by I had this mill in my mind you see I was married and had my wife and a baby that I d never seen

waiting for me at home I was brought up to milling, but the trapeze paid better

But George!—he had adventures every week And as for acquaintances! Why, before we d be in a town two days he d be hail fellow well met with half the people in it That fellow could scent a dance or a joke half a mile off You never see such wide awake men nowadays People seem to me half dead or asleep when I think of him

Oh I thought you knew My partner Balacchi It was Balacchi on the bills the actors called him Signor and people like the manager, South and we who knew him well George I asked him his real name once or twice, but he joked it off How many names must a man be saddled with?' he said I don't know it to this day nor who he had been They hinted there was something queer about his story but I'll go my bail it was a clean one, whatever it was

You never heard how Balacchi Brothers broke up? That was as near to an adventure as I ever had Come over to this bench and I ll tell it to you

It was early in August of 56 when George and I came to an old town on the Ohio half city, half village to play an engagement We were under contract with South then, who provided the rest of the troupe three or four posture girls Stradi the pianist and a Madame Somebody who gave readings and sang Concert

was the heading in large caps on the bills, Balacchi Brothers will give their æsthetic *tableaux vivants* in the interludes in agate below

I ve got to cover you fellows over with respectability here South said Rope dancing won t go with these aristocratic church goers

I remember how George was irritated When I was my own agent he said I only went to the cities Educated people can appreciate what we do but in these country towns we rank with circus riders

George had some queer notions about his business He followed it for sheer love of it as I did for money I ve seen all the great athletes since but I never saw one with his wonderful skill and strength and with the grace of a woman too or a deer Now that takes hard steady work but he never flinched from it as I did and when night came and the people and lights and I thought of nothing but to get through I used to think he had the pride of a thousand women in every one of his muscles and nerves a little applause would fill him with a mad kind of fury of delight and triumph South had a story *that George belonged to some old Knickerbocker* family and had run off from home years ago I don t know There was that wild restless blood in him that no home could have kept him

We were to stay so long in this town that I found rooms for us with an old couple named

Peters who had but lately moved in from the country and had half a dozen carpenters and masons boarding with them It was cheaper than the hotel and George preferred that kind of people to educated men which made me doubt that story of his having been a gentleman The old woman Peters was uneasy about taking us, and spoke out quite freely about it when we called not knowing that George and I were Balacchi Brothers ourselves

The house has been respectable so far gentlemen she said I don t know what about taking in them half naked, drunken play actors What do you say, Susy?' to her granddaughter

Wait till you see them grandmother the girl said gently I should think that men whose lives depended every night on their steady eyes and nerves would not dare to touch liquor

You are quite right—nor even tobacco' said George It was such a prompt sensible thing for the little girl to say that he looked at her attentively a minute, and then went up to the old lady, smiling We don't look like drinking men do we madam?

No no sir I did not know that you were the Italians' She was quite flustered and frightened, and said cordially enough how glad she was to have us both But it was George she shook hands with There was something clean and strong and inspiring about that man that made most women friendly to him on sight

Why in two days you d have thought he'd never had another home than the Peters s He helped the old man milk and had tinkered up the broken kitchen table and put in half a dozen window panes and was intimate with all the boarders could give the masons the prices of job work at the East and put Stoll the carpenter on the idea of contract houses out of which he afterward made a fortune It was nothing but jokes and fun and shouts of laughter when he was in the house even the old man brightened up and told some capital stories But from the first I noticed that George s eye followed Susy watchfully wherever she went though he was as distant and respectful with her as he was with most women He had a curious kind of respect for women George had Even the Slingsbys that all the men in the theatre joked with he used to pass by as though they were logs leaning against the wall They were the posture girls and anything worse besides the name *I* never saw

There was a thing happened once on that point which I often thought might have given me a clew to his history if I d followed it up We were playing in one of the best theatres in New York (they brought us into some opera), and the boxes were filled with fine ladies beautifully dressed or I might say half dressed

George was in one of the wings It s a pretty sight, I said to him.

It's a shameful sight! he said with an oath 'The Slingsbys do it for their living, but these women—'

I said they were ladies and ought to be treated with respect I was amazed at the heat he was in

I had a sister, Zack, and there s where I learned what a woman should be

I never heard of your sister George,' said I I knew he would not have spoken of her but for the heat he was in

No I m as dead to her being what I am, as if I were six feet under ground'

I turned and looked at him and when I saw his face I said no more and I never spoke of it again It was something neither I nor any other man had any business with

So when I saw how he was touched by Susy and drawn toward her it raised her in my opinion though I d seen myself how pretty and sensible a little body she was But I was sorry for I knew twan t no use The Peters were Methodists and Susy more strict than any of them, and I saw she looked on the theatre as the gate of hell and George and me swinging over it

I don t think though that George saw how strong her feeling about it was for after we d been there a week or two he began to ask her to go and see us perform if only for once I believe he thought the girl would come to love him if she saw him at his best I don t wonder at it,

sir I ve seen those pictures and statues they've made of the old gods and I reckon they put in them the best they thought a man could be but I never knew what real manhood was until I saw my partner when he stood quiet on the stage waiting the signal to begin the light full on his keen blue eyes the gold worked velvet tunic and his perfect figure

He looked more like other men in his ordinary clothing George liked a bit of flash too in his dress—a red necktie or gold chain stretched over his waistcoat

Susy refused at first steadily At last how ever came our final night when George was to produce his great leaping feat never yet per formed in public We had been practicing it for months and South judged it best to try it first before a small quiet audience for the risk was horrible Whether because it was to be the last night and her kind heart disliked to hurt him by refusal or whether she loved him better than either she or he knew I could not tell but I saw she was strongly tempted to go She was an in nocent little thing and not used to hide what she felt Her eyes were red that morning as though she had been crying all the night Perhaps be cause I was a married man and quieter than George she acted more freely with me than him

I wish I knew what to do she said looking up to me with her eyes full of tears

I couldn t advise you Miss Susy says I

"Your church discipline goes against our trade, I know'

I know whats right myself I don't need church discipline to teach me she said sharply

I think I d go Susy said her grandmother It is a concert after all its not a play

The name don t alter it'

Seeing the temper she was in, I thought it best to say no more, but the old lady added Its Mr George s last night How I ll miss him!

Susy turned quickly to the window 'Why does he follow such godless ways then? she cried She stood still a good while and when she turned about her pale little face made my heart ache I ll take home Mrs Dyson s dress now grandmother she said and went out of the room I forgot to tell you Susy was a seamstress Well the bundle was large and I offered to carry it for her as the time for rehearsal did not come till noon She crept alongside of me without a word, looking weak and done out she was always so busy and bright it was the more noticeable The house where the dress was to go was one of the largest in the town The servant showed us into a back parlor and took the dress up to her mistress I looked around me a good deal for I d never been in such a house before, but very soon I caught sight of a lady who made me forget carpets and pictures I only saw her in the mirror for she was standing by the fireplace in the front room The door was open be

tween It wasn t that she was especially pretty, but in her white morning dress with the lace about her throat and her hair drawn back from her face I thought she was the delicatest softest, finest thing of man or woman kind I ever saw

Look there Susy ! look there! I whispered

It is a Mrs Lloyd from New York She is here on a visit That is her husband and then she went down into her own gloomy thoughts again

The husband was a grave middle aged man He had had his paper up before his face so that I had not seen him before

You will go for the tickets then Edward? she said

If you make a point of it yes in an annoyed tone But I don t know why you make a point of it The musical part of the performance is beneath contempt I understand and the real at traction is the exhibition of these mountebanks of trapezists which will be simply disgusting to you You would not encourage such people at home why would you do it here?

They are not necessarily wicked I noticed there was a curious unsteadiness in her voice as though she was hurt and agitated I thought perhaps she knew I was there

There is very little hope of any redeeming qualities in men who make a trade of twisting their bodies like apes he said Contortionists and ballet dancers and clowns and harlequins—

he rattled all the names over with a good deal of uncalled for sharpness I thought calling them dissolute and degraded the very offal of humanity I could not understand his heat until he added I never could comprehend your interest and sympathy for that especial class Ellinor

No you could not Edward she said quietly 'But I have it I never have seen an exhibition of the kind But I want to see this to night if you will gratify me I have no reason ' she added when he looked at her curiously The desire is unaccountable to myself

The straightforward look of her blue eyes as she met his seemed strangely familiar and friendly to me

At that moment Susy stood up to go Her cheeks were burning and her eyes sparkling

Dissolute and degraded! she said again and again when we were outside

As we reached the house she stopped me when I turned off to go to rehearsal You'll get seats for grandmother and me Mr Balacchi? she said

You re going then Susy?

Yes I m going

Now the house in which we performed was a queer structure A stock company thinking there was a field for a theatre in the town had taken a four story building gutted the interior, and fitted it up with tiers of seats and scenery The stock company was starved out however,

and left the town and the theatre was used as a gymnasium a concert room or a church by turns Its peculiarity was that it was both exceedingly lofty and narrow which suited our purpose exactly

It was packed that night from dome to pit George and I had rehearsed our new act both morning and afternoon South watching us without intermission South was terribly nervous and anxious half disposed at the last minute to forbid it although it had been announced on the bills for a week But a feat which is successful in an empty house with but one spectator when your nerves are quiet and blood cool is a different thing before an excited terrified noisy audience your whole body at fever heat However George was cool as a cucumber indeed almost indifferent about the act but in a mad boyish glee all day about everything else I suppose the reason was that Susy was going

South had lighted the house brilliantly and brought in a band And all classes of people poured into the theatre until it could hold no more I saw Mrs Peters in one of the side seats with Susy s blushing frightened little face beside her George standing back among the scenes saw her too I think indeed it was all he did see

There were the usual readings from Shakespeare at first

While Madame was on South came to us

"Boys" said he 'let this matter go over a few weeks A little more practice will do you no harm You can substitute some other trick, and these people will be none the wiser

George shrugged his shoulders impatiently Nonsense! When did you grow so chicken hearted South? It is I who have to run the risk, I fancy

I suppose South s uneasiness had infected me I am quite willing to put it off I said I had felt gloomy and superstitious all day But I never ventured to oppose George more decidedly than that

He only laughed by way of reply, and went off to dress South looked after him I remember, saying what a magnificently built fellow he was If we could only have seen the end of that night s work!

As I went to my dressing room I saw Mrs Lloyd and her husband in one of the stage-boxes, with one or two other ladies and gentlemen She was plainly and darkly dressed but to my mind she looked like a princess among them all I could not but wonder what interest she could have in such a rough set as we, although her husband, I confess did judge us hardly

After the readings came the concert part of the performance and then what South chose to call the Moving Tableaux which was really nothing in the world but ballet dancing George and I were left to crown the whole I had some ordi

nary trapeze work to do at first but George was reserved for the new feat in order that his nerves might be perfectly unshaken When I went out alone and bowed to the audience I observed that Mrs Lloyd was leaning eagerly forward but at the first glance at my face she sank back with a look of relief and turned away that she might not see my exploits It nettled me a little I think yet they were worth watching

Well I finished and then there was a song to give me time to cool I went to the side scenes where I could be alone for that five minutes I had no risk to run in the grand feat you see but I had George s life in my hands I haven t told you yet—have I?—what it was he proposed to do

A rope was suspended from the centre of the dome the lower end of which I held standing in the highest gallery opposite the stage Above the stage hung the trapeze on which George and the two posture girls were to be At a certain signal I was to let the rope go and George springing from the trapeze across the full width of the dome was to catch it in mid air a hundred feet above the heads of the people You understand? The mistake of an instant of time on either his part or mine and death was almost certain The plan we had thought surest was for South to give the word and then that both should count—One Two Three! At Three the rope fell and he leaped We had practiced so often that we thought we counted as one man

When the song was over the men hung the rope and the trapeze Jenny and Lou Slingsby swung themselves up to it turned a few somersaults and then were quiet They were only meant to give effect to the scene in their gauzy dresses and spangles Then South came forward and told the audience what we meant to do It was a feat he said which had never been produced before in any theatre and in which failure was death No one but that most daring of all acrobats Balacchi would attempt it Now I knew South so well that I saw under all his confident bragging tone he was more anxious and doubtful than he had ever been He hesitated a moment and then requested that after we took our places the audience should preserve absolute silence and refrain from even the slightest movement until the feat was over The merest trifle might distract the attention of the performers and render their eyes and hold unsteady, he said He left the stage and the music began

I went round to take my place in the gallery George had not yet left his room As I passed I tapped at the door and called Good luck old fellow!

That s certain now Zack he answered with a joyous laugh He was so exultant you see, that Susy had come

But the shadow of death seemed to have crept over me When I took my stand in the lofty gallery and looked down at the brilliant lights

and the great mass of people who followed my every motion as one man and the two glittering half naked girls swinging in the distance and heard the music rolling up thunders of sound it was all ghastly and horrible to me sir Some men have such presentiments they say I never had before or since South remained on the stage perfectly motionless in order I think to maintain his control over the audience

The trumpets sounded a call and in the middle of a burst of triumphant music George came on the stage There was a deafening outbreak of applause and then a dead silence but I think every man and woman felt a thrill of admiration of the noble figure Poor George! the new tight fitting dress of purple velvet that he had bought for this night set off his white skin and his fine head was bare with no covering but the short curls that Susy liked

It was for Susy! He gave one quick glance up at her and a bright boyish smile as if telling her not to be afraid which all the audience understood and answered by an involuntary long drawn breath I looked at Susy The girl s colorless face was turned to George and her hands *were clasped as though she saw him already dead* before her but she could be trusted I saw *She* would utter no sound I had only time to glance at her and then turned to my work George and I dared not take our eyes from each other

There was a single bugle note and then

George swung himself up to the trapeze The silence was like death as he steadied himself and slowly turned so as to front me As he turned he faced the stage box for the first time He had reached the level of the posture-girls who flut tered on either side and stood on the swaying rod poised on one foot his arms folded, when in the breathless stillness there came a sudden cry and the words Oh Charley! Charley!'

Even at the distance where I stood I saw George start and a shiver pass over his body He looked wildly about him

To me! to me!' I shouted

He fixed his eye on mine and steadied himself There was a terrible silent excitement in the peo ple in the very air

There was the mistake We should have stopped then shaken as he was but South be wildered and terrified, lost control of himself he gave the word

I held the rope loose—held George with my eyes—One!

I saw his lips move he was counting with me Two!

His eye wandered turned to the stage box Three!

Like a flash I saw the white upturned faces below me the posture girls gestures of horror the dark springing figure through the air, that wavered—and fell a shapeless mass on the floor

There was a moment of deathlike silence, and

then a wild outcry—women fainting men cursing and crying out in that senseless helpless way they have when there is sudden danger By the time I had reached the floor they had straightened out his shattered limbs and two or three doctors were fighting their way through the great crowd that was surging about him

Well sir at that minute what did I hear but George s voice above all the rest choked and hollow as it was like a man calling out of the grave The women! Good God! don t you see the women? he gasped

Looking up then I saw those miserable Slingsbys hanging on to the trapeze for life What with the scare and shock they d lost what little sense they had and there they hung helpless as limp rags high over our heads

Damn the Slingsbys! said I God forgive me! But I saw this battered wreck at my feet that had been George Nobody seemed to have any mind left Even South stared stupidly up at them and then back at George The doctors were making ready to lift him and half of the crowd were gaping in horror and the rest yelling for ladders or ropes and scrambling over each other and there hung the poor flimsy wretches their eyes starting out of their heads from horror and their lean fingers losing their hold every minute But sir—I couldn t help it—I turned from them to watch George as the doctors lifted him

It s hardly worth while whispered one

But they raised him and sir—the body went one way and the legs another

I thought he was dead I couldn t see that he breathed, when he opened his eyes and looked up for the Slingsbys Put me down, he said and the doctors obeyed him There was that in his voice that they had to obey him though it wasn't but a whisper

Ladders are of no use ' he said 'Loper!"

"Yes, George"

"You can swing yourself up Do it '

I went I remember the queer stunned feeling I had my joints moved like a machine

When I had reached the trapeze, he said as cool as if he were calling the figures for a Virginia reel, Support them, you—Loper Now lower the trapeze men—carefully!'

It was the only way their lives could be saved, and he was the only man to see it He watched us until the girls touched the floor more dead than alive and then his head fell back and the life seemed to go suddenly out of him like the flame out of a candle leaving only the dead wick

As they were carrying him out I noticed for the first time that a woman was holding his hand It was that frail little wisp of a Susy, that used to blush and tremble if you spoke to her suddenly, and here she was quite quiet and steady in the midst of this great crowd

His sister, I suppose? one of the doctors said to her

"No sir If he lives I will be his wife The old gentleman was very respectful to her after that I noticed

Now the rest of my story is very muddled you ll say, and confused But the truth is I don t understand it myself I ran on ahead to Mrs Peters s to prepare his bed for him but they did not bring him to Peters s After I waited an hour or two I found George had been taken to the principal hotel in the place and a bedroom and every comfort that money could buy were there for him Susy came home subbing late in the night but she told me nothing except that those who had a right to have charge of him had taken him I found afterward the poor girl was driven from the door of his room where she was waiting like a faithful dog I went myself but I fared no better What with surgeons and professional nurses and the gentlemen that crowded about with their solemn looks of authority I dared not ask to see him Yet I believe still George would rather have had old Loper by him in his extremity than any of them Once when the door was opened I thought I saw Mrs Lloyd stooping over the bed between the lace curtains and just then her husband came out talking to one of the surgeons

He said It is certain there were here the finest elements of manhood And I will do my part to rescue him from the abyss into which he has fallen

"Will you tell me how George is sir? I asked, pushing up "Balacchi? My partner?'

Mr Lloyd turned away directly, but the surgeon told me civilly enough that if George s life could be saved it must be with the loss of one or perhaps both of his legs

He ll never mount a trapeze again, then,' I said and I suppose I groaned for to think of George helpless—

'God forbid!' cried Mr Lloyd, sharply Now look here my good man you can be of no possible use to Mr —Balacchi, as you call him He is in the hands of his own people and he will feel, as they do that the kindest thing you can do is to let him alone

There was nothing to be done after that but to touch my hat and go out but as I went I heard him talking of inexplicable madness and years of wasted opportunities

Well sir I never went again the words hurt like the cut of a whip though twan t George that spoke them But I quit business, and hung around the town till I heard he was going to live and I broke up my contract with South I never went on a trapeze again I felt as if the infernal thing was always dripping with his blood after that day Anyhow all the heart went out of the business for me with George So I came back here and settled down to the milling, and by degrees I learned to think of George as a rich and fortunate man

I ve nearly done now—only a word or two more About six years afterward there was a circus came to town and I took the wife and children and went I always did when I had the chance It was the old Adam in me yet likely

Well sir among the attractions of the circus was the great and unrivaled Hercules who could play with cannon balls as other men would with dice I don t know what made me restless and excited when I read about this man It seemed as though the old spirit was coming back to me again I could hardly keep still when the time drew near for him to appear I don t know what I expected But when he came out from behind the curtain I shouted out like a madman Balacchi! George! George!

He stopped short looked about and catching sight of me tossed up his cap with his old boyish shout then he remembered himself and went on with his performance

He was lame—yes in one leg The other was gone altogether He walked on crutches Whether the strength had gone into his chest and arms I don t know but there he stood tossing about the cannon balls as I might marbles So full of hearty good humor too joking with his audience and so delighted when they gave him a round of applause

After the performance I hurried around the tent and you may be sure there was rejoicing that made the manager and other fellows laugh.

George haled me off with him down the street. He cleared the ground with that crutch and wooden leg like a steam engine 'Come! come along!' he cried I ve something to show you, Loper

He took me to a quiet boarding house, and there in a cozy room was Susy with a four year-old girl

'We were married as soon as I could hobble about ' he said and she goes with me and makes a home wherever I am

Susy nodded and blushed and laughed "Baby and I she said Do you see Baby? She has her father s eyes do you see?

She *is* her mother, Loper," said George—"just as innocent and pure and foolish—just as sure of the Father in heaven taking care of her They ve made a different man of me in some ways—a different man ' bending his head reverently

After a while I began 'You did not stay with—?

But Balacchi frowned. I knew where *I* belonged he said

Well, he s young yet He's the best Hercules in the profession and has laid up a snug sum Why don t he invest it and retire? I doubt if he ll ever do that sir He may do it, but I doubt it. He can t change his blood, and there s that in Balacchi that makes me suspect he will die with the velvet and gilt on and in the height of good humor and fun with his audience.

WHO WAS SHE?

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

WHO WAS SHE?

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

COME now there may as well be an end of this! Every time I meet your eyes squarely I detect the question just slip ping out of them If you had spoken it or even boldly looked it if you had shown in your mo tions the least sign of a fussy or fidgety concern on my account if this were not the evening of my birthday and you the only friend who re membered it if confession were not good for the soul though harder than sin to some people of whom I am one—well if all reasons were not at this instant converged into a focus and burning me rather violently in that region where the seat of emotion is supposed to lie I should keep my trouble to myself

Yes I have fifty times had it on my mind to tell you the whole story But who can be certain that his best friend will not smile—or what is worse cherish a kind of charitable pity ever after ward—when the external forms of a very serious kind of passion seem trivial fantastic foolish? And the worst of all is that the heroic part which I imagined I was playing proves to have been al

R p t d by permiss n. F m "Th Atlant M thly" f Septem be 874.

most the reverse The only comfort which I can find in my humiliation is that I am capable of feeling it There isn t a bit of a paradox in this, as you will see but I only mention it now to prepare you for maybe, a little morbid sensitiveness of my moral nerves

The documents are all in this portfolio under my elbow I had just read them again completely through when you were announced You may examine them as you like afterward for the present fill your glass take another Cabaña, and keep silent until my ghastly tale has reached its most lamentable conclusion

The beginning of it was at Wampsocket Springs three years ago last summer I suppose most unmarried men who have reached, or passed, the age of thirty—and I was then thirty three—experience a milder return of their adolescent warmth a kind of fainter second spring since the first has not fulfilled its promise Of course I wasn t clearly conscious of this at the time who is? But I had had my youthful passion and my tragic disappointment as you know I had looked far enough into what Thackeray used to call the cryptic mysteries to save me from the Scylla of dissipation and yet preserved enough of natural nature to keep me out of the Pharisaic Charybdis My devotion to my legal studies had already brought me a mild distinction the paternal legacy was a good nest egg for the incubation of wealth—in short I was a

fair respectable party desirable to the humbler mammas and not to be despised by the haughty exclusives

The fashionable hotel at the Springs holds three hundred and it was packed I had meant to lounge there for a fortnight and then finish my holidays at Long Branch but eighty at least out of the three hundred were young and moved lightly in muslin With my years and experience I felt so safe that to walk talk or dance with them became simply a luxury such as I had never—at least so freely—possessed before My name and standing known to some families were agreeably exaggerated to the others and I enjoyed that supreme satisfaction which a man always feels when he discovers or imagines that he is popular in society There is a kind of premonitory apology implied in my saying this I am aware You must remember that I am culprit and culprit s counsel at the same time

You have never been at Wampsocket? Well the hills sweep around in a crescent on the northern side and four or five radiating glens descending from them unite just above the village The central one leading to a waterfall (called Minne hehe by the irreverent young people because there is so little of it) is the fashionable drive and promenade but the second ravine on the left steep crooked and cumbered with bowlders which have tumbled from somewhere and lodged in the most extraordinary groupings be

came my favorite walk of a morning There was a footpath in it well trodden at first but gradually fading out as it became more like a ladder than a path and I soon discovered that no other city feet than mine were likely to scale a certain rough slope which seemed the end of the ravine With the aid of the tough laurel stems I climbed to the top passed through a cleft as narrow as a doorway and presently found myself in a little upper dell as wild and sweet and strange as one of the pictures that haunts us on the brink of sleep

There was a pond—no rather a bowl—of water in the centre hardly twenty yards across yet the sky in it was so pure and far down that the circle of rocks and summer foliage inclosing it seemed like a little planetary ring floating off alone through space I can t explain the charm of the spot nor the selfishness which instantly suggested that I should keep the discovery to myself Ten years earlier I should have looked around for some fair spirit to be my minister but now—

One forenoon—I think it was the third or fourth time I had visited the place—I was startled to find the dent of a heel in the earth half way up the slope There had been rain during the night and the earth was still moist and soft. It was the mark of a woman s boot only to be distinguished from that of a walking stick by its semicircular form A little higher I found

the outline of a foot not so small as to awake an ecstasy but with a suggestion of lightness elasticity and grace If hands were thrust through holes in a board fence and nothing of the attached bodies seen I can easily imagine that some would attract and others repel us with footprints the impression is weaker of course but we cannot escape it I am not sure whether I wanted to find the unknown wearer of the boot within my precious personal solitude I was afraid I should see her while passing through the rocky crevice and yet was disappointed when I found no one

But on the flat warm rock overhanging the tarn—my special throne—lay some withering wild flowers and a book! I looked up and down right and left there was not the slightest sign of another human life than mine Then I lay down for a quarter of an hour and listened there were only the noises of bird and squirrel as before At last I took up the book the flat breadth of which suggested only sketches There were indeed some tolerable studies of rocks and trees on the first pages a few not very striking caricatures which seemed to have been commenced as portraits but recalled no faces I knew then a number of fragmentary notes written in pencil I found no name from first to last only under the sketches a monogram so complicated and laborious that the initials could hardly be discovered unless one already knew them

The writing was a woman's but it had surely taken its character from certain features of her own it was clear firm, individual It had nothing of that air of general debility which usually marks the manuscript of young ladies yet its firmness was far removed from the stiff, conventional slope which all Englishwomen seem to acquire in youth and retain through life I don't see how any man in my situation could have helped reading a few lines—if only for the sake of restoring lost property But I was drawn on, and on and finished by reading all thence since no further harm could be done I reread pondering over certain passages until they stayed with me Here they are as I set them down that evening on the back of a legal blank

It makes a great deal of difference whether we wear social forms as bracelets or handcuffs

Can we not still be wholly our independent selves even while doing in the main as others do? I know two who are so, but they are married

The men who admire these bold dashing young girls treat them like weaker copies of themselves And yet they boast of what they call *experience* !

I wonder if any one felt the exquisite beauty of the noon as I did to day? A faint appreciation of sunsets and storms is taught us in youth and kept alive by novels and flirtations but the broad, imperial splendor of this summer noon!—and

myself standing alone in it—yes utterly alone!

The men I seek *must* exist where are they? How make an acquaintance when one obsequiously bows himself away as I advance? The fault is surely not all on my side

There was much more intimate enough to inspire me with a keen interest in the writer yet not sufficiently so to make my perusal a painful indiscretion I yielded to the impulse of the moment took out my pencil and wrote a dozen lines on one of the blank pages They ran something in this wise

IGNOTUS IGNOTÆ!—You have bestowed without intending it and I have taken without your knowledge Do not regret the accident which has enriched another This concealed idyl of the hills was mine as I supposed but I acknowledge your equal right to it. Shall we share the possession or will you banish me?

There was a frank advance tempered by a proper caution I fancied in the words I wrote It was evident that she was unmarried but outside of that certainty there lay a vast range of possibilities some of them alarming enough However if any nearer acquaintance should arise out of the incident the next step must be taken by her Was I one of the men she sought? I almost *imagined so—certainly hoped so*

I laid the book on the rock as I had found it bestowed another keen scrutiny on the lonely landscape and then descended the ravine That evening I went early to the ladies parlor chatted more than usual with the various damsels whom I knew, and watched with a new interest those

whom I knew not My mind, involuntarily, had already created a picture of the unknown She might be twenty five I thought a reflective habit of mind would hardly be developed before that age Tall and stately of course distinctly proud in her bearing and somewhat reserved in her manners Why she should have large dark eyes with long dark lashes I could not tell but so I seemed to see her Quite forgetting that I was (or had meant to be) *Ignotus* I found my self staring rather significantly at one or the other of the young ladies in whom I discovered some slight general resemblance to the imaginary character My fancies I must confess played strange pranks with me They had been kept in a coop so many years that now when I suddenly turned them loose their rickety attempts at flight quite bewildered me

No! there was no use in expecting a sudden discovery I went to the glen betimes next morn ing the book was gone and so were the faded flowers but some of the latter were scattered over the top of another rock, a few yards from mine Ha! this means that I am not to withdraw I said to myself she makes room for me! But how to surprise her?—for by this time I was fully re solved to make her acquaintance even though she might turn out to be forty, scraggy and sandy haired

I knew no other way so likely as that of visit ing the glen at all times of the day I even went

so far as to write a line of greeting with a regret that our visits had not yet coincided, and laid it under a stone on the top of *her* rock The note disappeared but there was no answer in its place Then I suddenly remembered her fondness for the noon hours at which time she was utterly alone The hotel *table d hote* was at one o clock her family doubtless dined later in their own rooms Why this gave me at least her place in society! The question of age, to be sure remained unsettled but all else was safe

The next day I took a late and large breakfast and sacrificed my dinner Before noon the guests had all straggled back to the hotel from glen and grove and lane so bright and hot was the sunshine Indeed I could hardly have supported the reverberation of heat from the sides of the ravine but for a fixed belief that I should be successful While crossing the narrow meadow upon which it opened I caught a glimpse of something white among the thickets higher up A moment later it had vanished and I quickened my pace feeling the beginning of an absurd nervous excitement in my limbs At the next turn there it was again! but only for another moment I paused exulting and wiped my drenched forehead She cannot escape me! I murmured between the deep draughts of cooler air I inhaled in the shadow of a rock.

A few hundred steps more brought me to the foot of the steep ascent where I had counted on

overtaking her I was too late for that but the dry baked soil had surely been crumbled and dislodged here and there, by a rapid foot I followed in reckless haste snatching at the laurel branches right and left and paying little heed to my footing About one third of the way up I slipped fell caught a bush which snapped at the root, slid whirled over and before I fairly knew what had happened I was lying doubled up at the bottom of the slope

I rose made two steps forward and then sat down with a groan of pain my left ankle was badly sprained in addition to various minor scratches and bruises There was a revulsion of feeling of course—instant complete and hideous I fairly hated the Unknown Fool that I was! I exclaimed in the theatrical manner dashing the palm of my hand softly against my brow lured to this by the fair traitress! But no!—not fair she shows the artfulness of faded desperate spinsterhood she is all compact of enamel liquid bloom of youth and hair dye!

There was a fierce comfort in this thought but it couldn t help me out of the scrape I dared not sit still lest a sunstroke should be added and there was no resource but to hop or crawl down the rugged path in the hope of finding a forked sapling from which I could extemporize a crutch With endless pain and trouble I reached a thicket, and was feebly working on a branch with my pen

knife when the sound of a heavy footstep surprised me

A brown harvest hand in straw hat and shirt sleeves presently appeared He grinned when he saw me and the thick snub of his nose would have seemed like a sneer at any other time

Are you the gentleman that got hurt? he asked Is it pretty tolerable bad?

Who said I was hurt? I cried in astonishment

One of your town women from the hotel—I reckon she was I was binding oats in the field over the ridge but I haven t lost no time in comin here

While I was stupidly staring at this announcement he whipped out a big clasp knife and in a few minutes fashioned me a practicable crutch Then taking me by the other arm he set me in motion toward the village

Grateful as I was for the man s help he aggravated me by his ignorance When I asked if he knew the lady he answered It s more n likely *you* know her better But where did she come from? Down from the hill he guessed but it might ha been up the road How did she look? was she old or young? what was the color of her eyes? of her hair? There now I was too much for him When a woman kept one o them speckled veils over her face turned her head away and held her parasol between how were you to know her from Adam? I declare to you I

couldn t arrive at one positive particular Even when he affirmed that she was tall, he added, the next instant Now I come to think on it, she stepped mighty quick so I guess she must ha' been short

By the time we reached the hotel I was in a state of fever opiates and lotions had their will of me for the rest of the day I was glad to escape the worry of questions and the conventional sympathy expressed in inflections of the voice which are meant to soothe and only exasperate The next morning as I lay upon my sofa restful patient and properly cheerful the waiter entered with a bouquet of wild flowers

"Who sent them? I asked

I found them outside your door sir Maybe there s a card yes here s a bit o paper'

I opened the twisted slip he handed me, and read From your dell—and mine I took the flowers among them were two or three rare and beautiful varieties which I had only found in that one spot Fool again! I noiselessly kissed while pretending to smell them had them placed on a stand within reach and fell into a state of quiet and agreeable contemplation

Tell me yourself whether any male human being is ever too old for sentiment, provided that it strikes him at the right time and in the right way! What did that bunch of wild flowers betoken? Knowledge first then sympathy and

finally encouragement at least Of course she had seen my accident from above of course she had sent the harvest laborer to aid me home It was quite natural she should imagine some special romantic interest in the lonely dell on my part and the gift took additional value from her conjecture

Four days afterward there was a hop in the large dining room of the hotel Early in the morning a fresh bouquet had been left at my door I was tired of my enforced idleness eager to discover the fair unknown (she was again fair to my fancy!) and I determined to go down believing that a cane and a crimson velvet slipper on the left foot would provoke a glance of sympathy from certain eyes and thus enable me to detect them

The fact was the sympathy was much too general and effusive Everybody it seemed came to me with kindly greetings seats were vacated at my approach even fat Mrs Huxter insisting on my taking her warm place at the head of the room But Bob Leroy—you know him—as gallant a gentleman as ever lived put me down at the right point and kept me there He only meant to divert me yet gave me the only place where I could quietly inspect all the younger ladies as dance or supper brought them near

One of the dances was an old fashioned cotillon and one of the figures the coquette brought every one in turn before me I received

a pleasant word or two from those whom I knew, and a long kind silent glance from Miss May Danvers Where had been my eyes? She was tall stately, twenty five had large dark eyes, and long dark lashes! Again the changes of the dance brought her near me I threw (or strove to throw) unutterable meanings into my eyes and cast them upon hers She seemed startled looked suddenly away looked back to me, and—blushed I knew her for what is called a nice girl '—that is tolerably frank, gently feminine and not dangerously intelligent Was it possible that I had overlooked so much character and intellect?

As the cotillon closed, she was again in my neighborhood and her partner led her in my direction I was rising painfully from my chair when Bob Leroy pushed me down again whisked another seat from somewhere planted it at my side and there she was!

She knew who was her neighbor I plainly saw but instead of turning toward me she began to fan herself in a nervous way and to fidget with the buttons of her gloves I grew impatient

Miss Danvers! I said at last

Oh! was all her answer as she looked at me for a moment

Where are your thoughts?' I asked

Then she turned with wide astonished eyes coloring softly up to the roots of her hair My heart gave a sudden leap

'How can you tell if I can not? she asked

May I guess?

She made a slight inclination of the head saying nothing I was then quite sure

The second ravine to the left of the main drive?

This time she actually started her color became deeper and a leaf of the ivory fan snapped between her fingers

Let there be no more a secret! I exclaimed Your flowers have brought me your messages I knew I should find you—

Full of certainty I was speaking in a low impassioned voice She cut me short by rising from her seat I felt that she was both angry and alarmed Fisher of Philadelphia jostling right and left in his haste made his way toward her She fairly snatched his arm clung to it with a warmth I had never seen expressed in a ballroom and began to whisper in his ear It was not five minutes before he came to me alone with a very stern face bent down and said

If you have discovered our secret you will keep silent You are certainly a gentleman

I bowed coldly and savagely There was a draught from the open window my ankle became suddenly weary and painful and I went to bed Can you believe that I didn t guess immediately what it all meant? In a vague way I fancied that I had been premature in my attempt to drop our mutual incognito and that

Fisher a rival lover was jealous of me This was rather flattering than otherwise but when I limped down to the ladies parlor the next day no Miss Danvers was to be seen I did not venture to ask for her it might seem importu nate and a woman of so much hidden capacity was evidently not to be wooed in the ordinary way

So another night passed by and then, with the morning came a letter which made me feel at the same instant like a fool and a hero It had been dropped in the Wampsocket post office was legibly addressed to me and delivered with some other letters which had arrived by the night mail Here it is listen!

"Noto I or !—Haste is not a gift of the gods and you have been impatient with the usual result I was almost prepared for this and thus am not wholly disappointed In a day or two more you will discover your mistake which so far as I can learn has done no particular harm *If* you wish to find *me* there is *only* one way to seek me should I tell you what it is I should run the risk of losing you—that is I should preclude the manifestation of a certain quality which I hope to find in the man who may—or rather must—be my friend This sounds enigmatical yet you have read enough of my nature as written in those random notes in my sketch book to guess at least, how much I require Only this let me add mere guessing is useless

"Being unknown I can write freely If you find me I shall be justified if not I shall hardly need to blush even to myself over a futile experiment.

It is possible for me to learn enough of your life henceforth, to direct my relation toward you. This may be the end if so I shall know it soon I shall also know whether you continue to seek me. Trusting in your honor as a man I must ask you to trust in mine, as a woman"

I *did* discover my mistake, as the Unknown promised There had been a secret betrothal

between Fisher and Miss Danvers and singularly enough the momentous question and answer had been given in the very ravine leading to my upper dell! The two meant to keep the matter to themselves but therein it seems I thwarted them there was a little opposition on the part of their respective families but all was amicably settled before I left Wampsocket

The letter made a very deep impression upon me What was the one way to find her? What could it be but the triumph that follows ambitious toil—the manifestation of all my best qualities as a man? Be she old or young plain or beautiful I reflected hers is surely a nature worth knowing and its candid intelligence conceals no hazards for me I have sought her rashly blundered betrayed that I set her lower in my thoughts than her actual self let me now adopt the opposite course seek her openly no longer go back to my tasks and following my own aims vigorously and cheerfully restore that respect which she seemed to be on the point of losing For consciously or not she had communicated to me a doubt implied in the very expression of her own strength and pride She had meant to address me as an equal yet despite herself took a stand a little above that which she accorded to me

I came back to New York earlier than usual, worked steadily at my profession and with increasing success and began to accept opportu

nities (which I had previously declined) of making myself personally known to the great, impressible fickle tyrannical public One or two of my speeches in the hall of the Cooper Institute on various occasions—as you may perhaps remember—gave me a good headway with the party and were the chief cause of my nomination for the State office which I still hold (There on the table, lies a resignation written to-day but not yet signed We'll talk of it afterward) Several months passed by, and no further letter reached me I gave up much of my time to society moved familiarly in more than one province of the kingdom here, and vastly extended my acquaintance, especially among the women but not one of them betrayed the mysterious something or other—really I can't explain precisely what it was!—which I was looking for In fact, the more I endeavored quietly to study the sex the more confused I became

At last I was subjected to the usual onslaught from the strong minded A small but formidable committee entered my office one morning and demanded a categorical declaration of my principles What my views on the subject were I knew very well they were clear and decided and yet I hesitated to declare them! It wasn't a temptation of Saint Anthony—that is, turned the other way—and the belligerent attitude of the dames did not alarm me in the least,

but *she!* What was *her* position? How could I best please her? It flashed upon my mind while Mrs —— was making her formal speech that I had taken no step for months without a vague secret reference to *her* So I strove to be courteous friendly and agreeably noncommittal begged for further documents and promised to reply by letter in a few days

I was hardly surprised to find the well known hand on the envelope of a letter shortly afterward I held it for a minute in my palm with an absurd hope that I might sympathetically feel its character before breaking the seal Then I read it with a great sense of relief

"I h e ne er a sumed to gu de a man except t w d th full exercis of his pow rs It i n t p n n in ti n but p m n in a st te f idlen ss i d ff r c wh ch repels m I m deeply gl d that y u h e g ined so much s ce y u left th c ntry If in shap g you u e, y u h v tho ght of me I will f kly say that, *to that* *l t* y u h d wn n e Am I m t k n in conjecturing th t y u w sh t know my rel tion to th m ement concern ng which you w rec tly int rr g ted In th as in other in t nc s wh ch m y com I must beg y u to consid r me only a a pe t t The m e my wn iews m y seem l kely to sw y y u t on th I I h ll b i l ed to d cl th m If you find th s cold unwomanly rememb that it is not easy!

Yes! I felt that I had certainly drawn much nearer to her And from this time on her imaginary face and form became other than they were She was twenty eight—three years older a very little above the middle height but not tall serene rather than stately in her movements with a calm almost grave face relieved by the sweetness of the full firm lips and finally

eyes of pure limpid gray, such as we fancy belonged to the Venus of Milo I found her thus much more attractive than with the dark eyes and lashes — but she did not make her appearance in the circles which I frequented

Another year slipped away As an official personage my importance increased but I was careful not to exaggerate it to myself Many have wondered (perhaps you among the rest) at my success seeing that I possess no remarkable abilities If I have any secret it is simply this—doing faithfully with all my might whatever I undertake Nine tenths of our politicians become inflated and careless after the first few years and are easily forgotten when they once lose place

I am a little surprised now that I had so much patience with the Unknown I was too important at least to be played with, too mature to be subjected to a longer test too earnest as I had proved to be doubted or thrown aside without a further explanation

Growing tired at last of silent waiting I bethought me of advertising A carefully written 'Personal' in which *Ignotus* informed *Ignota* of the necessity of his communicating with her appeared simultaneously in the 'Tribune Herald World and 'Times ' I renewed the advertisement as the time expired without an answer, and I think it was about the end of the

third week before one came through the post as before

Ah yes! I had forgotten See! my advertisement is pasted on the note as a heading or motto for the manuscript lines I don t know why the printed slip should give me a particular feeling of humiliation as I look at it, but such is the fact What she wrote is all I need read to you

"I could not at first, be certain th t this was m ant for me If I we e to explain to y u why I h ve n t written fo so l ng a time, I might gi e you on f the f w clews wh ch I ns st n keep ng in my own hands In y u public p ty you ha been (o far as a woman may judge) upright, independe t wholly m nly in your relations w th other men I le rn n th g of y u th t i not hon o ble tow rd women you r kind ch v lrous n d ubt, ov flow ng with the *usual* social refi m nts but— H re again I run h rd up n the absolute necessity of sil nc Th w y to me, if you ca t tra e s it is so s mple, so v ry s mple! Yet, after wh t I h wr tten I can not en w v my h nd n the d ecti n of it w thout certain s lf cont mpt. Wh n I f l f ee t t ll y u, we h ll d w ap rt and r m n unkn wn f ev

'You d e to writ I do not prohib t it I h h tofore m d no arr ngem nt for h a ing f om you in turn bec us I could n t d scov r th t any ad antag would ccru from it. B t it eems ly f I co fes d you d e not th nk me c pricio So three d y h nce at six o l ck in the eve ng a tru ty mes senger of m ne will c ll t you doo If y u h e nything to giv her f r m the act of giving it must be the s gn f a c m pact on you p rt th t you will allow her to l a mmediately unquestioned and unfoll wed"

You look puzzled I see you don t catch the real drift of her words? Well that s a melancholy encouragement Neither did I at the time it was plain that I had disappointed her in some way and my intercourse with or manner toward women had something to do with it In vain I ran over as much of my later social life as I could recall There had been no special at

tention nothing to mislead a susceptible heart, on the other side certainly no rudeness no want of chivalrous' (she used the word!) respect and attention What in the name of all the gods, was the matter?

In spite of all my efforts to grow clearer, I was obliged to write my letter in a rather muddled state of mind I had *so* much to say! sixteen folio pages I was sure would only suf fice for an introduction to the case yet when the creamy vellum lay before me and the moist pen drew my fingers toward it I sat stock dumb for half an hour I wrote, finally, in a half desper ate mood without regard to coherency or logic Here s a rough draft of a part of the letter and a single passage from it will be enough

I can conceive of no simpler way to you than the knowledge of *your name* and address I h ve drawn airy images of you but they do not t come incarnat and I am not sure that I should recognize you in the brief moment of passing *Your nature is not of th se wl ich ar* instantly lept! As an abstract power it has wrought in my life a d it continually moves my heart with desires wl ich are unsatisfactory because so ague and ignorant. Let me offer you, personally my gr titude my earnest friendship: you would laugh if I were now to offer more '

Stay! here is another fragment more reckless in tone

"I want to fin l the wom n whom I can love—who can love me But this is a ma querade where the features are hid len the voice d gui ed even the h nds grotesquely gloved Come! I will en ture more than I ever tho ght was po ible *to me* You shall kn w my deepest nat re as I myself seem to know it Then gi e me the commonest chance of learning yours through an intercourse which sh ll lea e both free should we not feel the closing of the in evitable bond!"

After I had written that the pages filled rapidly When the appointed hour arrived a bulky epistle in a strong linen envelope sealed with five wax seals was waiting on my table Precisely at six there was an announcement the door opened and a little outside in the shadow I saw an old woman in a threadbare dress of rusty black

Come in! I said

The letter! answered a husky voice She stretched out a bony hand without moving a step

It is for a lady—very important business said I taking up the letter are you sure that there is no mistake?

She drew her hand under the shawl turned without a word and moved toward the hall door

Stop! I cried I beg a thousand pardons! Take it—take it! You are the right messenger!

She clutched it and was instantly gone

Several days passed and I gradually became so nervous and uneasy that I was on the point of inserting another Personal in the daily papers when the answer arrived It was brief and mysterious you shall hear the whole of it

I thank you Yo r letter is a sacred confidence which I pray you never to regret. Your natur is s u d and good. You ask no more th n is reas abl and I have n real right to ref se. In the one respect wh h I h e h ted, I m y have been unskilf l or too narrowly c t I mu t ha the c rt inty of this There-f re as a gen ro fa or gi e m six m nths m re! At the end of th t time I w ll writ to you again. Have pat ence with these brief l nes a oth word might be a w rd too much.

You notice the change in her tone? The letter gave me the strongest impression of a new, warm almost anxious interest on her part My fancies as first at Wampsocket began to play all sorts of singular pranks sometimes she was rich and of an old family sometimes moderately poor and obscure but always the same calm reposeful face and clear gray eyes I ceased looking for her in society quite sure that I should not find her and nursed a wild expectation of suddenly meeting her, face to face in the most unlikely places and under startling circum stances However the end of it all was patience —patience for six months

There s not much more to tell, but this last letter is hard for me to read It came punctu ally to a day I knew it would and at the last I began to dread the time as if a heavy note were falling due and I had no funds to meet it My head was in a whirl when I broke the seal The fact in it stared at me blankly, at once, but it was a long time before the words and sen tences became intelligible

"Th stipulated time h s come and our hidden romance is at an end Had I taken this resolution a year ago it woul l h ve saved m m ny r in h pes and you perhaps a little uncertainty For- gi e me first, if you can and th n hear the explan tion:

"You wishe l f r a personal interview *you have had not one but many* We h ve met in society t liked f ce to face discuss d the weath r the opera, toil ttes Queechy Aurora Lloyd Long Branch, and Newport and excha ged a w ary *amount of* fashion able gossip; and you never gu ssed that I w s go erned by any deeper interest! I ha e purposely uttered ridiculous platitudes and you were as smilingly courteous as *if you enjoyed* them: I

have let fall remarks whose hollowness and selfishness could not have escaped you, and have waited in vain for a word of sharp, honest, manly reproof. Your manner to me was unexceptionable, as it was to all other women, but there lies the source of my disappointment, of—yes—of my sorrow!

"You appreciate, I can not doubt, the qualities in woman which men value in one another—culture, independence of thought, a high and earnest apprehension of life; but you know not how to seek them. It is not true that a mature and unperverted woman is flattered by receiving only the general obsequiousness which most men give to the whole sex. In the man who contradicts and strives with her, she discovers a truer interest, a nobler respect. The empty-headed, spindle-shanked youths who dance admirably, understand something of billiards, much less of horses, and still less of navigation, soon grow unspeakably wearisome to us, but the men who adopt their social courtesy, never seeking to arouse, uplift, instruct us, are a bitter disappointment.

"What would have been the end, had you really found me? Certainly a sincere, satisfying friendship. No mysterious magnetic force has drawn you to me or held you near me, nor has my experiment inspired me with an interest which cannot be given up without a personal pang. I am grieved for the sake of all men and all women. Yet understand me! I mean no slightest reproach. I esteem and honor you for what you are. Farewell!

There! Nothing could be kinder in tone, nothing more humiliating in substance. I was sore and offended for a few days, but I soon began to see, and ever more and more clearly, that she was wholly right. I was sure also that any further attempt to correspond with her would be vain. It all comes of taking society just as we find it, and supposing that conventional courtesy is the only safe ground on which men and women can meet.

The fact is—there's no use in hiding it from myself (and I see by your face that the letter cuts into your own conscience)—she is a free, courageous, independent character, and—I am not. But who *was* she?